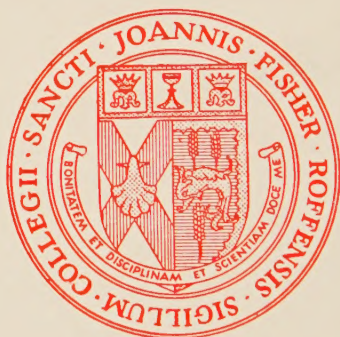
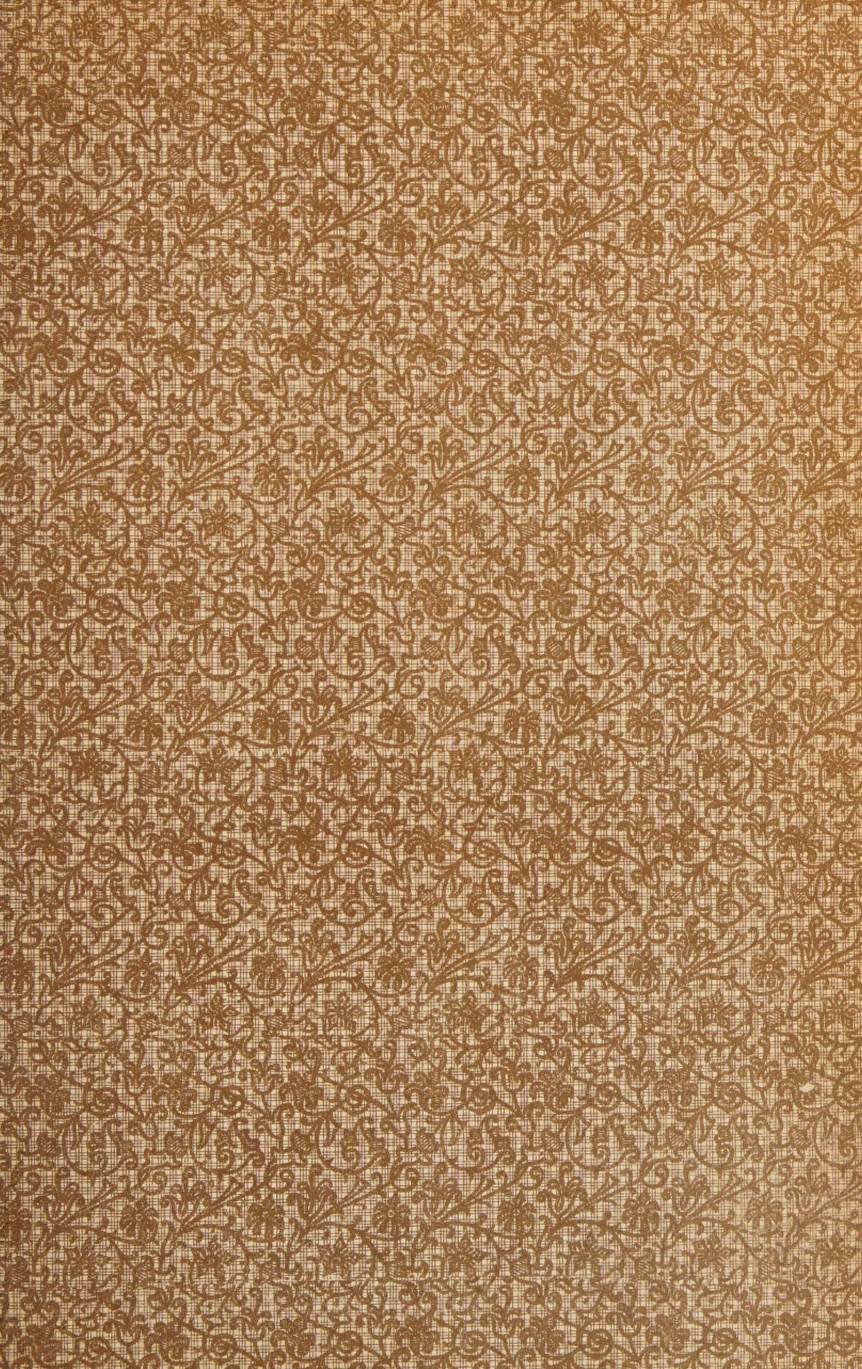


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HALF-HOURS

WITH THE

BEST HUMOROUS AUTHORS.

WIT AND HUMOR.

WILLIAM HAZLITT.

[As we began our selections from American authors with a lucid comparison of wit and humor by a distinguished American critic, it seems in place to introduce our English selections in the same manner. William Hazlitt, the eminent English critical writer, has left an interesting essay on this subject, from which we extract the passages most to our purpose. Hazlitt was born at Maidstone, England, in 1778, and died in 1830. As critic and essayist he attained a high position among modern English authors, and his works are masterpieces of reflective thought and clear and felicitous expression.]

HUMOR is the describing the ludicrous as it is in itself; wit is the exposing it, by comparing or contrasting it with something else. Humor is, as it were, the growth of nature and accident; wit is the product of art and fancy. Humor, as it is shown in books, is an imitation of the natural or acquired absurdities of mankind, or of the ludicrous in accident, situation, and character; wit is the illustrating and heightening the sense of that absurdity by some sudden and unexpected likeness or opposition of

one thing to another, which sets off the quality we laugh at or despise in a still more contemptible or striking point of view. Wit, as distinguished from poetry, is the imagination or fancy inverted, and so applied to given objects as to make the little look less, the mean more light and worthless, or to divert our attention or wean our affections from that which is lofty and impressive, instead of producing a more intense admiration and exalted passion, as poetry does. Wit may sometimes, indeed, be shown in compliments as well as satire, as in the common epigram,—

“Accept a miracle instead of wit:

See two dull lines with Stanhope’s pencil writ.”

But then the mode of paying it is playful and ironical, and contradicts itself in the very act of making its own performances an humble foil to another’s. Wit hovers round the borders of the light and trifling, whether in matters of pleasure or pain; for as soon as it describes the serious seriously, it ceases to be wit, and passes into a different form. Wit is, in fact, the eloquence of indifference, or an ingenious and striking exposition of those evanescent and glancing impressions of objects, which affect us more from surprise or contrast to the train of our ordinary and literal preconceptions than from anything in the objects themselves exciting our necessary sympathy or lasting hatred. The favorite employment of wit is to add littleness to littleness, and heap contempt on insignificance by all the arts of petty and incessant warfare; or if it ever affects to aggrandize, and use the language of hyperbole, it is only to betray into derision by a fatal comparison, as in the mock-heroic; or if it treats of serious passion, it must do it so as to lower the tone of intense and high-wrought sentiment by the introduction of burlesque and familiar

circumstances. To give an instance or two. Butler, in his "*Hudibras*," compares the change of night into day to the change of color in a boiled lobster.

"The sun had long since, in the lap
Of Thetis, taken out his nap;
And, like a lobster boiled, the morn
From black to red began to turn." . . .

There cannot be a more witty, and at the same time degrading, comparison, than that in the same author, of the Bear turning round the pole-star to a bear tied to a stake:

"But now a sport more formidable
Had raked together village rabble;
'Twas an old way of recreating
Which learnéd butchers call bear-baiting,
A bold adventurous exercise
With ancient heroes in high prize,
For authors do affirm it came
From Isthmian or Nemæan game;
Others derive it from the Bear
That's fixed in northern hemisphere,
And round about his pole does make
A circle like a bear at stake,
That at the chain's end wheels about
And overturns the rabble rout."

I need not multiply examples of this sort. Wit or ludicrous invention produces its effect oftenest by comparison, but not always. It frequently effects its purposes by unexpected and subtle distinctions. For instance, in the first kind, Mr. Sheridan's description of Mr. Addington's administration as the fag-end of Mr. Pitt's, who had remained so long on the treasury bench that, like *Nicias* in the fable, "he left the sitting part of the man

behind him," is as fine an example of metaphorical wit as any on record. The same idea seems, however, to have been included in the old well-known nickname of the *Rump* Parliament. Almost as happy an instance of the other kind of wit, which consists in sudden retorts, in turns upon an idea, and diverting the train of your adversary's argument abruptly and adroitly into another channel, may be seen in the sarcastic reply of Porson, who, hearing some one observe that "certain modern poets would be read and admired when Homer and Virgil were forgotten," made answer, "And not till then!" Sir Robert Walpole's definition of the gratitude of place-expectants, that "it is a lively sense of *future* favors," is no doubt wit, but it does not consist in the finding out any coincidence or likeness, but in suddenly transposing the order of time in the common account of this feeling, so as to make the professions of those who pretend to it, correspond more with their practice. It is filling up a blank in the human heart with a word that explains its hollowness at once. Voltaire's saying, in answer to a stranger who was observing how tall his trees grew,—“That they had nothing else to do,”—was a quaint mixture of wit and humor, making it out as if they really led a lazy, laborious life; but there was here neither allusion nor metaphor. Again, that master-stroke in “*Hudibras*” is sterling wit and profound satire, where, speaking of certain religious hypocrites, he says that they

“Compound for sins they are inclined to
By damning those they have no mind to;”

but the wit consists in the truth of the character, and in the happy exposure of the ludicrous contradiction between the pretext and the practice,—between their lenity towards their own vices and their severity to those of others. . . .

The finest piece of wit I know of is in the lines of Pope on the Lord Mayor's show :

“ Now, night descending, the proud scene is o'er,
But lives in Settle's numbers one day more.”

This is certainly as mortifying an inversion of the idea of poetical immortality as could be thought of; it fixes the *maximum* of littleness and insignificance; but it is not by likeness to anything else that it does this, but by literally taking the lowest possible duration of ephemeral reputation, marking it (as with a slider) on the scale of endless renown, and giving a rival credit for it as his loftiest praise. In a word, the shrewd separation or disentangling of ideas that seem the same, or where the secret contradiction is not sufficiently suspected and is of a ludicrous and whimsical nature, is wit just as much as the bringing together those that appear at first sight totally different. There is, then, no sufficient ground for admitting Mr. Locke's celebrated definition of wit, which he makes to consist in the finding out striking and unexpected resemblances in things, so as to make pleasant pictures in the fancy, while judgment and reason, according to him, lie the clean contrary way, in separating and nicely distinguishing those wherein the smallest difference is to be found.

On this definition, Harris, the author of “Hermes,” has very well observed that the demonstrating the equality of the three angles of a right-angled triangle to two right ones would, upon the principle here stated, be a piece of wit instead of an act of the judgment or understanding, and Euclid's Elements a collection of epigrams. On the contrary, it has appeared that the detection and exposure of difference, particularly where this implies nice and subtle observation, as in discriminating between pretence and

practice, between appearance and reality, is common to wit and satire with judgment and reasoning, and certainly the comparing and connecting our ideas together is an essential part of reason and judgment, as well as of wit and fancy.

Mere wit, as opposed to reason or argument, consists in striking out some casual and partial coincidence which has nothing to do, or at least implies no necessary connection, with the nature of the things which are forced into a seeming analogy by a play upon words, or some irrelevant conceit, as in puns, riddles, alliteration, etc. The jest, in all such cases, lies in the sort of mock-identity, or nominal resemblance, established by the intervention of the same words expressing different ideas, and countenancing, as it were, by a fatality of language, the mischievous insinuation which the person who has the wit to take advantage of it wishes to convey. So when the disaffected French wits applied to the new order of *Fleur du Lys* the *double-entendre* of *Compagnons d'Ulysse*, or companions of Ulysses, meaning the animal into which the fellow-travelers of the hero of the Odyssey were transformed, this was a shrewd and biting intimation of a galling truth (if truth it were) by a fortuitous concurrence of letters of the alphabet, jumping in "a foregone conclusion," but there was no proof of the thing, unless it was self-evident. . . .

Alliteration comes in here under the head of a certain sort of verbal wit, or, by pointing the expression, sometimes points the sense. Mr. Grattan's wit or eloquence (I don't know by what name to call it) would be nothing without this accompaniment. Speaking of some ministers whom he did not like, he said, "Their only means of government are the guinea and the gallows." There can scarcely, it must be confessed, be a more effectual mode of political conversion than one of these applied to a

man's friends and the other to himself. . . . A quotation or a hackneyed phrase, dexterously turned or wrested to another purpose, has often the effect of the liveliest wit. An idle fellow who had only fourpence left in the world, which had been put by to pay for the baking some meat for his dinner, went and laid it out to buy a new string for a guitar. An old acquaintance, on hearing this story, repeated these lines out of the "Allegro,"—

"And ever against eating cares
Lap me in soft Lydian airs."

The reply of the author of the periodical paper called the "World" to a lady at church, who, seeing him look thoughtful, asked what he was thinking of,—“The next World,”—is a perversion of an established formula of language, something of the same kind. . . .

It is not always easy to distinguish between the wit of words and that of things,

“For thin partitions do their bounds divide.”

Some of the late Mr. Curran's *bon mots*, or *jeux d'esprit*, might be said to owe their birth to this sort of equivocal generation, or were a happy mixture of a verbal wit and a lively and picturesque fancy, of legal acuteness in detecting the various applications of words, and of a mind apt at perceiving the ludicrous in external objects. “Do you see anything ridiculous in this wig?” said one of his brother judges to him. “Nothing but the head,” was the answer. Now, here instantaneous advantage was taken of the slight technical ambiguity in the construction of language, and the matter-of-fact is flung into the scale as a thumping make-weight. . . .

Truth makes the greatest libel, and it is that which bars the darts of wit. The Duke of Buckingham's saying, "Laws are not, like women, the worse for being old," is an instance of a harmless truism and the utmost malice of wit united. This is, perhaps, what has been meant by the distinction between true and false wit. Mr. Addison, indeed, goes so far as to make it the exclusive test of true wit that it will bear translation into another language,—that is to say, that it does not depend at all on the form of expression. But this is by no means the case. Swift would hardly have allowed of such a strait-laced theory, to make havoc with his darling conundrums; though there is no one whose serious wit is more that of things, as opposed to a mere play either of words or fancy. I ought, I believe, to have noticed before, in speaking of the difference between wit and humor, that wit is often pretended absurdity, where the person overacts or exaggerates a certain part with a conscious design to expose it as if it were another person, as when Mandrake in the "Twin Rivals" says, "This glass is too big; carry it away; I'll drink out of the bottle." On the contrary, when Sir Hugh Evans says, very innocently, "'Od's plessed will, I will not be absent at the grace," though there is here a great deal of humor, there is no wit. This kind of wit of the humorist, where the person makes a butt of himself and exhibits his own absurdities and foibles purposely in the most pointed and glaring lights, runs through the whole of the character of Falstaff, and is, in truth, the principle on which it is founded. It is an irony directed against one's self. Wit is, in fact, a voluntary act of the mind, showing the absurd and ludicrous consciously, whether in ourselves or another. . . .

Lastly, there is a wit of sense and observation, which consists in the acute illustration of good sense and practi-

cal wisdom by means of some far-fetched conceit or quaint imagery. The matter is sense, but the form is wit. Thus, the lines in Pope,—

“ ’Tis with our judgments as our watches ; none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own,”—

are witty rather than poetical, because the truth they convey is a mere dry observation on human life, without elevation or enthusiasm, and the illustration of it is of that quaint and familiar kind that is merely curious and fanciful. Cowley is an instance of the same kind in almost all his writings. Many of the jests and witticisms in the best comedies are moral aphorisms and rules for the conduct of life, sparkling with wit and fancy in the mode of expression. The ancient philosophers also abounded in the same kind of wit, in telling home truths in the most unexpected manner. In this sense *Æsop* was the greatest wit and moralist that ever lived. Ape and slave, he looked askance at human nature, and beheld its weaknesses and errors transferred to another species. Vice and virtue were to him as plain as any objects of sense. He saw in man a talking, absurd, obstinate, proud, angry animal, and clothed these abstractions with wings, or a beak, or tail, or claws, or long ears, as they appeared embodied in these hieroglyphs in the brute creation. His moral philosophy is natural history. He makes an ass bray wisdom, and a frog croak humanity. The store of moral truth, and the fund of invention in exhibiting it in eternal forms, palpable and intelligible, and delightful to children and grown persons and to all ages and nations, are almost miraculous. The invention of a fable is to me the most enviable exertion of human genius ; it is the discovering of a truth to which there is no clue, and which, when

once found out, can never be forgotten. I would rather have been the author of Æsop's Fables than of Euclid's Elements.

That popular entertainment, Punch and the Puppet-show, owes part of its irresistible and universal attraction to nearly the same principle of inspiring inanimate and mechanical agents with sense and consciousness. The drollery and wit of a piece of wood is doubly droll and farcical. Punch is not merry in himself, but "he is the cause of heart-felt mirth in other men." . . . Who can see three little painted, patched-up figures, no bigger than one's thumb, strut, squeak, and gibber, sing, dance, chatter, scold, knock one another about the head, give themselves airs of importance, and "imitate humanity most abominably," without laughing immoderately? . . . I look upon it that he who invented puppet-shows was a greater benefactor to his species than he who invented operas.

HIRING A COOK.

THEODORE HOOK.

[Of English punsters and practical jokers none stand higher than Theodore Hook, who had an original genius in this direction, while for wit and mimicry, and ability in improvisation, he was unrivalled. He wrote a successful farce, several novels, and three series of "Sayings and Doings," which were highly popular. He was born in 1788, became by his colloquial power a favorite of the prince-regent, and was made in 1812 treasurer of the colony of Mauritius, with a large salary. He lost this position in consequence of a heavy deficit in his accounts (which proved on investigation to be due simply to neglect of duty), returned to England, and became editor of *John Bull*, a

newspaper which he made very successful. In 1836 he was made editor of the *New Monthly Magazine*. He died in 1841. The selection here given is from "The Man of Many Friends."]

IN the morning the old gentleman received the visits of sundry tradesmen, to whom he had given orders for different articles of dress; and Wilson, who was fully installed in his high office, presented for his approbation Monsieur Rissolle, "without exception the best cook in the United Kingdom."

The particular profession of this person, the colonel, who understood very little French, was for some time puzzled to find out; he heard a vocabulary of dishes enumerated with grace and fluency, he saw a remarkably gentlemanly-looking man, his well-tied neckcloth, his well-trimmed whiskers, his white kid gloves, his glossy hat, his massive chain encircling his neck, and protecting a repeating Breguet, all pronouncing the man of ton; and when he came really to comprehend that the sweet-scented, ring-fingered gentleman before him was willing to dress a dinner on trial, for the purpose of displaying his skill, he was thunderstruck.

"Do I mistake?" said the colonel: "I really beg pardon,—it is fifty-eight years since I learned French,—am I speaking to—a" (and he hardly dared to pronounce the word)—"cook?"

"Oui, monsieur," said M. Rissolle; "I believe I have de first reputation in de profession; I live four years wiz de Marqui de Chester, and je me flatte dat, if I had not turn him off last months, I should have superintend his cuisine at dis moment."

"Oh, you have discharged the marquis, sir?" said the colonel.

"Yes, mon colonel, I discharge him, because he cast

affront upon me, insupportable to an artist of sentiment."

"Artist!" mentally ejaculated the colonel.

"Mon colonel, de marqui had de mauvais goût one day, when he had large partie to dine, to put salt into his soup, before all his compagnie."

"Indeed," said Arden; "and, may I ask, is that considered a crime, sir, in your code?"

"I don't know code," said the man. "Morue?—dat is salt enough without."

"I don't mean *that*, sir," said the colonel: "I ask, is it a crime for a gentleman to put salt into his soup?"

"Not a crime, mon colonel," said Rissolle, "but it would be de ruin of me, as cook, should it be known to de world: so I told his lordship I must leave him; that de butler had said dat he saw his lordship put de salt into de soup, which was to proclaim to de universe dat I did not know de propre quantité of salt required to season my soup."

"And you left his lordship for *that*?" inquired the astonished country gentleman.

"Oui, sir. His lordship gave me excellent character; I go afterward to live wid my Lord Trefoil, very good, respectable man, my lord, of good family, and very honest man, I believe; but de king, one day, made him his gouverneur in Ireland, and I found I could not live in dat devil Dublin."

"No?"

"No, mon colonel: it is fine city," said Rissolle,—"*good place,—but dere is no Italian Opera.*"

"How shocking!" said Arden. "And you left his Excellency on *that* account?"

"Oui, mon colonel."

"Why, his Excellency managed to live there without an Italian Opera," said Arden.

"Yes, mon colonel, c'est vrai ; but I presume he did not know dere was none when he took de place. I have de character from my lord, to state why I leave him."

Saying which, he produced a written character from Lord Trefoil, who, being a joker as well as a minister, had actually stated the fact related by the unconscious turnspit as the reason for their separation.

"And pray, sir," said the colonel, "what wages do you expect?"

"Wages! Je n'entend pas, mon colonel," answered Rissolle. "Do you mean de stipend,—de salarie?"

"As you please," said Arden.

"My Lord Trefoil," said Rissolle, "give to me seven hundred pound a year, my wine, and horse and tilbury, with small tigre for him."

"Small what, sir?" exclaimed the astonished colonel.

"Tigre," said Rissolle; "little man-boy, to hold de horse."

"Ah!" said Arden, "seven hundred pounds a year, and a tiger!"

"Exclusive of de pâtisserie, mon colonel. I never touch dat département; but I have de honor to recommend Jenkin, my sister's husband, for de *pâtisserie*, at five hundred pound and his wine. Oh, Jenkin is dog ship at dat, mon colonel."

"Oh! exclusive of pastry," said the colonel, emphatically.

"Oui, mon colonel," said Rissolle.

"Which is to be contrived for five hundred pounds per annum additional. Why, sir, the rector of my parish, a clergyman and a gentleman, with an amiable wife and seven children, has but half the sum to live upon."

"Dat is hard," said Rissolle, shrugging up his shoulders.

"Hard?—it *is* hard, sir," said Arden; "and yet you will

hear the men who pay their cooks seven hundred a year for dressing dinners get up in their places in Parliament, declaim against the exorbitant wealth of the Church of England, and tell the people that our clergy are overpaid."

"Poor clergie! Mon colonel," said the man, "I pity your clergie; but den you don't remember de science and experience dat it require to make an omelette soufflée."

"The devil take your omelette, sir!" said Arden. "Do you mean seriously and gravely to ask me seven hundred pounds a year for your services?"

"Oui, vrainment, mon colonel," said Rissolle, at the same moment gracefully taking snuff from a superb gold box.

"Why, then, d——n it, sir, I can't stand this any longer," cried the irritated novice in the fashionable world. "Seven hundred pounds! Make it guineas, sir, and I'll be *your* cook for the rest of my life."

The noise of this annunciation, the sudden leap taken by Monsieur Rissolle, to avoid something more serious than words, which he anticipated from the irate colonel, brought Wilson into the room, who, equally terrified with his Gallie friend at the symptoms of violent anger which his master's countenance displayed, stood wondering at the animation of the scene; when Arden, whose rage at the nonchalance of Rissolle at first impeded his speech, uttered, with an emphasis not to be misunderstood,—

"Good-morning, sir. Seven hundred——"

What the rest of this address might have been it is impossible to say, for before it was concluded Rissolle had left the apartment, and Wilson closed the door.

[To this story we add some examples of Hook's jokes and puns, as told by various writers. Richard H. Barham, the author of

"Ingoldsby Legends," gives the following reminiscences of Hook's irrepressible proclivity for jesting.]

He told us an amusing story of his going down to Worcester to see his brother, the dean, with Henry H—— (his companion in many of his frolics). They arrived separately at the coach, and, taking their places inside, opposite to each other, pretended to be strangers. After some time, they began to hoax their fellow-travellers,—the one affecting to see a great many things not to be seen, the other confirming it and admiring them.

"What a beautiful house that on the hill!" cried H——, when no house was near the spot: "it must command a most magnificent prospect from the elevation on which it stands."

"Why, yes," returned Hook, "the view must be extensive enough, but I cannot think those windows in good taste: to run out bay windows in a Gothic front, in my opinion, ruins the effect of the whole building."

"Ah! that is the new proprietor's doings," was the reply: "they were not there when the marquis had possession." Here one of their companions interfered: he had been stretching his neck for some time, in the vain hope of getting a glimpse of the mansion in question, and now asked,—

"Pray, sir, what house do you mean? I don't see any."

"That, sir, with the turrets and large bay windows on the hill," said Hook, with profound gravity, pointing to a thick wood.

"Dear me," returned the old gentleman, bobbing about to catch the desired object, "I can't see it for those confounded trees."

The old gentleman, luckily for them, proved an indefatigable asker of questions, and the answers he received,

of course, added much to his stock of genuine information.

"Pray, sir, do you happen to know to whom that house belongs?" inquired he, pointing to a magnificent mansion and handsome park in the distance.

"That, sir," replied Hook, "is Womberly Hall, the seat of Sir Abraham Hume, which he won at billiards from the Bishop of Bath and Wells."

"You don't say so!" cried the old gentleman, in pious horror, and, taking out his pocket-book, begged his informant to repeat the name of the seat, which he readily did, and it was entered accordingly,—the old gentleman shaking his head gravely the while, and bewailing the profligacy of an age in which dignitaries of the church encouraged gambling to so alarming an extent.

The frequency of the remarks, however, made by the associates on objects which the eyesight of no one else was good enough to take in, began at length to excite some suspicion; and, Hook bursting suddenly into a rapturous exclamation at the "magnificent burst of the ocean" in the midst of an inland country, a Wiltshire farmer, who had been for some time staring alternately at them and the window, thrust out his head, and, after reconnoitring for a couple of minutes, drew it in again, and, looking full in the face of the sea-gazer, exclaimed, with considerable emphasis,—

"Well, now, then, I'm d——d if I think you can see the ocean, as you call it, for all you pretends," and continued very sulky all the rest of the way.

[One more instance of Mr. Theodore Hook's innate love of hoaxing.]

Hook called, and in the course of conversation gave me an account of his going to Lord Melville's trial with a friend. They went early, and were engaged in conversa-

tion when the peers began to enter. At this moment a country-looking lady, whom he afterwards found to be a resident of Rye, in Sussex, touched his arm, and said,—

“I beg your pardon, sir, but pray who are those gentlemen in red now coming in?”

“Those, ma’am,” returned Theodore, “are the Barons of England; in these cases the junior Peers always come first.”

“Thank you, sir; much obliged to you. Louisa, my dear” (turning to a girl about fourteen), “tell Jane” (about ten), “those are the Barons of England, and the Juniors (that’s the youngest, you know) always goes first. Tell her to be sure and remember that when we get home.”

“Dear me, ma!” said Louisa, “can that gentleman be one of the *youngest*? I am sure he looks very old.”

“Human nature,” added Hook, “could not stand this: any one, though with no more mischief in him than a dove, must have been excited to a hoax.”

“And pray, sir,” continued the lady, “what gentlemen are these?” pointing to the bishops, who came next in order, in the dress which they wear on state occasions,—viz., the rochet and lawn sleeves over their doctor’s robes.

“Gentlemen, madam!” said Hook, “these are not gentlemen: these are ladies, elderly ladies,—the Dowager Peeresses in their own right.”

The fair inquirer fixed a penetrating glance upon his countenance, saying, as plainly as an eye can say, “Are you quizzing me or no?” Not a muscle moved; till at last, tolerably well satisfied with her scrutiny, she turned round and whispered,—

“Louisa, dear, the gentleman *says* that these are elderly ladies and Dowager Peeresses in their own right. Tell Jane not to forget that.”

All went on smoothly, till the Speaker of the House of

Commons attracted her attention by the rich embroidery of his robes.

"Pray, sir," said she, "and who is that fine-looking person opposite?"

"That, madam," was the answer, "is Cardinal Wolsey."

"No, sir," cried the lady, drawing herself up, and casting at her informant a look of angry disdain, "we know a little better than that: Cardinal Wolsey has been dead many a good year."

"No such thing, dear madam, I assure you," replied Hook, with a gravity that must have been almost preternatural. "It has been, I know, so reported in the country, but without the least foundation in fact; those rascally newspapers will say anything."

The good old gentlewoman appeared thunderstruck, opened her eyes to their full extent, and gasped like a dying carp; *vox faucibus hæsit*; seizing a daughter with each hand, she hurried without a word from the spot.

[To the above we add, from "An Adventure with Theodore Hook," by Lord William Lenox, some examples of his impromptu puns. Lenox relates that he, Hook, and others were setting out on an excursion.]

"Hook and I, then, will go together," I observed, as my buggy drove up to the door.

"Of course; *Hook and eye* always go together," was the response of my companion, as he got into the vehicle.

Thus commenced the sport; and off we went. To repeat all that was said during our drive would form a large edition of facetiæ; the celebrated abridgment of the statutes, in fifty volumes folio, would be nothing to it; it was a regular running fire. Pun, anecdote, song, improviso, jests, a century old, disinterred, as good as new, venerable Joe Millers, revived and decked out in modern

fashionable attire, jokes manufactured on the spot, of every conceivable variety and pattern, some bad enough to take rank with the very best. So far from recounting them, I despair of conveying an idea of their profusion. The plainest of pedestrians, or the commonest name over a shop door, was enough to start him off.

"Ah!" said my companion, "'Hawes, Surgeon:' that reminds me of two lines I made on a sawbone of that name during the severe winter of 1814:

"Perpetual freezings and perpetual thaws,
Though bad enough for *hips*, are good for *Hawes*."

As we reached Vauxhall bridge, "I wonder if this bridge pays," I remarked. "Go over it, and you'll be *tolled*," replied the ever-ready punster.

"So," said he, addressing the gate-keeper, who was hoarse, "you haven't recovered your voice yet?" "No, sir," was the answer, "I've caught a fresh cold." "But why did you catch a *fresh* one?" asked Hook: "why didn't you have it *cured*?"

On we went, from subject to subject and pun to pun. To show that the unmisgiving perpetrator of pleasantries innumerable never flinched or threw a chance away, the sign of the "Three Ravens" at Sutton, as we passed it, suggested the reflection, "That fellow must be *raven* mad."

Immediately after, we discovered a party of laborers employed in sinking a well. "What are you about?" inquired Hook. "Boring for water," replied a gaping clod. "Water's a bore at any time," rejoined Hook; "besides, you're quite wrong. Remember the proverb, 'Let *well* alone.'"

On arriving at the gate, we found seated on a rustic bench a certain individual, having a cigar in his mouth,

and by his side a glass of water, with (for this should not be altogether omitted) just a sufficient quantity of Glenlivet in it to destroy, as he said, the animalculæ it might contain. His countenance brightened at our approach.

"Ha, Dean!" said Theodore.

"Ha, Hookems!" responded the other; "have you brought the ginnums and the mackerelums?"

"I have, most reverend. But where were you last Sunday? I missed you at your accustomed haunt,—lunch after chapel."

"Lame, lame; could not get there."

"As usual," said Hook. "Why's the Dean like England? D'ye give it up?—eh!—Because *he* expects every man to do *his* duty."

[The following quotation from Hook's "Chapter on Puns" may be of interest in conclusion.]

On the subject of the ear and its defects end by telling the story of the man who, having taken great pains to explain something to his companion, at last got into a rage at his apparent stupidity, and exclaimed, "Why, my dear sir, don't you comprehend? The thing is as plain as A, B, C."

"I dare say it is," said the other; "but I am D, E, F."

ON THE USE OF THE FAN.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

[Of the writings of Addison (born in Wiltshire, England, in 1672) little need be said. They have become part of the world's classical treasures, and have long been the standard of purity and elegance of

style in English prose composition. Many of Addison's papers in the *Spectator* and *Tatler* are full of delicate and finely-conceived humor, and we give here some examples of the more celebrated of these compositions.]

MR. SPECTATOR :

Women are armed with fans as men with swords, and sometimes do more execution with them. To the end, therefore, that ladies may be entire mistresses of the weapons which they bear, I have erected an academy for the training up of young women in the exercise of the fan according to the most fashionable airs and motions that are now practised at court. The ladies who carry fans under me are drawn up twice a day in my great hall, where they are instructed in the use of their arms, and exercised by the following words of command: Handle your fans, Unfurl your fans, Discharge your fans, Ground your fans, Recover your fans, Flutter your fans. By the right observation of these few plain words of command, a woman of a tolerable genius, who will apply herself diligently to her exercise for the space of one half-year, shall be able to give her fan all the graces that can possibly enter into that little modish machine.

But, to the end that my readers may form to themselves a right notion of this exercise, I beg leave to explain it to them in all its parts. When my female regiment is drawn up in array, with every one her weapon in her hand, upon my giving the word to Handle their fans, each of them shakes her fan at me with a smile, then gives her right-hand woman a tap upon the shoulder, then presses her lips with the extremity of her fan, then lets her arms fall in easy motion, and stands in readiness to receive the next word of command. All this is done with a closed fan, and is generally learned in the first week.

The next motion is that of unfurling the fans, in which

are comprehended several little flirts and vibrations, as also gradual and deliberate openings, with many voluntary fallings asunder in the fan itself, that are seldom learned under a month's practice. This part of the exercise pleases the spectators more than any other, as it discovers, on a sudden, an infinite number of cupids, garlands, altars, birds, beasts, rainbows, and the like agreeable figures, that display themselves to view, whilst every one in the regiment holds a picture in her hand.

Upon my giving the word to Discharge their fans, they give one general crack, that may be heard at a considerable distance when the wind sits fair. This is one of the most difficult parts of the exercise, but I have several ladies with me, who at their first entrance could not give a pop loud enough to be heard at the farther end of the room, who can now discharge a fan in such a manner that it shall make a report like a pocket-pistol. I have likewise taken care (in order to hinder young women from letting off their fans in wrong places or on unsuitable occasions) to show upon what subject the crack of a fan may come in properly: I have likewise invented a fan with which a girl of sixteen, by the help of a little wind which is enclosed about one of the largest sticks, can make as loud a crack as a woman of fifty with an ordinary fan.

When the fans are thus discharged, the word of command, in course, is to Ground their fans. This teaches a lady to quit her fan gracefully when she throws it aside in order to take up a pack of cards, adjust a curl of hair, replace a falling pin, or apply herself to any other matter of importance. This part of the exercise, as it only consists in tossing the fan with an air upon a long table (which stands by for that purpose), may be learned in two days' time as well as in a twelvemonth.

When my female regiment is thus disarmed, I generally

let them walk about the room for some time ; when, on a sudden (like ladies that look upon their watches after a long visit), they all of them hasten to their arms, catch them up in a hurry, and place themselves in their proper stations upon my calling out, Recover your fans. This part of the exercise is not difficult, provided a woman applies her thoughts to it.

The fluttering of a fan is the last, and indeed the masterpiece of the whole exercise ; but if a lady does not mispend her time, she may make herself mistress of it in three months. I generally lay aside the dog-days and the hot time of the summer for the teaching this part of the exercise ; for as soon as ever I pronounce, Flutter your fans, the place is filled with so many zephyrs and gentle breezes as are very refreshing in that season of the year, though they might be dangerous to ladies of a tender constitution in any other.

There is an infinite variety of motions to be made use of in the flutter of a fan. There is the angry flutter, the modest flutter, the timorous flutter, the confused flutter, the merry flutter, and the amorous flutter. Not to be tedious, there is scarcely any emotion in the mind which does not produce a suitable agitation in the fan ; insomuch that if I only see the fan of a disciplined lady I know very well whether she laughs, frowns, or blushes. I have seen a fan so very angry that it would have been dangerous for the absent lover who provoked it to have come within the wind of it, and at other times so very languishing that I have been glad for the lady's sake the lover was at a sufficient distance from it. I need not add that a fan is either a prude or a coquette, according to the nature of the person who bears it. To conclude my letter, I must acquaint you that I have from my own observations compiled a little treatise for the use of my scholars, entitled,

The Passions of the Fan; which I will communicate to you if you think it may be of use to the public. I shall have a general review on Thursday next; to which you shall be very welcome if you will honor it with your presence.

I am, etc.

P. S. I teach young gentlemen the whole art of gallanting a fan.

N. B. I have several little plain fans made for this use, to avoid expense.

DISSECTION OF A BEAU'S HEAD.

[Among the most amusing of Addison's contributions to the *Spectator* are those on the Dissection of a Beau's Head and a Coquette's Heart. Of these we give the former, as perhaps the happier effort of the two.]

A very wild, extravagant dream employed my fancy all the last night. I was invited, methought, to the dissection of a beau's head and a coquette's heart, which were both of them laid on a table before us. An imaginary operator opened the first with a great deal of nicety, which, upon a cursory and superficial view, appeared like the head of another man; but upon applying our glasses to it we made a very odd discovery, namely, that what we looked upon as brains were not such in reality, but a heap of strange materials wound up in that shape and texture and packed together with wonderful art in the several cavities of the skull. For, as Homer tells us that the blood of the gods is not real blood, but only something like it, so we found that the brain of a beau is not a real brain, but only something like it.

The *pineal* gland, which many of our modern philosophers suppose to be the seat of the soul, smelt very strong of essence and orange-flower water, and was encompassed

with a kind of horny substance, cut into a thousand little faces and mirrors, which were imperceptible to the naked eye, insomuch that the soul, if there had been any there, must have been always taken up in contemplating her own beauties.

We observed a large antrum or cavity in the *sinciput*, that was filled with ribbons, lace, and embroidery, wrought together in a most curious piece of net-work, the parts of which were likewise imperceptible to the naked eye. Another of these antrums or cavities was stuffed with invisible billet-doux, love-letters, pricked dances, and other trumpery of the same nature. In another we found a kind of powder, which set the whole company a-sneezing, and by the scent discovered itself to be right Spanish. The several other cells were stored with commodities of the same kind, of which it would be tedious to give the reader an exact inventory.

There was a large cavity on each side of the head, which I must not omit. That on the right side was filled with fictions, flatteries, and falsehoods, vows, promises, and protestations; that on the left, with oaths and imprecations. There issued out a duct from each of these cells, which ran into the root of the tongue, where both joined together and passed forward in one common duct to the tip of it. We discovered several little roads or canals running from the ear into the brain, and took particular care to trace them out through their several passages. One of them extended itself to a bundle of sonnets and little musical instruments. Others ended in several little bladders which were filled either with wind or froth. But the large canal entered into a large cavity of the skull, from whence there went another canal into the tongue. This great cavity was filled with a kind of spongy substance, which the French anatomists call *gallimatias*, and the English nonsense.

The skins of the forehead were exceedingly tough and thick, and, what very much surprised us, had not in them any single blood-vessel that we were able to discover, either with or without our glasses; from whence we concluded that the party, when alive, must have been entirely deprived of the faculty of blushing.

The *os cribriforme* was exceedingly stuffed, and in some places damaged, with snuff. We could not but take notice in particular of that small muscle which is not often discovered in dissection, and draws the nose upward, when it expresses the contempt which the owner of it has, upon seeing anything he does not like, or hearing anything he does not understand. I need not tell my learned reader this is that muscle which performs the motion so often mentioned by the Latin poets, when they talk of a man's cocking his nose, or playing the rhinoceros.

We did not find anything very remarkable in the eye, saving only that the *musculi amatorii*, or, as we may translate it into English, the *ogling muscles*, were very much worn and decayed with use; whereas, on the contrary, the elevator, or the muscle which turns the eye towards heaven, did not appear to have been used at all.

We were informed that the person to whom this head belonged had passed for a man above five-and-thirty years, during which time he eat and drank like other people, dressed well, talked loud, laughed frequently, and on particular occasions had acquitted himself tolerably at a ball or an assembly; to which one of the company added that a certain knot of ladies took him for a wit. He was cut off in the flower of his age by the blow of a paring-shovel, having been surprised by an eminent citizen as he was tendering some civilities to his wife.

THE JACKDAW OF RHEIMS.

RICHARD H. BARHAM ("THOMAS INGOLDSBY, ESQ.")

[Richard Harris Barham, better known as "Thomas Ingoldsby," author of the series of grotesque metrical tales known as "The Ingoldsby Legends," was born at Canterbury, England, in 1788, and died in 1845. He was partly crippled for life by a school-accident which shattered his arm, but which had no effect on his intense love of fun, in which he indulged regardless of the fact that he had taken holy orders and become a minor canon at St. Paul's. His verses have long been very popular, and are marked by an unusual variety and whimsicality of rhymes. We offer as an example one of his shorter poems.]

THE Jackdaw sat on the Cardinal's chair!
Bishop, and Abbot, and Prior were there;
Many a monk, and many a friar,
Many a knight and many a squire,
With a great many more of lesser degree,—
In sooth, a goodly company;
And they served the Lord Primate on bended knee.
Never, I ween,
Was a prouder seen,
Read of in books, or dreamt of in dreams,
Than the Cardinal Lord Archbishop of Rheims!

In and out
Through the motley rout,
That little Jackdaw kept hopping about;
Here and there,
Like a dog in a fair,
Over comfits and cakes,
And dishes and plates,

Cowl and cope, and rochet and pall,
Mitre and crosier, he hopped upon all!
 With saucy air,
 He perched on the chair
Where, in state, the great Lord Cardinal sat
In the great Lord Cardinal's great red hat;
 And he peered in the face
 Of his Lordship's grace,
With a satisfied look, as if he would say,
"We two are the greatest folks here to-day!"
 And the priests, with awe,
 As such freaks they saw,
Said, "The devil must be in that little Jackdaw!"

The feast was over, the board was cleared,
The flawns and the custards had all disappeared,
And six little singing-boys,—dear little souls!—
In nice clean faces, and nice white stoles,
 Came, in order due,
 Two by two,
Marching that grand refectory through!

A nice little boy held a golden ewer,
Embossed and filled with water, as pure
As any that flows between Rheims and Namur,
Which a nice little boy stood ready to catch
In a fine golden hand-basin made to match.
Two nice little boys, rather more grown,
Carried lavender-water and eau de Cologne;
And a nice little boy had a nice cake of soap,
Worthy of washing the hands of the Pope.
 One little boy more
 A napkin bore,

Of the best white diaper, fringed with pink,
And a cardinal's hat marked in "permanent ink."

The great Lord Cardinal turns at the sight
Of these nice little boys dressed all in white :
 From his finger he draws
 His costly turquoise,
And, not thinking at all about little Jackdaws,
 Deposits it straight
 By the side of his plate,
While the nice little boys on his Eminence wait ;
Till, when nobody's dreaming of any such thing,
That little Jackdaw hops off with the ring !

 There's a cry and a shout,
 And a deuce of a rout,
And nobody seems to know what they're about,
But the monks have their pockets all turned inside out ;
 The friars are kneeling,
 And hunting and feeling
The carpet, the floor, and the walls, and the ceiling.
 The Cardinal drew
 Off each plum-colored shoe,
And left his red stockings exposed to the view ;
 He peeps and he feels,
 In the toes and the heels ;
They turn up the dishes,—they turn up the plates,—
They take up the poker and poke out the grates,
 They turn up the rugs,
 They examine the mugs :—
 But no!—no such thing ;
 They can't find THE RING !
And the Abbot declared that "when nobody twigged it,
Some rascal or other had popped in and prigged it."

The Cardinal rose with a dignified look,
He called for his candle, his bell, and his book!
 In holy anger and pious grief,
He solemnly cursed that rascally thief!
He cursed him at board, he cursed him in bed;
From the sole of his foot to the crown of his head;
He cursed him in sleeping, that every night
He should dream of the devil, and wake in a fright;
He cursed him in eating, he cursed him in drinking,
He cursed him in coughing, in sneezing, in winking;
He cursed him in sitting, in standing, in lying;
He cursed him in walking, in riding, in flying;
He cursed him in living, he cursed him in dying!—
Never was heard such a terrible curse!
 But, what gave rise
 To no little surprise,
Nobody seemed one penny the worse!

 The day was gone,
 The night came on,
The Monks and the Friars they searched till dawn;
 When the Sacristan saw,
 On crumpled claw,
Come limping a poor little lame Jackdaw;
 No longer gay,
 As on yesterday;
His feathers all seemed to be turned the wrong way;—
His pinions drooped,—he could hardly stand,—
His head was as bald as the palm of your hand;
 His eye so dim,
 So wasted each limb,
That, heedless of grammar, they all cried “THAT’S HIM!—
That’s the scamp that has done this scandalous thing!
That’s the thief that has got my Lord Cardinal’s ring!”

The poor little Jackdaw,
When the monks he saw,
Feebly gave vent to the ghost of a caw,
And turned his bald head, as much as to say,
"Pray be so good as to walk this way!"
Slower and slower
He limped on before,
Till they came to the back of the belfry door,
Where the first thing they saw,
Midst the sticks and the straw,
Was the RING in the nest of that little Jackdaw !

Then the great Lord Cardinal called for his book,
And off that terrible curse he took ;
The mute expression
Served in lieu of confession,
And, being thus coupled with full restitution,
The Jackdaw got plenary absolution !
When these words were heard,
That poor little bird
Was so changed in a moment, 'twas really absurd ;
He grew sleek and fat ;
In addition to that,
A fresh crop of feathers came thick as a mat !

His tail waggled more
Even than before ;
But no longer it wagged with an impudent air,
No longer he perched on the Cardinal's chair,
He hopped now about
With a gait devout ;
At matins, at vespers, he never was out ;
And, so far from any more pilfering deeds,
He always seemed telling the Confessor's beads.

If any one lied, or if any one swore,
Or slumbered in prayer-time and happened to snore,
That good Jackdaw
Would give a great "Caw!"
As much as to say, "Don't do so any more!"
While many remarked, as his manners they saw,
That they "never had known such a pious Jackdaw!"
He long lived the pride
Of that country side,
And at last in the odor of sanctity died;
When, as words were too faint
His merits to paint,
The Conclave determined to make him a Saint;
And on newly-made Saints and Popes, as you know,
It's the custom, at Rome, new names to bestow,
So they canonized him by the name of Jim Crow!

A VENTRILOQUIST ON A STAGE-COACH.

HENRY COCKTON.

[The "Valentine Vox, the Ventriloquist," of Henry Cockton, is a work full of amusing situations, of the character to which the practice of ventriloquism would naturally give rise. The work cannot be commended as an example of novelistic high art, but contains much that is calculated to excite laughter. We give one of its incidents. The author was born about 1808, and died in 1853.]

"Now, then, look alive there!" shouted the coachman from the booking-office door, as Valentine and his uncle John approached. "Have yow got that 'ere mare's shoe made comfor'ble, Simon?"

"All right, sir," said Simon, and he went round to see if it were so, while the luggage was being secured.

"Jimp up, genelmen!" cried the coachman, as he waddled from the office with his whip in one hand and his huge way-bill in the other; and the passengers accordingly proceeded to arrange themselves on the various parts of the coach,—Valentine, by the particular desire of Uncle John, having deposited himself immediately behind the seat of the coachman.

"If you please," said an old lady, who had been standing in the gateway upwards of an hour, "will you be good enow, please, to take care of my darter?"

"All safe," said the coachman, untwisting the reins. "She shaunt take no harm. Is she going all the way?"

"Yes, sir," replied the old lady; "God bless her! She's got a place in Lunnun, an' I'm told——"

"Hook on them 'ere two sacks o' whoats there behind," cried the coachman: "I marn't go without 'em this time.—Now, all right there?"

"Good-by, my dear," sobbed the old lady. "Do write to me soon, be sure you do,—I only want to hear from you often. Take care of yourself."

"Hold hard!" cried the coachman, as the horses were dancing, on the cloths being drawn from their loins. "Whit! whit!" and away they pranced, as merrily as if they had known that *their* load was nothing when compared with the load they left behind them. Even old Uncle John, as he cried "Good-by, my dear boy," and waved his hand for the last time, felt the tears trickling down his cheeks.

The salute was returned, and the coach passed on.

The fulness of Valentine's heart caused him for the first hour to be silent; but after that the constant change of scene and the pure bracing air had the effect of restoring

his spirits, and he felt a powerful inclination to sing. Just, however, as he was about to commence for his own amusement, the coach stopped to change horses. In less than two minutes they started again, and Valentine, who then felt ready for anything, began to think seriously of the exercise of his power as a ventriloquist.

"Whit! whit!" said Tooler, the coachman, between a whisper and a whistle, as the fresh horses galloped up the hill.

"Stop! ho!" cried Valentine, assuming a voice the sound of which appeared to have travelled some distance.

"You have left some one behind," observed a gentleman in black, who had secured the box seat.

"Oh, let un run a bit!" said Tooler. "Whit! I'll give un a winder up this little hill, and teach un to be up in time in future. If we was to wait for every passenger as chooses to lag behind, we shouldn't git over the ground in a fortnit."

"Ho!" stop! stop! stop!" reiterated Valentine, in the voice of a man pretty well out of breath.

Tooler, without deigning to look behind, retiekled the haunches of his leaders, and gleefully chuckled at the idea of how he was making a passenger sweat.

The voice was heard no more, and Tooler, on reaching the top of the hill, pulled up and looked round, but could see no man running.

"Where is he?" inquired Tooler.

"In the ditch!" replied Valentine, throwing his voice behind.

"In the ditch!" exclaimed Tooler. "Blarm me, whereabouts?"

"There," said Valentine.

"Bless my soul!" cried the gentleman in black, who was an exceedingly nervous village clergyman. "The poor

person no doubt is fallen down in an absolute state of exhaustion. How very, very wrong of you, coachman, not to stop!"

Tooler, apprehensive of some serious occurrence, got down, with the view of dragging the exhausted passenger out of the ditch; but, although he ran several hundred yards down the hill, no such person of course could be found.

"Who saw un?" shouted Tooler, as he panted up the hill again.

"I saw nothing," said a passenger behind, "but a boy jumping over the hedge."

Tooler looked at his way-bill, counted the passengers, found them all right, and, remounting the box, got the horses again into a gallop, in the perfect conviction that some villanous young scarecrow had raised the false alarm.

"Whit! blarm them 'ere boys!" said Tooler, "'stead o' mindin' their cows, they are allus up to suffen. I only wish I had un here, I'd pay *on* to their blarmed bodies; if I wouldn't!" At this interesting moment, and as if to give a practical illustration of what he would have done in the case, he gave the off-wheeler so telling a cut round the loins that the animal without any ceremony kicked over the trace. Of course Tooler was compelled to pull up again immediately; and, after having adjusted the trace, and asking the animal seriously what he meant, at the same time enforcing the question by giving him a blow on the bony part of the nose, he prepared to remount; but just as he had got his left foot upon the nave of the wheel, Valentine so admirably imitated the sharp snapping growl of a dog in the front boot that Tooler started back as quickly as if he had been shot, while the gentleman in black dropped the reins and almost jumped into the road.

"Good gracious!" exclaimed the gentleman in black, trembling, but with great energy; "how wrong, how very horribly wrong of you, coachman, not to tell me that a dog had been placed beneath my feet!"

"Blarm their carcasses!" cried Tooler, "they never told me a dog was shoved there. Lay down! We'll soon have yow out there together!"

"Not for the world!" cried the gentleman in black, as Tooler approached the foot-board in order to open it. "Not for the world! un-un-un-less you le-le-let me get down first. I have no desire to pe-pe-perish of hydro-phobia."

"Kip yar fut on the board then, sir, please," said Tooler. "We'll soon have the warmint out o' that." So saying, he gathered up the reins, remounted the box, and started off the horses again at full gallop.

The gentleman in black then began to explain to Tooler how utterly inconceivable was the number of persons who had died of hydrophobia within an almost unspeakably short space of time, in the immediate vicinity of the residence of a friend of his in London; and just as he had got into the marrow of a most exerceuiating description of the intense mental and physical agony of which the disease in its worst stage was productive, both he and Tooler suddenly sprang back, with their feet in the air, and their heads between the knees of the passengers behind them, on Valentine giving a loud growling snap, more bitingly indicative of anger than before.

As Tooler had tight hold of the reins when he made this involuntary spring, the horses stopped on the instant, and allowed him time to scramble up again without rendering the slow process dangerous.

"I cannot, I-I-I positively cannot," said the gentleman in black, who had been thrown again into a dreadful state

of excitement, "I cannot sit here; my nerves cannot endure it; it's perfectly shocking."

"Blister their bowls!" exclaimed Tooler, whose first impulse was to drag the dog out of the boot at all hazards, but who, on seeing the horses waiting in the road a short distance ahead for the next stage, thought it better to wait till he had reached them. "I'll make un remember this the longest day o' thar blessed lives—blarm un! Phih! I'll let un know when I get back, I warrant. I'll larn un to——"

"Hoa, coachman! hoa! my hat's off!" cried Valentine, throwing his voice to the back of the coach.

"Well, *may* I be—phit!" said Tooler. "I'll make yew run for't, anyhow—phit!"

In less than a minute the coach drew up opposite the stable, when the gentleman in black at once proceeded to alight. Just, however, as his foot reached the plate of the roller-bolt, another growl from Valentine frightened him backwards, when, falling upon one of the old horse-keepers, he knocked him fairly down, and rolled over him heavily.

"Darng your cloomsy carkus," cried the horse-keeper, gathering himself up, "carn't you git oof ar cooach aroat knocking o' pipple darn?"

"I-I-I beg pardon," tremblingly observed the gentleman in black; "I hope I-I——"

"Whoap! pardon!" contemptuously echoed the horse-keeper as he limped towards the bars to unhook the leaders' traces.

"Now, then, yow warmint, let's see who yow belong to," said Tooler, approaching the mouth of the boot; but just as he was in the act of raising the foot-board, another angry snap made him close it again with the utmost rapidity.

"Lay down! blarm your body!" cried Tooler, shrinking

back. "Here, yow Jim, kim here, bor, and take this 'ere warmint of a dog out o' that."

Jim approached, and the growling was louder than before, while the gentleman in black implored Jim to take care that the animal didn't get hold of his hand.

"Here, yow Harry!" shouted Jim, "yare noot afeared o' doogs together. Darng un, I doon't like un."

Accordingly Harry came, and then Sam, and then Bob, and then Bill; but as the dog could not be seen, and as the snarling continued, neither of them dared to put his hand in to drag the monster forth. Bob therefore ran off for Tom Titus the blacksmith, who was supposed to care for nothing; and in less than two minutes Tom Titus arrived with about three feet of rod-iron red-hot.

"Darng un!" cried Tom, "this 'ere'll make un *quit* together!"

"Dear me! my good man," said the gentleman in black, "don't use that unchristian implement! don't put the dumb thing to such horrible torture!"

"It don't siggerfy a button," cried Tooler. "I marn't go to stop here all day. Out he must come."

Upon this Tom Titus introduced his professional weapon, and commenced poking about with considerable energy, while the snapping and growling increased with each poke.

"I'll tell you what it is," said Tom Titus, turning round and wiping the sweat off his brow, with his naked arm, "this 'ere cretur here's stark raavin' mad."

"I knew that he was," cried the gentleman in black, getting into an empty wagon which stood without horses just out of the road; "I felt perfectly sure that he was rabid."

"He's a bull-terrier, too," said Tom Titus, "I knows it by's growl. It's the worstest and darngdest to go mad as is."

"Well, what shall us do wi' th' warmint?" said Tooler.

"Shoot him! shoot him!" cried the gentleman in black.

"Oh, I've goot a blunderbuss, Bob!" said Tom Titus.

"Yow run for't together: it's top o' the forge."

Bob started at once, and Tom kept on the bar, while Tooler, Sam, and Harry, and Bill, held the heads of the horses.

"He's got un; all right!" cried Tom Titus, as Bob neared the coach with the weapon on his shoulder. "Yow'll be doon in noo time," he added, as he felt with his rod to ascertain in which corner of the boot the bull-terrier lay.

"Is she loarded?" asked Bob, as he handed Tom Titus the instrument of death.

"Mind you make the shot come out at the bottom," shouted Tooler.

"I wool," said Tom Titus, putting the weapon to his shoulder. "Noo the Loord ha' marcy on yer, as joodge says sizes," and instantly let fly.

The horses of course plunged considerably, but still did no mischief; and before the smoke had evaporated, Valentine introduced into the boot a low melancholy howl, which convinced Tom Titus that the shot had taken effect.

"He's giv oop the ghost, darng his carkus!" cried Tom, as he poked the dead body in the corner.

"Well, let's have a look at un," said Tooler; "let's see what the warmint is like."

The gentleman in black at once leaped out of the wagon, and every one present drew near, when Tom, guided by the rod which he had kept upon the body, put his hand into the boot, and drew forth a fine hare that had been shattered by the shot all to pieces.

"He aren't a bull-terrier," cried Bob.

"But that aren't he," said Tom Titus. "He's some'er

aboot here, as dead as a darnged nail. I know he's a corpse."

"Are you sure on't?" asked Tooler.

"There aren't any barn door deader," cried Tom. "Here, I'll lug um out an' show yar."

"No, no!" shouted Tooler, as Tom proceeded to pull out the luggage. "I marn't stay for that. I'm an hour behind now, blarm un! Jimp up, genelmen!"

Tom Titus and his companions, who wanted the bull-terrier as a trophy, entreated Tooler to allow them to have it, and, having at length gained his consent, Tom proceeded to empty the boot. Every eye was, of course, directed to everything drawn out, and when Tom made a solemn declaration that the boot was empty, they were all, at once, struck with amazement. Each looked at the other with astounding incredulity, and overhauled the luggage again and again.

"Do you mean to say," said Tooler, "that there aren't nuffin else in the boot?"

"Darnged a thing!" cried Tom Titus. "Coom and look." And Tooler did look, and the gentleman in black looked, and Bob looked, and Harry looked, and Bill looked, and Sam looked, and all looked, but found the boot empty.

"Well, blarm me!" cried Tooler. "But, darng it all, he must be somewhere."

"I'll taake my solumn davy," said Bill, "that he *was* there."

"I seed um myself," exclaimed Bob, "wi' my oarn eyes, an' didn't loike the looks on um a bit."

"There cannot," said the gentleman in black, "be the smallest possible doubt about his having been there; but the question for our mature consideration is, where is he now?"

"I'll bet a pint," said Harry, "you blowed um away."

"Blowed um away, you fool!—how could I ha' blowed um away?"

"Why, he *was* there," said Bob, "and he bain't there noo, and he bain't here nayther, so you must ha' blowed um out o' th' boot; 'sides, look at the muzzle o' this 'ere blunderbust!"

"Well, of all the rummest goes as ever happened," said Tooler, thrusting his hands to the very bottom of his pockets, "this ere flogs 'em all into nuffin!"

"It is perfectly astounding!" exclaimed the gentleman in black, looking again into the boot, while the men stood and stared at each other with their mouths as wide open as human mouths could be.

"Well, in wi' 'em again," cried Tooler, "in wi' 'em!—Blarm me if this here aren't a queer un to get over."

The luggage was accordingly replaced, and Tooler, on mounting the box, told the men to get a gallon of beer, when the gentleman in black generously gave them half a crown, and the horses started off, leaving Tom with his blunderbuss, Harry, Bill, Sam, and their companions, bewildered with the mystery which the whole day spent in the ale-house by no means enabled them to solve.

JOHN PARTRIDGE'S DEFENCE.

THOMAS YALDEN.

[Of the literary hoaxes that have been from time to time promulgated, there is none more amusing than that in which Dean Swift, under the assumed name of Isaac Bickerstaff, predicted the death of John Partridge. Partridge was a noted almanac-maker, who was accustomed to predict the events of the coming year, and had gained

the confidence of the public in his prognostications. Swift, in consequence, issued "Predictions for the year 1708," in which he remarked, "My first prediction is but a trifle, yet I will mention it, to show how ignorant these sottish pretenders to astrology are in their own concerns: it relates to Partridge, the almanac-maker. I have consulted the star of his nativity by my own rules, and find he will infallibly die on the 29th of March next, about eleven at night, of a raging fever; therefore I advise him to consider of it, and settle his affairs in time."

Swift followed this by "An Answer to Bickerstaff," and another pamphlet, in which he declared that the prediction had been accomplished, and gave in sober minutie the details of the death of Partridge, though declaring that Bickerstaff was four hours wrong in his calculation. The leading wits of the time, including Steele and Addison, supported Swift, and very many persons believed that Partridge had actually died, notwithstanding his indignant assertion to the contrary. The Rev. Dr. Yalden, a humorous prelate of the period, was requested by Partridge to defend him against his calumniator, and drew up the following ludicrous statement of grievances, which Partridge is said to have published without perceiving that it was a running fire of jest; though this it is not easy to believe of a man in his senses.]

It is hard, my dear countrymen of these united nations, it is very hard that a Briton born, a Protestant astrologer, a man of revolutionary principles, an asserter of the liberty and property of the people, should cry out in vain for justice against a Frenchman, a papist, and an illiterate pretender to science, that would blast my reputation, most inhumanly bury me alive, and defraud my native country of those services which, in my double capacity, I daily offer the public.

It was towards the conclusion of the year 1707 when an impudent pamphlet crept into the world, intituled Predictions, etc., by Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq. Among the many arrogant assertions laid down by that lying spirit of divination, he was pleased to pitch on the Cardinal de Noailles

and myself, among many other eminent and illustrious persons that were to die within the compass of the ensuing year, and peremptorily fixes the day, month, and hour of our deaths. This, I think, is sporting with great men, and public spirits, to the scandal of religion and reproach of power; and if sovereign princes and astrologers must make diversion for the vulgar,—why, then farewell, say I, to all governments, ecclesiastical and civil. But, I thank my better stars, I am alive to confront this false and audacious predictor, and to make him rue the day he ever affronted a man of science and resentment; and I shall here present the public with a faithful narrative of the ungenerous treatment and hard usage I have received from the virulent papers and malicious practices of this pretended astrologer.

The 28th of March, A.D. 1708, being the night this sham-prophet had so impudently fixed for my last, which made little impression upon myself; but I cannot answer for my whole family, for my wife, with a concern more than usual, prevailed on me to take somewhat to sweat for a cold, and between the hours of eight and nine to go to bed. The maid, as she was warming my bed, with a curiosity natural to young wenches, runs to the window and asks of one passing the street, whom the bell tolled for. Dr. Partridge, says he, the famous almanac-maker, who died suddenly this evening: the poor girl, provoked, told him he lied like a rascal; the other very sedately replied, the sexton had so informed him; and if false, he was to blame for imposing upon a stranger. She asked a second, and a third, as they passed, and every one was in the same tone. Now, I do not say these are accomplices to a certain astrological 'squire, and that one Bickerstaff might be sauntering thereabouts; because I will assert nothing here but what I dare attest for plain matter of fact. My wife, at

this, fell into a violent disorder; and I must own I was a little discomposed at the oddness of the accident.

In the mean time one knocks at my door; Betty runs down, and, opening, finds a sober, grave person, who modestly inquires if this was Dr. Partridge's. She, taking him for some cautious city patient that came at that time for privacy, shows him into the dining-room. As soon as I could compose myself, I went to him, and was surprised to find my gentleman mounted on a table, with a two-foot rule in his hand, measuring the walls, and taking the dimensions of the room. "Pray, sir," says I, "not to interrupt you, have you any business with me?" "Only, sir," replies he, "order the girl to bring me a better light, for this is but a very dim one."—"Sir," says I, "my name is Partridge."—"Oh! the doctor's brother, belike," cries he; "the staircase, I believe, and these two apartments, hung in close mourning, will be sufficient, and only a strip of bays around the other rooms. The doctor must needs die rich; he had great dealings in his way for many years; if he had no family-coat, you had as good use the escutcheons of the company: they are as showish, and will look as magnificent, as if he was descended from the blood royal."

With that I assumed a greater air of authority, and demanded who employed him, or how he came there. "Why, I was sent, sir, by the company of undertakers," says he, "and they were employed by the honest gentleman who is executor to the good doctor departed; and our rascally porter, I believe, is fallen fast asleep with the black cloth and seconces, or he had been here, and we might have been tacking up by this time."—"Sir," says I, "pray be advised by a friend, and make the best of your speed out of my doors, for I hear my wife's voice (which, by the bye, is pretty distinguishable), and in that corner

of the room stands a good cudgel, which somebody has felt before now; if that light in her hands, and she know the business you come about, without consulting the stars I can assure you it will be employed very much to the detriment of your person."—"Sir," cries he, bowing with great civility, "I perceive extreme grief for the loss of the doctor disorders you a little at present, but early in the morning I will wait on you with all necessary materials." Now, I mention no Mr. Bickerstaff, nor do I say that a certain star-gazing 'squire has been playing my executor before his time; but I leave the world to judge, and he that puts things and things fairly together will not be much wide of the mark.

Well, once more I got my doors closed, and prepared for bed, in hopes of a little repose after so many ruffling adventures. Just as I was putting out my light in order to it, another bounces as hard as he can knock; I open the window, and ask who is there, and what he wants. "I am Ned the sexton," replies he, "and come to know whether the doctor left any orders for a funeral sermon, and where he is to be laid, and whether his grave is to be plain or bricked."—"Why, sirrah," says I, "you know me well enough; you know I am not dead, and how dare you affront me after this manner?"—"Alack-a-day, sir," replies the fellow, "why, it is in print, and the whole town knows you are dead; why, there is Mr. White the joiner, is but fitting screws to your coffin; he will be here with it in an instant; he was afraid you would have wanted it before this time."—"Sirrah, sirrah!" says I, "you shall know to-morrow to your cost that I am alive, and alive likely to be."—"Why, it is strange, sir," says he, "you should make such a secret of your death to us that are your neighbors; it looks as if you had a design to defraud the church of its dues; and let me tell you, for one that has lived so long

by the heavens, that it is unhandsomely done."—"Hist! hist!" says another rogue that stood by him; "away, doctor, into your flannel gear as fast as you can, for here is a whole pack of dismals coming to you with their black equipage, and how indecent it will look for you to stand frightening folks at your window, when you should have been in your coffin these three hours!" In short, what with undertakers, embalmers, joiners, sextons, and your vile elegy-hawkers upon a late practitioner in physie and astrology, I got not one wink of sleep that night, nor scarce a moment's rest ever since. Now, I doubt not but this villanous 'squire has the impudence to assert that these are entirely strangers to him; he, good man, knows nothing of the matter, and honest Isaac Bickerstaff, I warrant you, is more a man of honor than to be an accomplice with a pack of rascals, that walk the street on nights and disturb good people in their beds; but he is out if he thinks the whole world is blind; for there is one John Partridge can smell a knave as far as Grub Street, although he lies in the most exalted garret and writes himself 'squire. But I will keep my temper, and proceed in the narration.

I could not stir out of doors for the space of three months after this, but presently one comes up to me in the street: "Mr. Partridge, that coffin you was last buried in I have not yet been paid for,"—"Doctor," cries another dog, "how do you think people can live by making graves for nothing? Next time you die you may even toll out the bell yourself, for Ned." A third rogue tips me by the elbow, and wonders how I have the conscience to sneak abroad without paying my funeral expenses. "Bless me!" says one, "I durst have sworn that was honest Dr. Partridge, my old friend; but, poor man, he is gone."—"I beg your pardon," says another, "you look so like my old

acquaintance that I used to consult on some private occasions; but, alack, he is gone the way of all flesh."—"Look, look, look!" cries a third, after a competent space of staring at me; "would not one think our neighbor the almanac-maker was crept out of his grave to take the other peep at the stars in this world, and show how much he is improved in fortune-telling by having taken a journey to the other?"

Nay, the very reader of our parish, a good, sober, discreet person, has sent two or three times for me to come and be buried decently, or send him sufficient reasons to the contrary, or, if I have been interred in any other parish, to produce my certificate, as the act requires. My poor wife is almost run distracted with being called widow Partridge, when she knows it is false; and once a term she is cited into the court to take out letters of administration. But the greatest grievance is a paltry quack, that takes up my calling just under my nose, and in his printed directions with N.B. ~~HE~~ says he lives in the house of the late ingenious Mr. John Partridge, an eminent practitioner in leather, physie, and astrology.

But to show how far the wicked spirit of envy, malice, and resentment can hurry some men, my nameless old persecutor had provided me a monument at the stone-cutter's, and would have erected it in the parish church; and this piece of notorious and expensive villany had actually succeeded, if I had not used my utmost interest with the vestry, where it was carried at last but by two voices that I am alive. That stratagem failing, out comes a long sable elegy, bedecked with hour-glasses, mattocks, skulls, spades, and skeletons, with an epitaph as confidently written to abuse me and my profession as if I had been under the ground these twenty years.

And, after such barbarous treatment as this, can the

world blame me when I ask, what is become of the freedom of an Englishman? and where is the liberty and property that my old glorious friend came over to assert? We have driven popery out of the nation, and sent slavery to foreign climes. The arts only remain in bondage, when a man of science and character shall be openly insulted in the midst of the many useful services he is daily paying the public. Was it ever heard, even in Turkey or Algiers, that a state-astrologer was bantered out of his life by an ignorant impostor, or bawled out of the world by a pack of villanous, deep-mouthed hawkers? Though I print almanacs and publish advertisements, though I produce certificates under the minister's and church-warden's hands that I am alive, and attest the same on oath at quarter-sessions, out comes a full and true relation of the death and interment of John Partridge; truth is borne down, attestations neglected, the testimony of sober persons despised, and a man is looked upon by his neighbors as if he had been seven years dead, and is buried alive in the midst of his friends and acquaintances.

SAM WELLER'S VALENTINE.

CHARLES DICKENS.

[Whatever may be said to the discredit of Dickens, no one can accuse him of diluting his fun. It is the unadulterated article, pure, rich, heady, foaming on his pages like the head on old ale. He had no occasion to thin the brew in his barrel; it came from an inexhaustible fount. Few of his characters have not in them something humorous or ridiculous,—to be laughed with or laughed at,—and in the devising of comical situations he was a genius of the first water. There is often a sense of strain in his seriousness, a touch of bathos in

his pathos, but his fun is the native growth of his mind, its only fault its over-luxuriance. The "Pickwick Papers" were the first and richest crop of this harvest of humor, and stand almost alone among English books as one broad grin from beginning to end. And of the Pickwickian coterie Sam Weller is the choicest spirit, the very epitome of all that is laughter-compelling. But the fun of Dickens needs no trumpeter: it speaks for itself; the best evidence we can present of it is to give Mr. Weller the floor and permit him to address our audience without further introduction. The "valentine" episode is doubtless well known, but English literature presents nothing better of its kind.]

SAM had solaced himself with a most agreeable little dinner, and was waiting at the bar for the glass of warm mixture in which Mr. Pickwick had requested him to drown the fatigues of his morning's walks, when a young boy of about three feet high, or thereabouts, in a hairy cap and fustian overalls, whose garb bespoke a laudable ambition to attain in time the elevation of an hostler, entered the passage of the George and Vulture, and looked first up the stairs and then along the passage, and then into the bar, as if in search of somebody to whom he bore a commission; whereupon the barmaid, conceiving it not improbable that the said commission might be directed to the tea- or table-spoons of the establishment, accosted the boy with—

"Now, young man, what do *you* want?"

"Is there anybody here named Sam?" inquired the youth, in a loud voice of treble quality.

"What's the t'other name?" said Sam Weller, looking round.

"How should I know?" briskly replied the young gentleman below the hairy cap.

"You're a sharp boy, you are," said Mr. Weller; "only I wouldn't show that wery fine edge too much, if I was you, in case anybody took it off. What do you mean by

comin' to a hot-el and askin' after Sam, with so much politeness as a vild Indian?"

"Cos an old gen'lem'n told me to," replied the boy.

"What old gen'lem'n?" inquired Sam, with deep disdain.

"Him as drives a Ipswich coach and uses our parlor," rejoined the boy. "He told me yesterday mornin' to come to the George in Wulter this arternoon and ask for Sam."

"It's my father, my dear," said Mr. Weller, turning with an explanatory air to the young lady in the bar: "blessed if I think he hardly knows wot my other name is. Vell, young brockily sprout, wot then?"

"Why, then," said the boy, "you was to come to him at six o'clock to our 'ouse, 'cos he wants to see you,—Blue Boar, Leaden'all Markit. Shall I say you're comin'?"

"You *may* venture on that 'ere statement, sir," replied Sam. And, thus empowered, the young gentleman walked away, awakening all the echoes in George Yard, as he did so, with several chaste and extremely correct imitations of a drover's whistle, delivered in a tone of peculiar richness and volume.

Mr. Weller, having obtained leave of absence from Mr. Pickwick, who, in his then state of excitement and worry, was by no means displeased at being left alone, set forth long before the appointed hour, and, having plenty of time at his disposal, sauntered down as far as the Mansion House, where he paused and contemplated, with a face of great calmness and philosophy, the numerous cads and drivers of short stages who assemble near that famous place of resort, to the great terror and confusion of the old-lady population of these realms. Having loitered here for half an hour or so, Mr. Weller turned, and began wending his way towards Leadenhall Market, through a variety of by-streets and courts. As he was sauntering away his

spare time, and stopped to look at almost every object that met his gaze, it is by no means surprising that Mr. Weller should have paused before a small stationer's and print-seller's window; but without further explanation it does appear surprising that his eyes should have no sooner rested on certain pictures which were exposed for sale therein, than he gave a sudden start, smote his right leg with great vehemence, and exclaimed, with energy, "If it hadn't been for this, I should ha' forgot all about it till it was too late!"

The particular picture on which Sam Weller's eyes were fixed, as he said this, was a highly-colored representation of a couple of human hearts skewered together with an arrow, cooking before a cheerful fire, while a male and female cannibal in modern attire, the gentleman being clad in a blue coat and white trousers, and the lady in a deep-red pelisse with a parasol of the same, were approaching the meal with hungry eyes, up a serpentine gravel path leading thereunto. A decidedly indelicate young gentleman, in a pair of wings and nothing else, was depicted as superintending the cooking; a representation of the spire of the church in Langham Place appeared in the distance; and the whole formed a "valentine," of which, as a written inscription in the window testified, there was a large assortment within, which the shopkeeper pledged himself to dispose of to his countrymen generally at the reduced rate of one and sixpence each.

"I should ha' forgot it! I should certainly ha' forgot it!" said Sam; and, so saying, he at once stepped into the stationer's shop, and requested to be served with a sheet of the best gilt-edged letter-paper and a hard-nibbed pen which could be warranted not to splutter. These articles having been promptly supplied, he walked on direct towards Leadenhall Market at a good round pace, very

different from his recent lingering one. Looking round him, he there beheld a sign-board on which the painter's art had delineated something remotely resembling a cerulean elephant with an aquiline nose in lieu of trunk. Rightly conjecturing that this was the Blue Boar himself, he stepped into the house and inquired concerning his parent.

"He won't be here this three-quarters of an hour or more," said the young lady who superintended the domestic arrangements of the Blue Boar.

"Very good, my dear," replied Sam. "Let me have nine pen'orth o' brandy-and-water luke, and the inkstand, will you, miss?"

The brandy-and-water luke and the inkstand having been carried into the little parlor, and the young lady having carefully flattened down the coals to prevent their blazing, and carried away the poker to preclude the possibility of the fire being stirred without the full privity and concurrence of the Blue Boar being first had and obtained, Sam Weller sat himself down in a box near the stove, and pulled out the sheet of gilt-edged letter-paper and the hard-nibbed pen. Then, looking carefully at the pen to see that there were no hairs in it, and dusting down the table so that there might be no crumbs of bread under the paper, Sam tucked up the cuffs of his coat, squared his elbows, and composed himself to write.

To ladies and gentlemen who are not in the habit of devoting themselves practically to the science of penmanship, writing a letter is no very easy task, it being always considered necessary in such cases for the writer to recline his head on his left arm so as to place his eyes as nearly as possible on a level with the paper, and, while glancing sideways at the letters he is constructing, to form with his tongue imaginary characters to correspond. These

motions, although unquestionably of the greatest assistance to original composition, retard in some degree the progress of the writer, and Sam had unconsciously been a full hour and a half writing words in small text, smearing out wrong letters with his little finger, and putting in new ones which required going over very often to render them visible through the old blots, when he was roused by the opening of the door and the entrance of his parent.

"Vell, Sammy," said the father.

"Vell, my Prooshan Blue," responded the son, laying down his pen. "What's the last bulletin about mother-in-law?"

"Mrs. Veller passed a very good night, but is uncommon perwerse and unpleasant this mornin'—signed upon oath—S. Veller, Esquire, Senior. That's the last vun as was issued, Sammy," replied Mr. Weller, untying his shawl.

"No better yet?" inquired Sam.

"All the symptoms aggerawated," replied Mr. Weller, shaking his head. "But wot's that you're a doin' of?—pursuit of knowledge under difficulties?—eh, Sammy?"

"I've done now," said Sam, with slight embarrassment. "I've been a-writin'."

"So I see," replied Mr. Weller. "Not to any young 'ooman, I hope, Sammy?"

"Why, it's no use a-sayin' it ain't," replied Sam. "It's a valentine."

"A what?" exclaimed Mr. Weller, apparently horror-stricken by the word.

"A valentine," replied Sam.

"Samivel, Samivel!" said Mr. Weller, in reproachful accents, "I didn't think you'd ha' done it. Arter the warnin' you've had o' your father's wicious perpensities, arter all I've said to you upon this here wery subject, arter actiwallly seein' and bein' in the company o' your own

mother-in-law, vich I should ha' thought was a moral lesson as no man could ever ha' forgotten to his dyin' day! I didn't think you ha' done it, Sammy! I didn't think you'd ha' done it." These reflections were too much for the good old man. He raised Sam's tumbler to his lips and drank off its contents.

"Wot's the matter now?" said Sam.

"Never mind, Sammy," replied Mr. Weller: "it'll be a wery agonizin' trial to me at my time of life, but I'm pretty tough, that's yun consolation, as the wery old turkey remarked ven the farmer said he was afeerd he should be obliged to kill him for the London market."

"Wot'll be a trial?" inquired Sam.

"To see you married, Sammy,—to see you a deluded wictim, and thinkin' in your innocence that it's all wery capital," replied Mr. Weller. "It's a dreadful trial to a father's feelin's, that 'ere, Sammy."

"Nonsense!" said Sam. "I ain't a-goin' to get married, don't you fret yourself about that: I know you're a judge o' these things. Order in your pipe, and I'll read you the letter—there."

We cannot distinctly say whether it was the prospect of the pipe, or the consolatory reflection that a fatal disposition to get married ran in the family and couldn't be helped, which calmed Mr. Weller's feelings and caused his grief to subside. We should be rather disposed to say that the result was attained by combining the two sources of consolation, for he repeated the second in a low tone very frequently, ringing the bell, meantime, to order in the first. He then divested himself of his upper coat, and, lighting the pipe and placing himself in front of the fire with his back towards it, so that he could feel its full heat and recline against the mantel-piece at the same time, turned towards Sam, and, with a countenance greatly

mollified by the softening influence of tobacco, requested him to "fire away."

Sam dipped his pen into the ink to be ready for any corrections, and began with a very theatrical air:

"Lovely——"

"Stop," said Mr. Weller, ringing the bell. "A double glass o' the invariable, my dear."

"Very well, sir," replied the girl, who with great quickness appeared, vanished, returned, and disappeared.

"They seem to know your ways here," observed Sam.

"Yes," replied the father: "I've been here before, in my time. Go on, Sammy."

"'Lovely creetur,'" repeated Sam.

"'Tain't in poetry, is it?" interposed the father.

"No, no," replied Sam.

"Wery glad to hear it," said Mr. Weller. "Poetry's unnat'ral: no man ever talked in poetry, 'cept a beadle on boxin'-day, or Warren's blackin', or Rowland's oil, or some o' them low fellows. Never you let yourself down to talk poetry, my boy. Begin again, Sammy."

Mr. Weller resumed his pipe with critical solemnity, and Sam once more commenced, and read as follows:

"'Lovely creetur i feel myself a damned——'"

"That ain't proper," said Mr. Weller, taking his pipe from his mouth.

"No; it ain't damned," observed Sam, holding the letter up to the light; "it's 'shamed:' there's a blot there. 'I feel myself ashamed——'"

"Wery good," said Mr. Weller. "Go on."

"'Feel myself ashamed and completely cir——' I forget wot this here word is," said Sam, scratching his head with the pen, in vain attempts to remember.

"Why don't you look at it, then?" inquired Mr. Weller.

"So I *am* a-lookin' at it," replied Sam, "but there's another blot. Here's a 'c,' and a 'i,' and a 'd.'"

"Circumwented, p'raps," suggested Mr. Weller.

"No, it ain't that," said Sam: "circumscribed, that's it."

"That ain't as good a word as circumwented, Sammy," said Mr. Weller, gravely.

"Think not?" said Sam.

"Nothin' like it," replied his father.

"But don't you think it means more?" inquired Sam.

"Vell, p'raps it is a more tenderer word," said Mr. Weller, after a few moments' reflection. "Go on, Sammy."

"Feel myself ashamed and completely circumscribed in a dressin' of you, for you *are* a nice gal, and nothin' but it."

"That's a wery pretty sentiment," said the elder Mr. Weller, removing his pipe to make way for the remark.

"Yes, I think it is rayther good," observed Sam, highly flattered.

"Wot I like in that 'ere style of writin'," said the elder Mr. Weller, "is, that there ain't no callin' names in it,—no Wenuses, nor nothin' o' that kind. Wot's the good o' callin' a young 'ooman a Venus or a angel, Sammy?"

"Ah! what, indeed?" replied Sam.

"You might jist as vell call her a griffin, or a unicorn, or a king's arms, at once, which is wery vell known to be a collection o' fabulous animals," added Mr. Weller.

"Just as well," replied Sam.

"Drive on, Sammy," said Mr. Weller.

Sam complied with the request, and proceeded as follows, his father continuing to smoke, with a mixed expression of wisdom and complacency which was particularly edifying.

"Afore I see you I thought all women was alike."

"So they are," observed the elder Mr. Weller, parenthetically.

" 'But now,' continued Sam, 'now I find what a reg'lar soft-headed, ink-red'lous turnip I must ha' been, for there ain't nobody like you, though I like you better than nothin' at all.' I thought it best to make that rayther strong," said Sam, looking up.

Mr. Weller nodded approvingly, and Sam resumed:

" 'So I take the privilage of the day, Mary, my dear,—as the gen'lem'n in difficulties did, ven he valked out of a Sunday,—to tell you that the first and only time I see you your likeness was took on my heart in much quicker time and brighter colors than ever a likeness was took by the profeel-macheen (which p'r'aps you may have heerd on, Mary, my dear), altho it *does* finish a portrait and put the frame and glass on complete with a hook at the end to hang it up by and all in two minutes and a quarter.' "

"I am afeerd that werges on the poetical, Sammy," said Mr. Weller, dubiously.

"No, it don't," replied Sam, reading on very quickly, to avoid contesting the point.

" 'Except of me, Mary, my dear, as your valentine, and think over what I've said.—My dear Mary, I will now conclude.' That's all," said Sam.

"That's raythur a sudden pull-up, ain't it, Sammy?" inquired Mr. Weller.

"Not a bit on it," said Sam: "she'll vish there wos more, and that's the great art o' letter-writin'."

"Well," said Mr. Weller, "there's somethin' in that; and I wish your mother-in-law 'ud only conduct her conversation on the same gen-teel principle. Ain't you a-goin' to sign it?"

"That's the difficulty," said Sam; "I don't know what to sign it."

"Sign it—Veller," said the oldest surviving proprietor of that name.

"Won't do," said Sam. "Never sign a valentine with your own name."

"Sign it 'Pickvick,' then," said Mr. Weller: "it's a wery good name, and an easy one to spell."

"The wery thing," said Sam. "I *could* end with a werse; what do you think?"

"I don't like it, Sam," rejoined Mr. Weller. "I never know'd a respectable coachman as wrote poetry, 'cept one, as made an affectin' copy o' werse the night afore he was hung for a highway robbery; and *he* was only a Cambervell man, so even that's no rule."

But Sam was not to be dissuaded from the poetical idea that had occurred to him, so he signed the letter—

"Your love-sick
Pickwick,"

and, having folded it in a very intricate manner, squeezed a down-hill direction in one corner, "To Mary, Housemaid, at Mr. Nupkins's Mayor's, Ipswich, Suffolk," and put it into his pocket, wafered, and ready for the General Post.

THE PILGRIMS AND THE PEAS.

JOHN WOLCOTT ("PETER PINDAR").

[The author of the succeeding selections, well known for his numerous witty and satirical (too often coarse and vulgar) poems, was an English physician, born in 1738. His satires, which cut freely in all directions, were very successful, but his reputation now rests principally upon his humorous poems, of which the following has long been a favorite.]

A BRACE of sinners, for no good,
Were ordered to the Virgin Mary's shrine,
Who at Loretto dwelt, in wax, stone, wood,
And in a fair white wig looked wondrous fine.

Fifty long miles had these sad rogues to travel,
With something in their shoes much worse than gravel:
In short, their toes so gentle to amuse,
The priest had ordered peas into their shoes:

A nostrum famous in old Popish times
For purifying souls that stunk of crimes;
A sort of apostolic salt,
Which Popish parsons for its powers exalt,
For keeping souls of sinners sweet,
Just as our kitchen salt keeps meat.

The knaves set off on the same day,
Peas in their shoes, to go and pray;
But very different was their speed, I wot:
One of the sinners galloped on,
Swift as a bullet from a gun;
The other limped, as if he had been shot.

One saw the Virgin soon,—*peccavi* cried,—
Had his soul whitewashed all so clever;
Then home again he nimbly hied,
Made fit with saints above to live forever.

In coming back, however, let me say,
He met his brother rogue about half-way,
Hobbling, with outstretched hands and bending knees,
Damning the souls and bodies of the peas,
His eyes in tears, his cheeks and brows in sweat,
Deep sympathizing with his groaning feet.

"How now," the light-toed, whitewashed pilgrim broke,

"You lazy lubber!"

"Ods curse it," cried the other, "'tis no joke :

My feet, once hard as any rock,

Are now as soft as any blubber.

"Excuse me, Virgin Mary, that I swear.

As for Loretto, I shall not get there ;

No! to the devil my sinful soul must go,

For damme if I ha'n't lost every toe.

"But, brother sinner, pray explain

How 'tis that you are not in pain :

What power hath worked a wonder for *your* toes,

While *I* just like a snail am crawling,

Now swearing, now on saints devoutly bawling,

While not a rascal comes to ease my woes?

"How is't that *you* can like a greyhound go,

Merry as if that naught had happened, burn ye?"

"Why," cried the other, grinning, "you must know

'That just before I ventured on my journey,

To walk a little more at ease,

I took the liberty to boil *my* peas."

[Wolcott's rich humor is equally manifested in the following productions.]

PRAYING FOR RAIN.

How difficult, alas! to please mankind!

One or the other every moment mutters:

This wants an eastern, that a western wind;

A third, petition for a southern utters.

Some pray for rain, and some for frost and snow:

How can heaven suit all palates? I don't know.

Good Lamb, the curate, much approved,
Indeed, by all his flock beloved,
Was one dry summer begged to pray for rain.
The parson most devoutly prayed ;
The powers of prayer were soon displayed :
Immediately a torrent drenched the plain.

It chanced that the church-warden, Robin Jay,
Had of his meadows not yet saved the hay :
Thus was his bay to health quite past restoring.
It happened, too, that Robin was from home ;
But when he heard the story, in a foam
He sought the parson, like a lion roaring.

“Zounds! Parson Lamb, why, what have you been doing?
A pretty storm, indeed, ye have been brewing!

What! pray for rain before I saved my hay!
Oh! you’re a cruel and ungrateful man!
I that forever help you all I can,

Ask you to dine with me and Mistress Jay
Whenever we have something on the spit,
Or in the pot a nice and dainty bit,—

“Send you a goose, a pair of chicken,
Whose bones you are so fond of picking,

And often, too, a cag of brandy,—
You that were welcome to a treat,
To smoke and chat, to drink and eat,
Making my house so very handy,—

“ You, parson, serve one such a scurvy trick!
Zounds! you must have the bowels of Old Nick.
What! bring the flood of Noah from the skies,
With my fine field of hay before your eyes!

A numskull, that I weren't of this aware.—
Curse me but I had stopped your pretty prayer!"
"Dear Mister Jay!" quoth Lamb, "alas! alas!
I never thought upon your field of grass."

"Lord! parson, you're a fool, one might suppose:
Was not the field just underneath your nose?

This is a very pretty losing job!"

"Sir," quoth the curate, "know that Harry Cobb,

Your brother warden, joined, to have the prayer."

"Cobb! Cobb! why, this for Cobb was only sport:

What doth Cobb own that any rain can hurt?"

Roared furious Jay, as broad as he could stare.

"The fellow owns, as far as I can l'arn,

A few old houses only, and a barn;

As that's the case, zounds! what are showers to him?

Not Noah's flood could make his trumpery swim.

Besides, why could you not for drizzle pray?

Why force it down in buckets on the hay?

Would I have played with *your* hay such a freak?

No! I'd have stopped the weather for a week."

"Dear Mister Jay, I do protest,

I acted solely for the best;

I do affirm it, Mister Jay, indeed.

Your anger for this once restrain;

I'll never bring a drop again

Till you and all the parish are agreed."

[The story so neatly versified in the following poem is told of that sapient monarch, George III., whose wisdom was not sufficient to solve the mystery of how the apple got into the dumpling.]

THE KING AND THE DUMPLINGS.

Once on a time, a monarch, tired with whooping,
Whipping, and spurring,
Happy in worrying
A poor defenceless harmless buck,—
The horse and rider wet as muck,—
From his high consequence and wisdom stooping,
Entered through curiosity a cot
Where sat a poor old woman and her pot.

The wrinkled, blear-eyed, good old granny,
In this same cot, illumed by many a cranny,
Had finished apple-dumplings for her pot:
In tempting row the naked dumplings lay,
When, lo! the monarch, in his usual way,
Like lightning spoke: "What's this? what's this? what,
what?"

Then, taking up a dumpling in his hand,
His eyes with admiration did expand,
And oft did majesty the dumpling grapple:
" 'Tis monstrous, monstrous hard, indeed!" he cried:
"What makes it, pray, so hard?" The dame replied,
Low courtesying, "Please your majesty, the apple."

"Very astonishing indeed! strange thing!"—
Turning the dumpling round,—rejoined the king.
" 'Tis most extraordinary, then, all this is:
It beats Pinette's conjuring all to pieces:
Strange I should never of a dumpling dream!
But, goody, tell me, where, where, where's the seam?"
"Sir, there's no seam," quoth she; "I never knew
That folks did apple-dumplings *sew*."

"No!" cried the staring monarch, with a grin;
"How, how the devil got the apple in?"

On which the dame the curious scheme revealed
By which the apple lay so sly concealed,
Which made the Solomon of Britain start,
Who to the palace with full speed repaired,
And queen and princesses so beauteous scared
All with the wonders of the dumpling art.
There did he labor one whole week to show
The wisdom of an apple-dumpling maker;
And, lo! so deep was majesty in dough,
The palace seemed the lodging of a baker.

FALSTAFF AND THE PRINCE.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

[Of Shakespeare's comic characters none are more original in conception or overflowing with the spirit of humor than Sir John Falstaff, the fat knight, whom no man could corner in repartee, and whose lies approached the sublime. He was a favorite with Shakespeare, who introduced him in several plays, and seemed to revel in the enjoyment of Falstaffian fun. We present Sir John on his first appearance on the stage of the world, where he makes his bow to humanity in the opening act of *Henry IV.* Our selection continues with the scene after the robbery, in which Falstaff most fully displays his peculiar calibre.]

SCENE. *London. An Apartment of the Prince's.*

Enter the PRINCE OF WALES and FALSTAFF.

Falstaff. Now, Hal, what time of day is it, lad?

Prince. Thou art so fat-witted, with drinking of old sack and unbuttoning thee after supper and sleeping upon

benches after noon, that thou hast forgotten to demand that truly which thou wouldst truly know. What a devil hast thou to do with the time of the day? Unless hours were cups of sack and minutes capons, . . . I see no reason why thou shouldst be so superfluous to demand the time of the day.

Fal. Indeed, you come near me now, Hal; for we that take purses go by the moon and seven stars, and not by Phœbus, he "that wandering knight so fair." And, I pray thee, sweet wag, when thou art king, as, God save thy grace,—majesty, I should say, for grace thou wilt have none——

Prince. What, none?

Fal. No, by my troth, not so much as will serve to be prologue to an egg and butter.

Prince. Well, how then? come, roundly, roundly.

Fal. Marry, then, sweet wag, when thou art king, let not us that are squires of the night's body be called thieves of the day's beauty: let us be Diana's foresters, gentlemen of the shade, minions of the moon; and let men say we be men of good government, being governed, as the sea is, by our noble and chaste mistress the moon, under whose countenance we steal.

Prince. Thou sayest well, and it holds well too; for the fortune of us that are the moon's men doth ebb and flow like the sea, being governed, as the sea is, by the moon. As, for proof, now: a purse of gold most resolutely snatched on Monday night, and most dissolutely spent on Tuesday morning; got with swearing, "Lay by," and spent with crying, "Bring in;" now in as low an ebb as the foot of the ladder, and by and by in as high a flow as the ridge of the gallows.

Fal. By the Lord, thou sayest true, lad. And is not my hostess of the tavern a most sweet wench?

Prince. As the honey of Hybla, my old lad of the castle. And is not a buff jerkin a most sweet robe of durance?

Fal. How now, how now, mad wag? What, in thy quips and thy quiddities? what a plague have I to do with a buff jerkin?

Prince. Why, what a pox have I to do with my hostess of the tavern?

Fal. Well, thou hast called her to a reckoning many a time and oft.

Prince. Did I ever call for thee to pay thy part?

Fal. No. I'll give thee thy due, thou hast paid all there.

Prince. Yea, and elsewhere, so far as my coin would stretch; and where it would not, I have used my credit.

Fal. Yea, and so used it that, were it not here apparent that thou art heir apparent,—but, I prithee, sweet wag, shall there be gallows standing in England when thou art king! and resolution thus fobbed as it is with the rusty curb of old father antic, the law? Do not thou, when thou art king, hang a thief.

Prince. No, thou shalt.

Fal. Shall I? O rare! By the Lord, I'll be a brave judge!

Prince. Thou judgest false already; I mean, thou shalt have the hanging of the thieves, and so become a rare hangman.

Fal. Well, Hal, well; and in some sort it jumps with my humor as well as waiting in the court, I can tell you.

Prince. For obtaining of suits?

Fal. Yea, for obtaining of suits, whereof the hangman hath no lean wardrobe. 'Sblood, I am as melancholy as a gib cat or a lugged bear.

Prince. Or an old lion or a lover's lute.

Fal. Yea, or the drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe.

Prince. What say'st thou to a hare, or the melancholy of Moor-ditch?

Fal. Thou hast the most unsavory similes, and art indeed the most comparative rascalliest,—sweet young prince. But, Hal, I prithee, trouble me no more with vanity. I would to God thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought! An old lord of the council rated me the other day in the street about you, sir; but I marked him not: and yet he talked very wisely; but I regarded him not: and yet he talked wisely, and in the street, too.

Prince. Thou didst well; for wisdom cries out in the streets, and no man regards it.

Fal. Oh, thou hast damnable iteration, and art indeed able to corrupt a saint. Thou hast done much harm upon me, Hal; God forgive thee for it! Before I knew thee, Hal, I knew nothing; and now am I, if a man should speak truly, little better than one of the wicked. I must give over this life, and I will give it over; by the Lord, an I do not, I am a villain! I'll be damned for never a king's son in Christendom.

Prince. Where shall we take a purse to-morrow, Jack?

Fal. Where thou wilt, lad; I'll make one; an I do not, call me villain and baffle me.

Prince. I see a good amendment of life in thee,—from praying to purse-taking.

Fal. Why, Hal, 'tis my vocation, Hal; 'tis no sin for a man to labor in his vocation.

[This conversation is followed by the laying of a plan to rob some travellers, which is succeeded by a plot in which the Prince and Poins (one of his associates) agree to rob Falstaff and his gang of the prize they have taken from the travellers. This scheme succeeds admirably, Falstaff showing much cowardice. We take up our characters again at the Boar's Head Tavern, Eastcheap, whither the Prince and Poins have retired from the scene of robbery.]

Enter FALSTAFF, GADSHILL, BARDOLPH, and PETO; FRANCIS following with wine.

Poins. Welcome, Jack. Where hast thou been?

Fal. A plague of all cowards, I say, and a vengeance too! marry and amen!—Give me a cup of sack, boy.—Ere I lead this life long, I'll sew nether-stocks and mend them and foot them too. A plague of all cowards!—Give me a cup of sack, rogue.—Is there no virtue extant?

[He drinks.]

Prince. Didst thou never see Titan kiss a dish of butter,—pitiful-hearted Titan, that melted at the sweet tale of the sun? If thou didst, then behold that compound.

Fal. You rogue, here's lime in this sack, too: there is nothing but roguery to be found in villanous man; yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it; a villanous coward!—Go thy ways, old Jack; die when thou wilt; if manhood, good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten herring. There live not three good men unchanged in England; and one of them is fat and grows old; God help the while! a bad world, I say. I would I were a weaver; I could sing psalms or anything. A plague of all cowards, I say still.

Prince. How now, wool-sack? what mutter you?

Fal. A king's son! If I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath, and drive all thy subjects afore thee like a flock of wild geese, I'll never wear hair on my face more. You Prince of Wales!

Prince. Why, you whoreson round man, what's the matter?

Fal. Are you not a coward? answer me to that,—and Poins, there?

Poins. Zounds, ye fat paunch, and ye call me coward, I'll stab thee!

Fal. I call thee coward! I'll see thee damned ere I call thee coward; but I would give a thousand pound I could run as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders, you care not who sees your back; call you that backing of your friends? A plague upon such backing! give me them that will face me.—Give me a cup of sack; I am a rogue if I drank to-day.

Prince. O villain! thy lips are scarce wiped since thou drunkenst last.

Fal. All's one for that. [*He drinks.*] A plague of all cowards, still say I.

Prince. What's the matter?

Fal. What's the matter? There be four of us here have ta'en a thousand pounds this morning.

Prince. Where is it, Jack? where is it?

Fal. Where is it! Taken from us it is; a hundred upon poor four of us.

Prince. What, a hundred, man?

Fal. I am a rogue, if I were not at half-sword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have 'scaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet, four through the hose; my buckler cut through and through; my sword hacked like a hand-saw,—*ecce signum*. I never dealt better since I was a man: all would not do. A plague of all cowards!—Let them speak; if they speak more or less than truth, they are villains and the sons of darkness.

Prince. Speak, sirs; how was it?

Gadshill. We four set upon some dozen——

Fal. Sixteen at least, my lord.

Gads. And bound them.

Peto. No, no, they were not bound.

Fal. You rogue, they were bound, every man of them; or I am a Jew else, an Ebrew Jew.

Gads. As we were sharing, some six or seven fresh men set upon us——

Fal. And unbound the rest, and then come in the other.

Prince. What, fought you with them all?

Fal. All! I know not what ye call all; but if I fought not with fifty of them I am a bunch of radish: if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then am I no two-legged creature.

Poins. Pray God you have not murdered some of them.

Fal. Nay, that's past praying for: for I have peppered two of them; two I am sure I have paid, two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal, if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse. Thou knowest my old ward; here I lay, and thus I bore my point. Four rogues in buckram let drive at me——

Prince. What, four? thou saidst but two even now.

Fal. Four, Hal; I told thee four.

Poins. Ay, ay, he said four.

Fal. These four came all afront, and mainly thrust at me. I made me no more ado, but took all their seven points in my target, thus.

Prince. Seven? why, there were but four even now.

Fal. In buckram?

Poins. Ay, four, in buckram suits.

Fal. Seven, by these hilts, or I am a villain else.

Prince. Prithee, let him alone; we shall have more anon.

Fal. Dost thou hear me, Hal?

Prince. Ay, and mark thee too, Jack.

Fal. Do so, for it is worth the listening to. These nine in buckram that I told thee of——

Prince. So, two more already.

Fal. Their points being broken——

Poins. Down fell their hose.

Fal. Began to give me ground; but I followed me close,

came in foot and hand, and with a thought seven of the eleven I paid.

Prince. O monstrous! eleven buckram men grown out of two!

Fal. But, as the devil would have it, three misbegotten knaves in Kendal green came at my back and let drive at me; for it was so dark, Hal, that thou couldst not see thy hand.

Prince. These lies are like the father that begets them, gross as a mountain, open, palpable. Why, thou clay-brained guts, thou knotty-pated fool, thou whoreson, obscene, greasy tallow-catch,——

Fal. What! art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth the truth?

Prince. Why, how couldst thou know these men in Kendal green, when it was so dark thou couldst not see thy hand? come, tell us your reason; what sayest thou to this?

Poins. Come, your reason, Jack, your reason.

Fal. What, upon compulsion? No; were I at the strappado, or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulsion. Give you a reason on compulsion! if reasons were as plenty as blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion, I.

Prince. I'll be no longer guilty of this sin; this sanguine coward, this bed-presser, this horseback-breaker, this huge hill of flesh,——

Fal. Away, you starveling, you elf-skin, you dried neat's tongue, you stock-fish.—Oh for breath to utter what is like thee!—you tailor's yard, you sheath, you bow-case, you vile standing-tuck,——

Prince. Well, breathe awhile, and then to it again; and when thou hast tired thyself in base comparisons, hear me speak but this.

Poins. Mark, Jack.

Prince. We two saw you four set on four; you bound them, and were masters of their wealth. Mark, now, how plain a tale shall put you down. Then did we two set on you four, and, with a word, outfaced you from your prize, and have it; yea, and can show it you here in the house: and, Falstaff, you carried your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roared for mercy and still ran and roared, as ever I heard bull-calf. What a slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou hast done, and then say it was in fight! What trick, what device, what starting-hole, canst thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

Poins. Come, let's hear, Jack: what trick hast thou now?

Fal. By the Lord, I knew ye as well as he that made ye. Why, hear ye, my masters: was it for me to kill the heir-apparent? should I turn upon the true prince? why, thou knowest I am as valiant as Hercules: but beware instinct; the lion will not touch the true prince. Instinct is a great matter; I was a coward on instinct. I shall think the better of myself and thee during my life,—I for a valiant lion, and thou for a true prince. But, by the Lord, lads, I am glad you have the money.—Hostess, clap to the doors; watch to-night, pray to-morrow.—Gallants, lads, boys, hearts of gold, all the titles of good fellowship come to you! What! shall we be merry? shall we have a play extempore?

Prince. Content; and the argument shall be thy running away.

Fal. Ah, no more of that, Hal, an thou lovest me.

[At this point a nobleman of the court calls and asks for the Prince. Falstaff agrees to see him and learn his message. During his absence the Prince makes the others tell the story of how Falstaff hacked his sword and planned the lies he had told.]

Re-enter FALSTAFF.

Prince. Here comes lean Jack, here comes bare-bone.—How now, my sweet creature of bombast! How long is't ago, Jack, since thou sawest thine own knee?

Fal. My own knee! when I was about thy years, Hal, I was not an eagle's talon in the waist; I could have crept into any alderman's thumb-ring: a plague of sighing and grief! it blows a man up like a bladder. There's villanous news abroad: here was Sir John Bracy from your father; you must to the court in the morning. . . . Thou wilt be horribly chid to-morrow when thou comest to thy father: if thou love me, practise an answer.

Prince. Do thou stand for my father, and examine me upon the particulars of my life.

Fal. Shall I? content; this chair shall be my state, this dagger my sceptre, and this cushion my crown.

Prince. Thy state is taken for a joint-stool, thy golden sceptre for a leaden dagger, and thy precious rich crown for a pitiful bald crown.

Fal. Well, an the fire of grace be not quite out of thee, now shalt thou be moved.—Give me a cup of sack to make my eyes look red, that it may be thought I have wept; for I must speak in passion, and I will do it in King Cambyyses' vein.

Prince. Well, here is my leg.

Fal. And here is my speech.—Stand aside, nobility.

Hostess. This is excellent sport, i' faith!

Fal. Weep not, sweet queen, for trickling tears are vain.

Hostess. O, the father, how he holds his countenance!

Fal. For God's sake, lords, convey my tristful queen; for tears do stop the flood-gates of her eyes.

Hostess. O rare, he does it as like one of these harlotry players as I ever see!

Fal. Peace, good pint-pot; peace, good tickle-brain.—Harry, I do not only marvel where thou spendest thy time, but also how thou art accompanied; for though the camomile, the more it is trodden on, the faster it grows, yet youth, the more it is wasted, the sooner it wears. That thou art my son, I have partly thy mother's word, partly my own opinion, but chiefly a villanous trick of thine eye and a foolish hanging of thy nether lip, that doth warrant me. If then thou be son to me, here lieth the point: why, being son to me, art thou so pointed at? Shall the blessed son of heaven prove a micher and eat blackberries?—a question not to be asked. Shall the son of England prove a thief and take purses?—a question to be asked. There is a thing, Harry, which thou hast often heard of, and it is known to many in our land by the name of pitch: this pitch, as ancient writers do report, doth defile; so doth the company thou keepest: for, Harry, now I do not speak to thee in drink but in tears, not in pleasure but in passion, not in words only but in woes also: and yet there is a virtuous man whom I have often noted in thy company, but I know not his name.

Prince. What manner of man, an it like your majesty?

Fal. A goodly portly man, i' faith, and a corpulent; of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye, and a most noble carriage; and, as I think, his age some fifty, or, by 'r Lady, inclining to threescore; and now I remember me, his name is Falstaff: if that man should be lewdly given, he deceiveth me; for, Harry, I see virtue in his looks. If then the tree may be known by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree, then, peremptorily I speak it, there is virtue in that Falstaff; him keep with, the rest banish. And tell me now, thou naughty varlet, tell me, where hast thou been this month?

Prince. Dost thou speak like a king? Do thou stand for me, and I'll play my father.

Fal. Depose me? if thou dost it half so gravely, so majestically, both in word and matter, hang me up by the heels for a rabbit-sucker or a poulter's hare.

Prince. Well, here I am set.

Fal. And here I stand.—Judge, my masters.

Prince. Now, Harry, whence come you?

Fal. My noble lord, from Eastcheap.

Prince. The complaints I hear of thee are grievous.

Fal. 'Sblood, my lord, they are false;—nay, I'll tickle ye for a young prince, i' faith.

Prince. Swearest thou, ungracious boy? henceforth ne'er look on me. Thou art violently carried away from grace: there is a devil haunts thee in the likeness of a fat old man; a tun of man is thy companion. Why dost thou converse with that trunk of humors, that bolting-hutch of beastliness, that swollen parcel of dropsies, that huge bombard of sack, that stuffed cloak-bag of guts, that roasted Manningtree ox with the pudding in his belly, that reverend vice, that gray iniquity, that father ruffian, that vanity in years? Wherein is he good, but to taste sack and drink it? wherein neat and cleanly, but to carve a capon and eat it? wherein cunning, but in craft? wherein crafty, but in villany? wherein villanous, but in all things? wherein worthy, but in nothing?

Fal. I would your grace would take me with you: whom means your grace?

Prince. That villanous abominable misleader of youth, Falstaff, that old white-bearded Satan.

Fal. My lord, the man I know.

Prince. I know thou dost.

Fal. But to say I know more harm in him than in myself, were to say more than I know. That he is old, the

more the pity, his white hairs do witness it; but that he is, saving your reverence, a whoremaster, that I utterly deny. If sack and sugar be a fault, God help the wicked! If to be old and merry be a sin, then many an old host that I know is damned! If to be fat be to be hated, then Pharaoh's lean kine are to be loved. No, my good lord: banish Peto, banish Bardolph, banish Poins; but for sweet Jack Falstaff, kind Jack Falstaff, true Jack Falstaff, valiant Jack Falstaff, and therefore more valiant, being, as he is, old Jack Falstaff, banish not him thy Harry's company; banish plump Jack, and banish all the world.

Prince. I do, I will.

GEOLOGICAL RECREATIONS.

ANONYMOUS.

[Dirt, they say, is soil out of place; and mischief may be science out of place, as in the following instance of misplaced enthusiasm. Parlor geology, as here practised, is a branch of the science which cannot well be classed among the useful arts.]

DEPRESSED by a severe cold, for which I was indebted to the variable nature of the weather in the last days of November, I sat, yesterday morning, in a despondent way beside my coffee and dry toast, roasted the soles of my slippers, and read away my digestion over the last murder recounted in the *Times*. Suddenly I was startled by the step of a man rushing hurriedly up-stairs; the door of my sitting-room was burst open, and my friend Boulder, flourishing in his hand a heavy hammer, stood before me, and gasped out, "I've done it at last, Smith! I've done it at last!" Boulder is a most excitable man, with a wife and

a large family of boys. I looked aghast for marks of blood upon the hammer,—for a trace of human hair in some crack of the handle.

“Which—who—how many?” I shouted.

“My son, Jack,” he declared, “is the cause of it all. He brought it upon me. Oh, Smith, my dear friend, would you have believed I should have ever come to this? Cut me some ham.”

He sat down opposite me in an easy-chair, turned up his soles also to the fire, helped himself to a thick slice of bread, and said again,—

“Cut me some ham. I must be off to the hills in ten minutes, and it’s well to fortify myself, because I may miss dinner to-day.”

“Sir! Mr. Boulder!”

“Let me ring for a cup and saucer. There, now, go on with your breakfast, and I’ll tell you all about it. I was led to it entirely by that hard-headed fellow, David Page.”

“Page?”

“David Page, F.G.S. Hark you! Three weeks ago, Mrs. Boulder came to me and said, ‘Peter.’ I replied, ‘Sussannah.’ She said, ‘Look at Jack’s clean shirt.’ She showed me a shirt folded neatly, with its front covered with red stains, and holes, and indentations. ‘Mercy!’ I cried, ‘what’s the cause of this?’ Jack was at school,—round the corner, you know,—Tickleby’s day-school. ‘I wish to show you, Mr. B.,’ said my old girl, ‘Jack’s linen-drawer.’ Followed my wife, looked in the drawer, found it filled up with stones and dirt. In the drawer below that, found clay, sand, and old shells in his Sunday jacket. Caused the dirt to be instantly carried to the dust-hole. Further examined drawers in Jack’s room, and, in the corner of one, found a book entitled ‘Advanced Text-

Book of Geology, Descriptive and Industrial, by David Page, F.G.S.”

“‘That’s what has done it, Peter,’ Mrs. B. said. ‘That’s the book I’ve seen him reading evening after evening.’ ‘He shall read no more of it,’ said I. ‘The book is confiscated.’ When Jack came home at dinner-time we had a great disturbance.”

Here Boulder gasped over his ham, and I felt painfully nervous. Boulder went on:

“‘Jack,’ said I, ‘you shall never more look on that book.’ I put it on my own library table. I peeped into it; I looked into it; I read bits of it; I read more of it; I liked it; I studied it; I threw myself heart and soul into it; I comprehended it;—I bought a hammer.”

Here Boulder caught his hammer up and flourished it again. He was evidently stone-mad.

“With this hammer, my boy, I break my way into the treasury of Nature.”

Here Boulder brought his hammer down and smashed my teacup.

“Ah, good!” he cried, taking a fragment up. “A lucky accident. Look at the crystalline fracture. What’s here? Clay. What makes the clay crystalline in its fracture? Fire. Theory of the igneous rocks. Thickness of the ponderable crust of the globe, eight hundred miles. Depth at which most of the rocks ordinarily found at the surface would exist in a molten state, say five-and-twenty miles. Undercrust of the globe, granite. Here’s a bit.”

My excitable friend took from the mantel-piece a handsome paper-weight of polished stone.

“Some ass of a man has polished this fine specimen of primitive rock.” With one tap of his hammer, Boulder broke it in two. “Observe,” he said, “the exquisite fracture.”

“Exquisite—confound——”

“Never polish a fine specimen. The geologist, my dear boy, is most particular to show you a clean fracture and nothing else. He breaks a stone, and takes pains not so much as to dim with a finger’s touch the brilliance of the broken surface. Now, fractures are of various sorts, conchoidal or shell-like, even, uneven, smooth, splintery, hackly. Only look in this beautiful bit of granite, at the silvery gleams of the mica and the suety bits of quartz speckling the solid pudding of the felspar. Quartz is, of simple minerals, one of the hardest. I knock out a little chip of granite, and you will observe that it is impossible to powder the quartz in it by blows of a hammer on the hearth-stone. You perceive the hearth-stone breaks, but the quartz grains remain uncomminuted.”

“Mr. Boulder——” I began faintly. I was made somewhat weak and helpless by my cold, or I should have met vigor with vigor.

“Pardon me, Smith ; they remain, I say, uncomminuted. Let me advise you to be a geologist. I am going to the hills to-day on an excursion. Come. Ah, you have a cold. Well, I will stop exactly half an hour.” Here he pulled out his watch. “I do want you to share my enjoyment. I do want to make you feel the delight caused by the study of geology. I didn’t think that I should take it up myself when I turned out Jack’s drawers. Page over-persuaded me. He’s just the man to bring the science home to you. Ah, Mrs. Boulder doesn’t know it, but I’ve carried up her spare sheets and blankets into one of the attics, and have a most beautiful experiment on the formation of mud-banks from aqueous deposit in her linen-chest. I’ve mixed up in water earth and shells and a shilling’s worth of shrimps. In a few days, when I drain the water off, you come over to me, and I’ll show you how the

top crust of the world is formed, and how the remains of extinct animals get to be mixed with it. Only, if Mrs. B. should by chance go to the chest before the experiment is finished—oh, those women! those women!

"But now, Smith, as you've a cold, and can't go to the hills, I'll show you how a geologist need go no farther than his own room for a study of incomparably the most glorious of sciences. I'll give you to-day only an elementary lesson. When I come next, we'll go into the thing more completely. Now look here,"—down came the hammer on the corner of my mantel-piece,—“I break off this little bit of metamorphic rock; the character has been destroyed by polishing, but now what beauty have I not revealed!”

"Boulder," I cried, "give me your hammer. Let me send your hammer down into the hall."

"Thank you, thank you: I shall be going presently. 'Tis not worth while. Dismiss from your mind what I was just saying about aqueous rocks. Above the igneous you have the metamorphic: you have, to speak familiarly, the mantel-piece upon the paper-weight, and not the paper-weight upon the mantel-piece."

"I have, have I?"

"To be sure you have. Heat and the pressure of the superincumbent strata have given to these metamorphic rocks their crystalline appearance, though it is believed that they were once deposited by water and contained fossils of which all trace has been extinguished. Well, then, Smith, on the top of the metamorphic rocks, on the top of the mantel-piece, we place Sir Roderick Murchison."

"Can it be possible?"

"Yes, Murchison and the Silurian rocks defined and discovered by him. They used to be called, along with some others, the greywacke formation."

“ Oh, indeed !”

“ Yes. Here we have certain sandstones, shales, limestones, flagstones, and the slates near Bala. By Jove! Smith, you’ve a slate top to that console-table. If it should be Silurian, you happy dog!—if it should be Silurian !”

Up leaped my friend, and up leaped I, but not in time to save the chipping of a rather costly bit of furniture.

“ Boulder,” I cried, hoarse with rage and rheum together, “ break another piece of furniture, and we are enemies forever !”

“ Ah, my dear boy, you have your enthusiasm yet to come. I’ll promise to break nothing of any value. But of what value are these precious polished specimens of yours? Their value’s doubled when they show the fracture and the cleavage and all that sort of thing. Nay, nay, I’ll break nothing more. Well, then, above the Silurian you have the old red sandstone, and then above that—ha! but it’s all fair to break coal—above that the coal.”

A heavy lump of coal was suddenly whipped out of the coal-scuttle, and being hammered into fragments on the breakfast-cloth before I could effectually interfere.

“ It is most interesting to search coal for the remains of extinct vegetable life. The markings sometimes are of the most beautiful description. The whole of yesterday I spent in our coal-cellar, and a more delightful day I never——”

A loud knocking at the street door startled us. Mr. Boulder was picking carefully about the contents of the coal-scuttle, and had spread some choice bits on the rug for further investigation, when a servant appeared to report that Mrs. Boulder wished, if Mr. B. was disengaged, to see him instantly.

"Ah!" said my friend, laying another coal upon the rug. "She has been to the linen-press. Smith, go and pacify her."

WOMEN AND THEIR MASTERS.

LAMAN BLANCHARD.

[The following sketch is somewhat misnamed, as the "Masters" play a very minor part in it, though they form the subject of a closing paragraph, which we omit. It is, however, worthy of preservation as a good series of photographs of women of the servant-maid class. The author, Laman Blanchard, was born in 1803, was associated with Bulwer in editing *The New Monthly Magazine*, and contributed many sketches and poems to English periodicals. He committed suicide, in a fit of insanity, in 1845.]

It was my fortune, in those days when independent bachelorship had succeeded to parental subjugation, to note in one queer lodging-house a succession of Sarahs and Betsies that was almost as rapid as the transformations on the stage when six characters are sustained by one performer, but the characters themselves formed a variety beyond the ordinary reach of such representations. Some are wholly forgotten, but of several the recollection remains to this hour, rendered vivid and complete by some saying or doing that serves as a key-note to the peculiarity of the character.

For an example to begin with,—the first that comes to mind; and it happens that the catalogue, like the list of the ladies (not to be more particularly alluded to) whom the poet loved, opens with Kitty. What a curiosity she was! She ought to be a cabinet minister, or a representative of the people in Parliament at least; not because she was distinguished for punctuality in the discharge of her duties, but because she was so wonderfully expert in the

art of making excuses for neglecting it. She was certainly the most careless little chit that ever spilt hot water over you, or left your new boots burning in the fender; but it could not be otherwise, so unceasingly and so profoundly must her mind have been intent on devising excuses for negligence and vindications of her conduct. Her small, keen, fixed gray eye told you plainly, before you began to find fault, that she had made up her mind not to admit she was in the wrong, and her lips, the instant she opened them to explain, confirmed the ocular assertion. It was not merely that her excuses were generally first-rate, but that she was never without one. A dozen times a day she would be put upon her defence; but you might be sure, in that case, of witnessing exactly twelve apparently un-studied exercises of startling ingenuity in clearing herself from the charge. She threw her flipflaps—if the metaphor may be allowed—with the readiest grace in the world, and so quickly that you could never catch her off her feet. Her figments were uttered with the most inartificial air ever witnessed. When you thought she had not a word to say for herself, out she would come with a volume. Her system of excuse involved a most philosophical supposition, that as human nature is a more precious thing than aught else in creation, animate or inanimate, so anything was to be blamed rather than that. If this be not new in theory, it was at least novel in practice, to the extent to which she carried it. Mats if she tripped, coals if she scorched anything, bore the blame. As the feminine is more worthy than the neuter, the neuter was of course shown to be in fault.

You complained of her bringing you an unpolished tumbler: "Kitty, whenever you bring me a glass, see that it is quite bright: of all things I hate a dull glass." Yes, I think I see her taking the glass, holding it up to the

light, and pretending to examine it with a puzzled look, saying, half to herself, "Curious tumblers these are, somehow; I never seed glasses catch the fluff off the napkin like these do." I was rash enough to set her to bring me down a rare old china jug, prized for the sake of a former possessor. Of course she broke it; and had there been two she would have broken both. Into the room she came with the beautiful handle swinging upon her fingers, saying, with the most delicious air of simplicity and wonderment that can be conceived, "Dear me, well! If I wasn't coming so softly down-stairs, and had hold of it so, when, just as I set my foot on the very last stair, the jug *let go of my hand!*" She could never be brought to admit more upon such occasions than what in effect amounted to this,—that the smash was an act of pure volition on the part of the broken jug,—that she, innocent as she was, had been sent to fetch a very wilful and obstinate utensil, a piece of china resolutely bent on self-destruction.

There were traces of a curious perception of certain zoological distinctions in some of Kitty's self-defences and evasions. I remember that some small delicacy, or what remained of it, at dinner, had been specially put by for me as a relish for my breakfast; but when Kitty, to whose care it had been consigned, produced it next morning, the edge of the dish bore evident marks of the excursion of some small four-footed invaders. "Oh, the mice!" exclaimed my landlady in horror. "Why, Kitty, how could you now——?" etc. But Kitty was quite certain that the muscicular footmarks could have no connection with the feet of a mouse; no, the dish had been where mice could never be: it was quite impossible.

"Well, Kitty, look, do look, and believe the evidence of your own eyes."

"I'm right, ma'am," said Kitty, after she had taken a careful and conscientious survey all round the edge. "I'm right; and if I wasn't positive certain, I wouldn't say so. No, *they're not our mice.*" Our mice! To detect a difference between other people's mice and our own! Why, all the zoological council assembled couldn't have done it!

Kitty was succeeded by a little damsel who was called Ellen, a sprightly, bright-eyed thing, far too slight for the coarse offices allotted to her, and with something of a childish elegance about her air that might have graced a lot far different from a life of servitude. Her character was as strikingly seen in all she did as Kitty's was. In her, the ruling principle was politeness. To be polite was an instinct which she could not but obey. The first glimpse I had of the girl was on the morning after she came, when, glancing from the window while dressing, I saw her running down the steps very prettily, and in sweet clear tones calling out, "Sir! sir, if you please!" to the dustman. His bell drowned the small voice, but she went springing after him a little way, and I could perceive that she brought him back with an air not less full of natural grace, but less ostentatious, than that of the nymphs who precede the great princes in romantic operas and ballets and throw flowers in their path. The scene ended in her smilingly begging his pardon, and *would* he have the kindness to come in and take away the dust that morning? The next day I heard her tell the fishmonger's boy when he called for orders, "Soles, sir, if it's quite convenient." So completely was this principle of excessive urbanity and deference a part of her nature that it was in operation on all occasions and extended to all comers. It was no respecter of persons, recognized no distinctions, real or false,

But, like the sun, it shone on all alike.

There was nothing—no, not a dash—of the high-life-below-stairs vulgarity in her courtesies to the gardener or the stable-boy. The chimney-sweep was just as sure of a gentle and gracious reception. In short, little Ellen could not, though she had tried, have laid aside the bland and most urbane qualities of her manner. As little was she capable of divesting them of their real grace, or of having them mistaken for affected airs and mock civilities. She was polite merely because she could not help it. True, her politeness was excessively ludicrous sometimes, and now and then rather embarrassing, when it implicated others by taking upon herself to speak for them. Thus, I overheard her one morning prefacing a message I had given her for the boot-cleaner, with my “compliments” (she was polite enough to call me her master, which I was not), her master’s compliments, and he thought the boots had not been quite so well polished of late. She never received even a command from any one without a “thankee,” and she always took a letter from the postman with a nice little courtesy and a smile of acknowledgment that implied a sense of obligation for his kindness in bringing it. “My master’s much obliged,” she would sometimes say, as she handed the twopence. I’m not sure that she did not, one wet day, crown her politeness by offering to come and ask me to lend the postman my umbrella,—she was certain he would get wet, and carrying other people’s letters too!

One occasion I particularly recollect, and it affords a good illustration of Ellen’s sensitiveness on the score of giving trouble. A man had brought me some books, for which, on delivery, she impressively thanked him; when, as he was turning away, it occurred to him that he had a letter to deliver with the packet, and he began to search industriously in his bag. Observing the anxiety with which he pried into the corners of it, she said to him, in

her excess of good nature, "Oh, sir, pray don't trouble yourself."

"Trouble myself!" returned the honest man, elevating his eyebrows rather contemptuously. "Why, if I have a letter to deliver as well as the books, I must deliver it, mustn't I?" And he proceeded with his search for a minute or two, when Ellen's good-natured concern for him broke out again with, "I'm sorry to keep you waiting."

"Waiting!" muttered the messenger. "Why, it ain't you that keeps me waiting. But no, there's no letter here—certainly not. Well, I thought I had one."

"Oh, sir," cried Ellen, bent on tranquillizing his mind and settling the matter with the truest politeness and delicacy of feeling—"oh, sir, never mind: I dare say it doesn't signify. *Another time, perhaps!*"

Ellen's stay in my landlady's service was not of long duration; for my landlady herself was taken suddenly ill, was dying. A friend of the invalid sent twice a day to inquire how she had slept and how she had sat up. Ellen regularly brought down the answer, "My missis's compliments, and she has had a very indifferent night;" or, "My missis's compliments, and she feels very weak to-day." This went on for six weeks, twice a day for six weeks, and Ellen seemed to grow more and more sensible of the kindness and attention every time the messenger came. The compliments were sent back as usual, but the intelligence became sadder and sadder. At length, one day, when the friendly inquiry after the health of her mistress came as before, poor Ellen crept to the door with swollen eyes streaming with tears, and sobbed out the melancholy answer, "My missis's compliments, and she died this morning at eight o'clock." Here is the "ruling passion" displaying its strength, not exactly in death, but in its close neighborhood.

This change brought other servants, though it did not render my removal necessary. Among them came a girl of a most literal and matter-of-fact turn of mind, who persisted in calling herself Sophonisba because she was so christened, but whom, for that reason, I remorselessly cut down to Soph. She never could comprehend why the other three syllables should be lopped off,—why people should be called “out of their names.” The first specimen of her “characteristics” that I noticed was when I sent her to Longman’s (years ago) to get some old book, and she brought back the answer in these terms: “Please, sir, Messrs. Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, Browne, and Green say that the work is out of print.” She would rather have perished than have omitted a partner, and she would have added “and Co.” had she found it on the door-post.

The gentleman who denied that the Duke of Wellington could ever have reaped any of his laurels in India, seeing that the laurel does not grow there, was less literal than Soph. It was absolutely necessary to speak by the card when you spoke to her; but even then you were not safe. Her capacity for not comprehending was as profound as Kitty’s ingenuity in framing an excuse. You took especial pains, say, to warn her against the hard-egg-boiling principle; you picked the plainest words out of the dictionary to impress upon her mind the simple fact in natural philosophy that three minutes will suffice for the boiling of an egg. At last you make her clearly comprehend, and feel that you may safely calculate on a breakfast. No, the eggs come up as before, hard as undertakers’ hearts. “Now, Soph,” I cried out on such an occasion, “how is this? Here they are, boiled fit for a salad, in spite of every direction. What did I tell you?”

“Oh, sir, I remember exakly what you told me, and

acted according. The eggs was in the water, to a moment, precisely nine minutes."

"Nine! I told you three."

"Yes, sir, but there's three eggs. Of course, if one takes three minutes boiling, three *must* take nine. I may be a fool, sir, but I happen to know what three times three makes, for all that!" Soph was incorrigible: she was a plague perpetually, and longer. . . .

The next name in my catalogue is Jane, who was old enough to have had a system of her own, and who invariably acquired one in whatever place she happened to be, but never acted upon it until she found herself in another service. What you expressly desired her to do in your own way, she did in point-blank opposition to your orders, and according to the instructions she had received in her previous situation. This had evidently been her rule through life. She was a pattern of a servant, after she had left your house. All your regulations were sure to be observed, when she quitted your service. Her rule of pleasing you was simply a dutiful observance of the whims of other people.

Jane was quite as original in all her proceedings as any of them, an odd mixture of the tractable and the obstinate. She blundered unceasingly upon the strictest system, and was so anxious to give satisfaction that she would never do what she was told, for fear it should be wrong. Her best conscience was, that as she served you, so she had served her previous master, and, though she had been inattentive to his desires, she was doing him ample justice in your family. She interfered with everything and everybody in the house, because all was not arranged in the order observed in Mr. Fitzcox's establishment. She worried the cook out of her life.

"Lor! do you put citron into that pudding? Mr. Fitz-

cox's cook never did. I'm sure I should never send up currant-jelly with the haunch; Mr. Fitzcox couldn't abear it."

In defiance of the strictest injunction, she contrived to smuggle a climbing-boy up the chimneys, because Mr. Fitzcox's flues could not be swept nicely by a machine. Thus, the rules of her last place, which she had rigidly disregarded there, were in your house brought into conscientious operation, and what you wished her to do would be faithfully done for your successor.

The only prank that she played off at my expense was, first, when she was caught tampering with the newsman and endeavoring to exclude the *Morning Chronicle* from the house,—I fancied from a horror of Whig principles, but it turned out that Mr. Fitzcox had always taken in the *Morning Post*; and, secondly, during my absence for a day or two, when she must needs carry my letters and newspapers down to the 'Travellers' Club, to which I did not belong, because she had been in the habit of leaving Mr. Fitzcox's there when he was not expected to return home. I told her she wanted a much more arbitrary mistress than the one she served; to which she answered, "I often wonder, sir, why *you* don't marry, and have an establishment of your own."

"Good heavens! why?"

"Why, sir, Mr. Fitzcox did!"

Rebecca succeeded Jane, but Rebecca was overmuch religious, and did not stay long. I believe I frightened her by a habit, not very moderately indulged in at that period, of spouting Hamlet's soliloquies and Othello's address before the looking-glass of a morning, sometimes during the perilous operation of shaving. This profane practice, with the duty of setting out a card-table two evenings a week, for a rubber at whist, was a shock she couldn't

stand. All I can relate of her with certainty is comprised in her address to the cat, that was muttering "deep-mouthed thunder" at the door of the room as she was quitting it one day.

"Ur—r—r—rh!" Rebecca growled forth, as she went down-stairs, "ur—r—rh, you! Where do you expect to go to when you die? *swearing* in that manner." . . .

There was a Sarah, too, who stayed a few days, and claims to figure in the queer collection. She was noticeable chiefly for her prodigious volubility and a genius for the obscure. Unless she made a long speech, she was wholly unintelligible. The first words I heard from her ran thus: "There's never an umbrella in the house but two in the world, and t'other two's in use." She would have been Irish, if any one country could have claimed such a compound. What Sarah said, you might not understand, but you must hear, for her voice was loud enough to proclaim her quarrel with some "first-cousin," one evening, outside the gate.

"It's not," she remarked on that occasion, "as if I'd been an infidel to you; in fact, it's rather more not than t'other."

The "t'other," in both cases, is characteristic of the exquisite confusion of meaning. But when she could let her tongue fairly loose, to wander at its own sweet will, then was Sarah in her glory. The windows open, we could hear her holding forth to her companion below:

"This Easter Sunday! Bless my soul, and such bad weather! I assure you I remember the time having gooseberry-pudding for dinner on Easter Sunday; it was the time my poor mother was out nursing at Kingston,—yes, it was Kingston, Kingston-on-Thames,—and my sister made a gooseberry-pudding, and I know I didn't like it; yes, my poor dear mother, who's dead and gone now, was

nursing of Mrs. Hadlington, and I know it was Easter Sunday for I had a new frock on; a pink stripe it was, because I remember it had wire buttons down the back; it was too late on Saturday night to get cambric ones, so I put wire; and Mr. Macintosh came to see my sister Kate, and father wouldn't let him in, for he'd never seen him in his life before; but I went out for the dinner-beer—I know it was the dinner-beer, for it rained, and I had my green silk bonnet on—so, as I was a-saying, as I came back, Mr. Macintosh gave me twopence to tell Kate to come out if she could, and my grandmother used to encourage it. Well, my sister made the pudding, for poor dear mother that's dead and gone, this time eleven year, was nursing, and so Mr. Macintosh used to come and stand opposite. I often think of that time when mother was alive, and we all had a mother then, though we haven't now,—yes, we've got a mother-in-law, because father married ag'in,—he married the cook at Waterloo House, you know Hodgson's,—and I'm sure I shall never forget Easter Sunday; for, if you believe me, that day five weeks Kate was Mrs. Macintosh!"

Call her off you might, but she would return three-quarters of an hour after to the scene, and take up another thread of the story: "Ah, yes, and well do I remember father saying one day, 'Here, hem me these two white neck-handkerchiefs,' just as I'm telling you, for it was a square of muslin he gave me, so I had to cut it in half; because he told me he was going out on Sunday at eight o'clock on a day's pleasure. Well, that happened on the 8th of May, and so I got up the next morning with something on my mind that told me, 'Sally, all isn't right.' So I was standing by the pump, and a lady comes up and says to me, 'Good-morning, I think your name's Sarah?' —'Yes, Sarah Dixon is my name: I was born, bred, and

christened so, and I shall carry it to my grave with me.' 'Well, Sarah,' she says, 'if you look on the table in your father's bedroom, that with the looking-glass, you will see a parcel: it's for you.' Well, sure enough there was,—something wrapped up in paper, foolscap paper, and a white wafer above all things. You might have knocked me down with a feather. Lo and behold, a piece of cake—wedding-cake; and they'd actually been and married. You may be sure my blood was up, for you must know I'm rather fiery; I take after my poor dear mother for that; but she was a good creature, though she's dead and gone." Quiet home was ours, when the head of the class of clacks was gone also.

But I must come to a close, or my picture will be growing too large for its frame. Many a maid, besides this handful of Sophs and Sallys, whether of the cook, the housemaid, the servant-of-all-work, or the first-rate waiting-woman tribe, "wants a situation" in this little collection, and might say what the insulted sweep said to the dashing highwayman at the drop: "I've as much right to be here as you have."

LAYS OF MERRIMENT.

VARIOUS.

[From the many gems of versified fun for which *Punch* is responsible we select a few examples, the best which present themselves in a rapid examination. *Blackwood's Magazine* also has its funny "Poets' Corner," and is the source of the two somewhat familiar specimens first given.]

THE IRISHMAN.

THERE was a lady lived at Leith,
A lady very stylish, man,
And yet, in spite of all her teeth,
She fell in love with an Irishman,
A nasty, ugly Irishman,
A wild, tremendous Irishman,
A tearing, swearing, thumping, bumping, ranting, roaring
Irishman.

His face was no ways beautiful,
For with small-pox 'twas scarred across,
And the shoulders of the ugly dog
Were almost double a yard across.
Oh, the lump of an Irishman,
The whiskey-devouring Irishman,
The great he-rogue, with his wonderful brogue, the fighting,
rioting Irishman !

One of his eyes was bottle-green,
And the other eye was out, my dear,
And the calves of his wicked-looking legs
Were more than two feet about, my dear.
Oh, the great big Irishman,
The rattling, battling Irishman,
The stamping, ramping, swaggering, staggering, leather-
ing swash of an Irishman !

He took so much of Lundy-foot
That he used to snort and snuffle, oh,
And in shape and size the fellow's neck
Was as bad as the neck of a buffalo.

Oh, the horrible Irishman,
The thundering, blundering Irishman,
The slashing, dashing, smashing, lashing, thrashing, hash-
ing Irishman !

His name was a terrible name indeed,
Being Timothy Thady Mulligan ;
And whenever he emptied his tumbler of punch,
He'd not rest till he'd filled it full again.
The boozing, bruising Irishman,
The 'toxicated Irishman,
The whiskey, frisky, rummy, gummy, brandy, no-dandy
Irishman.

This was the lad the lady loved,
Like all the girls of quality ;
And he broke the skulls of the men of Leith,
Just by the way of jollity.
Oh, the leathering Irishman,
The barbarous, savage Irishman !—
The hearts of the maids and the gentlemen's heads were
bothered, I'm sure, by this Irishman.

WILLIAM MAGINN.

THE CONFESSION.

There's something on my breast, father,
There's something on my breast !
The livelong day I sigh, father,
At night I cannot rest ;
I cannot take my rest, father,
Though I would fain do so :
A weary weight oppresses me,—
The weary weight of woe !

'Tis not the lack of gold, father,
Nor lack of worldly gear;
My lands are broad and fair to see,
My friends are kind and dear;
My kin are leal and true, father,
They mourn to see my grief;
But, oh, 'tis not a kinsman's hand
Can give my heart relief!

'Tis not that Janet's false, father,
'Tis not that she's unkind;
Though busy flatterers swarm around,
I know her constant mind.
'Tis not her coldness, father,
That chills my laboring breast;
It's that confounded cucumber
I've ate, and can't digest.

SISTERS-IN-LAW.

They looked so alike as they sat at their work
(What a pity it is that one isn't a Turk!),—
The same glances and smiles, the same habits and arts,
The same tastes, the same frocks, and (no doubt) the same
hearts,
The same irresistible cut in their jibs,
The same little jokes, and the same little fibs,—
That I thought the best way to get out of my pain
Was by—*heads* for Maria, and *woman* for Jane;
For hang me if it seemed it could matter a straw
Which dear became wife, and which sister-in-law.

But now, I will own, I am rather inclined
To suspect I've some reason to alter my mind;

And the doubt in my breast daily grows a more strong
one,

That they're not *quite* alike, and I've taken the wrong one.

Jane is always so gentle, obliging, and cool,

Never calls me a monster,—not even a fool;

All our little contentions, 'tis she makes them up,

And she knows how much sugar to put in my cup,—

That I sometimes have wished—heav'n forgive me the
flaw!—

That my very dear wife was my sister-in-law.

Oh, your sister-in-law is a dangerous thing!

The daily comparisons, too, she will bring!

Wife—curl-papered, slip-shod, unwashed, and undressed;

She—ringletted, booted, and “fixed in her best;”

Wife—sulky, or storming, or preaching, or prating;

She—merrily singing, or laughing, or chatting;

Then the innocent freedom her friendship allows

To the happy half-way between mother and spouse.

In short, if the devil e'er needs a cat's-paw,

He can't find one more sure than a sister-in-law.

That no good upon earth can be had undiluted

Is a maxim experience has seldom confuted;

And preachers and poets have proved it is so

With abundance of tropes, more or less *à propos*.

Every light has its shade, every rose has its thorn,

The cup has its headache, its poppy the corn,

There's a fly in the ointment, a spot on the sun,—

In short, they've used all illustrations—but one,

And have left it to me the most striking to draw,—

Viz., that none, without *wives*, can have *sisters-in-law*.

THE BANDIT'S FATE.

(Parody on "She wore a Wreath of Roses.")

He wore a brace of pistols the night when first we met,
His deep-lined brow was frowning beneath his wig of jet,
His footsteps had the moodiness, his voice the hollow tone,
Of a bandit-chief who feels remorse, and tears his hair
alone.

I saw him but at half-price, yet methinks I see him
now,

In the tableau of the last act, with the blood upon his
brow.

A private bandit's belt and boots, when next we met, he
wore;

His salary, he told me, was lower than before;
And standing at the O. P. wing he strove, and not in
vain,

To borrow half a sovereign, which he never paid again.

I saw it but a moment,—and I wish I saw it now,—

As he buttoned up his pocket with a condescending
bow.

And once again we met; but no bandit-chief was there;
His rouge was off, and gone that head of once-luxuriant
hair:

He lodges in a two-pair back, and at the public near
He cannot liquidate his "chalk," or wipe away his beer.

I saw him sad and seedy, yet methinks I see him now,

In the tableau of the last act, with the blood upon his
brow.

TRIFLE.

(Parody on "The Meeting of the Waters.")

There's not in the wide world so tempting a sweet
As that Trifle where custard and macaroons meet;
Oh, the latest sweet tooth from my head must depart
Ere the taste of that Trifle shall not win my heart.

Yet it is not the sugar that's thrown in between,
Nor the peel of the lemon so candied and green;
'Tis not the rich cream that's whipped up by a mill:
Oh, no! it is something more exquisite still.

'Tis that nice macaroons in the dish I have laid,
Of which a delicious foundation is made;
And you'll find how the last will in flavor improve,
When soaked with the wine that you pour in above.

Sweet *plateau* of Trifle! how great is my zest
For thee, when spread o'er with the jam I love best,
When the cream white of eggs—to be over thee thrown
With a whisk kept on purpose—is mingled in one!

[*Punch* also occasionally dips into the drama, and perpetrates such conceits as the following.]

JONES AT THE BARBER'S SHOP.

SCENE.—*A Barber's shop. Barber's men engaged in cutting hair, making wigs, and other barberesque operations.*

Enter JONES, meeting OILY the barber.

Jones. I wish my hair cut.

Oily. Pray, sir, take a seat.

OILY puts a chair for JONES, who sits. During the following dialogue
OILY continues cutting JONES'S hair.

Oily. We've had much wet, sir.

Jones. Very much, indeed.

Oily. And yet November's early days were fine.

Jones. They were.

Oily. I hoped fair weather might have lasted us
Until the end.

Jones. At one time—so did I.

Oily. But we have had it very wet.

Jones. We have.

[A pause of some minutes.

Oily. I know not, sir, who cut your hair last time ;
But this I say, sir : it was badly cut :
No doubt 'twas in the country.

Jones. No : in town.

Oily. Indeed. I should have fancied otherwise.

Jones. 'Twas cut in town,—and in this very room.

Oily. Amazement !—but I now remember well.
We had an awkward, new provincial hand,
A fellow from the country. Sir, he did
More damage to my business in a week
Than all my skill can in a year repair.
He must have cut your hair.

Jones (looking at him). No : 'twas yourself.

Oily. Myself ! Impossible ! You must mistake.

Jones. I don't mistake,—'twas you that cut my hair.

[A long pause, interrupted only by the clipping of the scissors.

Oily. Your hair is very dry, sir.

Jones. Oh ! indeed !

Oily. Our Vegetable Extract moistens it.

Jones. I like it dry.

Oily. But, sir, the hair when dry
Turns quickly gray.

Jones. That color I prefer.

Oily. But hair, when gray, will rapidly fall off,
And baldness will ensue.

Jones. I would be bald.

Oily. Perhaps you mean to say you'd like a wig,—
We've wigs so natural they can't be told
From real hair.

Jones. Deception I detest.

*Another pause ensues, during which OILY blows down JONES'S neck,
and relieves him from the linen wrapper in which he has been
enveloped during the process of hair-cutting.*

Oily. We've brushes, soaps, and scent, of every kind.

Jones. I see you have. (*Pays 6d.*) I think you'll find
that right.

Oily. If there is nothing I can show you, sir.

Jones. No: nothing. Yet—there may be something,
too,

That you may show me.

Oily. Name it, sir.

Jones. The door.

[*Exit JONES.*

Oily (to his man). That's a rum customer, at any rate.
Had I cut him as short as he cut me,
How little hair upon his head would be!
But if kind friends will all our pains requite,
We'll hope for better luck another night.

[*Shop-bell rings and curtain falls.*

A TOAD IN A HOLE.

— CLARKE.

[Just which of the many Clarks who have gained a name in literature is the author of "Three Courses and a Dessert," from which the following sketch is taken, we cannot say; but the story is worth reproduction.]

THE friars of Fair oak were assembled in a chamber adjoining the great hall of their house: the abbot was seated in his chair of eminence, and all eyes were turned on Father Nicodemus. Not a word was uttered until he who seemed to be the object of so much interest at length ventured to speak. "It behooveth not one of my years, perchance," said he, "to disturb the silence of my elders and superiors; but, truly, I know not what meaneth this meeting; and surely my desire to be edified is lawful. Hath it been decided that we should follow the example of our next-door neighbors, the Arroasian Friars, and henceforth be tongue-tied? If not, do we come here to eat, or pray, or hold council? Ye seem somewhat too grave for those bidden to a feast, and there lurk too many smiles about the faces of many of ye for this your silence to be a prelude to prayers. I cannot think we are about to consult on aught, because, with reverence be it spoken, those who pass for the wisest among us look more silly than is their wont. But if we be here to eat, let us eat; if to pray, let us pray; and if to hold council, what is to be the knotty subject of our debate?"

"Thyself," replied the abbot.

"On what score?" inquired Nicodemus.

"On divers scores," quoth the abbot; "thy misdeeds have grown rank; we must even root them out of thee,

or root thee out of our fraternity, on which thou art bringing contumely. I tell thee, Brother Nicodemus, thy offences are numberless as the weeds which grow by the wayside. Here be many who have much to say of thee. Speak, Brother Ulick."

"Brother Nicodemus," said Father Ulick, "hath, truly, ever been a gross feeder."

"And a lover of deep and most frequent potations," quoth Father Edmund.

"And a roamer beyond due bounds," added Father Hugo.

"Yea, and given to the utterance of many fictions," muttered his brother.

"Very voluble also, and not altogether of so staid an aspect as becometh one of his order and mellow years," drawled Father James.

"To speak plainly, a glutton," said the first speaker.

"Ay, and a drunkard," said the second.

"Moreover, a night-walker," said the third.

"Also a liar," said the fourth.

"Finally, a babbler and a buffoon," said the fifth.

"Ye rate me roundly, brethren," cried Nicodemus; "and, truly, were ye my judges, I should speedily be convicted of these offences whereof I am accused; but not a man among you is fitted to sit in judgment on the special misfeasance with which he chargeth me. And I will reason with you and tell you why. Now, first, to deal with Brother Ulick, who upbraideth me with gross feeding: until he can prove that his stomach and mine are of the same quality, clamor, and power digestive, I will not, without protest, permit him to accuse me of devouring swinishly. He is of so poor and weak a frame that he cannot eat aught but soppets without suffering the pangs of indigestion, and the nocturnal visits of incubi,

and more sprites than tempted Saint Anthony. It is no virtue in him to be abstemious; he is enforced to avoid eating the tithe of what would be needful to a man of moderate stomach; and, behold, how lean he looks! Next, Brother Edmund hath twitted me with being a deep drinker. Now, it is well known that Brother Edmund must not take a second cup after his repast; being so puny of brain that, if he do, his head is racked with myriads of pains and aches on the morrow, and it lieth like a log on his shoulder,—if perchance he be enabled to rise from his pallet. Shall he, then, pronounce dogmatically on the quantity of potation lawful to a man in good health? I say nay. Brother Hugo, who chargeth me with roaming, is lame; and his brother, who said that I am an utterer of fictions, hath a brain which is truly incompetent to conceive an idea or to comprehend a fact. Brother James, who arraigneth me of volubility, passeth for a sage pillar of the church, because, having naught to say, he looks grave and holds his peace. I will be tried, if you will, by Brother James for gross feeding, he having a good digestion and an appetite equal to mine own; or by Brother Hugo for drinking abundantly, inasmuch as he is wont to solace himself, under his infirmity, with a full flask; or by Brother Ulick for the utterance of fictions, because he hath written a history of some of the Fathers, and admireth the blossoms of the brain; or by Brother Edmund for not being sufficiently sedate, as he is, truly, a comfortable talker himself, and, although forced to eschew wine, of a most cheerful countenance. By Hugo's brother I will be tried on no charge, seeing that he is, was, and ever will be—in charity I speak it—an egregious fool. Have ye aught else to set up against me, brethren?"

"Much more, Brother Nicodemus," said the abbot,—

"much more, to our sorrow. The cry of our vassals hath come up against thee; and it is now grown so loud and frequent that we are unwillingly enforced to assume our authority, as their lord and thy superior, to redress their grievances and correct thy errors."

"Correct *me!*" exclaimed Father Nicodemus. "Why, what say the rogues? Dare they throw blur, blain, or blemish on my good name? Would that I might hear one of them!"

"Thou shalt be gratified. Call in John of the Hough."

In a few moments John of the Hough appeared, with his head bound up, and looking alarmed as a recently-punished hound when brought again into the presence of him by whom he has been chastised.

"Fear not," said the abbot; "fear not, John o' the Hough, but speak boldly; and our benison or malison be on thee as thou speakest true or false."

"Father Nicodemus," said John o' the Hough, in a voice rendered almost inaudible by fear, "broke my head with a cudgel he weareth under his cloak."

"When did he do this?" inquired the abbot.

"On the feast of St. James and Jude; oft before, and since, too, without provocation; and, lastly, on Monday se'nnight."

"Why, thou strangely perverse varlet, dost thou say it was I who beat thee?" demanded the accused friar.

"Ay, truly, most respected Father Nicodemus."

"Dost thou dare to repeat it? I am amazed at thy boldness,—or, rather, thy stupidity,—or, perhaps, at thy loss of memory. Know, thou naughty hind, it was thyself who cudgelled thee! Didst thou not know that if thou wert to vex a dog he would snap at thee?—or hew and hack a tree, and not fly, it would fall on thee?—or grieve and wound the feelings of thy ghostly friend

Father Nicodemus, he would cudgel thee? Did I rouse myself into a rage? Did I call myself a thief? Answer me, my son: did I?"

"No, truly, Father Nicodemus."

"Did I threaten, if I were not a son of Holy Mother Church, to kick myself out of thy house? Answer me, my son: did I?"

"No, truly, Father Nicodemus."

"Am I less than a dog, or a tree? Answer me, my son: am I?"

"No, truly, Father Nicodemus; but, truly, also——"

"None of thy buts, my son; respond to me with plain ay or no. Didst thou not do all these things antecedent to my breaking thy sconce?"

"Ay, truly, Father Nicodemus."

"Then how canst thou say *I* beat thee? Should I have carried my staff to thy house, did I not know thee to be a churl and an enemy to the good brotherhood of this house? Was I to go into the lion's den without my defence? Should I have demeaned myself to phlebotomize thee with my cudgel (and doubtless the operation was salubrious) hadst thou not aspersed me? Was it for me to stand by, tamely, with three feet of blackthorn at my belt, and hear a brother of this religious order betwitted, as I was by thee, with petty larceny? Was it not thine own breath, then, that brought the cudgel upon thy caput? Answer me, my son."

"Lead forth John of the Hough and call in the miller of Hornford," said the abbot, before John of the Hough could reply. "Now, miller," continued he, as soon as the miller entered, "what hast thou to allege against this our good brother Nicodemus?"

"I allege," replied the miller, "that he is naught."

"Oh, thou especial rogue!" exclaimed Father Nico-

demus: "dost *thou* come here to bear witness against me? I will impeach thy testimony by one assertion, which thou canst not gainsay; for the evidence of it is written on thy brow, thou brawny villain! Thou bearest malice against me, because I, some six years ago, inflicted a cracked crown on thee for robbing this holy house of its lawful meal. I deemed the punishment adequate to the offence, and spoke not of it to the abbot, in consideration of thy promising to mend thy ways. Hadst thou not well merited that mark of my attention to the interests of my brethren, the whole lordship would have heard of it. And didst thou ever say I made the wound? Never; thy tale was that some of thy mill-gear had done it. But I will be judged by any here if the scar be not of my black-thorn's making. I will summon threescore, at least, who shall prove it to be my mark. Let it be viewed with that on the head of thy foster-brother John of the Hough: I will abide by the comparison. Thou hast hoarded malice in thy heart from that day; and now thou comest here to vomit it forth, as thou deemest, to my undoing. But be sure, caitiff, that I shall testify upon thy scone hereafter; for I know thou art rogue enough to rob if thou canst, and fool enough to rob with so little discretion as to be easily detected; and, even if my present staff be worn out, there be others in the woods: ergo——"

"Peace, Brother Nicodemus!" exclaimed the abbot: "approach not a single pace nearer to the miller; neither do thou threaten or browbeat him, I enjoin thee."

"Were it not for the reverence I owe to those who are round me, and my unwillingness to commit even so trifling a sin," said Nicodemus, "I would take this slanderous and ungrateful knave betwixt my finger and thumb and drop him among the hungry eels of his own mill-stream. I chafe apace: lay hands on me, brethren!—for I wax

wroth, and am sure, in these moods,—so weak is man,—to do mischief ere my humor subside.”

“Speak on, miller,” said the abbot; “and thou, Brother Nicodemus, give way to thine inward enemy at thy peril.”

“I will tell him—an you will hold him back, and seize his staff,” said the miller,—“how he and the roystering boatman of Frampton Ferry——”

“My time is coming!” exclaimed Nicodemus, interrupting the miller: “bid him withdraw, or he will have a sore head at his supper.”

“They caroused and carolled,” said the miller, “with two travellers, like skeldring Jacks o’ the flagon, until——”

“Lay hands on Nicodemus, all!” cried the abbot, as the enraged friar strode towards the miller; “lay hands on the madman at once!”

“It is too late,” said Nicodemus, drawing forth a cudgel from beneath his cloak. “Do not hinder me now, for my blackthorn reverences not the heads of the holy fraternity of Fair oak. Hold off, I say!” exclaimed he, as several of his brethren roughly attempted to seize him; “hold off, and mar me not in this mood, or to-day will hereafter be called the Feast of Blows. Nay, then, if you will not, I strike: may you be marked, but not maimed!” The friar began to level a few of the most resolute of those about him as he spoke. “I will deal lightly as my cudgel will let me,” pursued he. “I strike indiscriminately, and without malice, I protest. May blessings follow these blows! Brother Ulick, I grieve that you have thrust yourself within my reach. Look to the abbot, some of ye, for—miserable me!—I have laid him low. Man is weak, and this must be atoned for by fasting. Where is the author of this mischief? Miller, where art thou?”

Father Nicodemus continued to lay about him very lustily for several minutes; but, before he could deal with

the miller as he wished, Friar Hugo's brother, who was on the floor, caught him by the legs and suddenly threw him prostrate. He was immediately overwhelmed by numbers, bound hand and foot, and carried to his own cell, where he was closely confined, and most vigilantly watched, until the superiors of his order could be assembled. He was tried in the chamber which had been the scene of his exploits: the charge of having rudely raised his hand against the abbot, and belabored the holy brotherhood, was fully proved; and, ere twenty-four hours had elapsed, Father Nicodemus found himself enclosed, with a pitcher of water and a loaf, in a niche of a stone wall, in the lowest vault of Fair oak Abbey.

He soon began to feel round him, in order to ascertain if there were any chance of escaping from the tomb to which he had been consigned: the walls were old, but tolerably sound; he considered, however, that it was his duty to break out if he could; and he immediately determined on making an attempt. Putting his back to the wall, which had been built up to enclose him forever from the world, and his feet against the opposite side of the niche, he strained every nerve to push one of them down. The old wall at length began to move; he reversed his position, and with his feet firmly planted against the new work, he made such a tremendous effort that the ancient stones and mortar gave way behind him. The next moment he found himself lying on his back, with a quantity of rubbish about him, on the cold pavement of a vault, into which sufficient light glimmered, through a grating, to enable him to ascertain that he was no longer in any part of Fair oak Abbey.

The tongue-tied neighbors to whom Nicodemus had alluded, when he broke silence at that meeting of his brethren which terminated so unfortunately, were monks

of the same order as those of Fair oak Abbey, among whom, about a century and a half before the time of Nicodemus, such dissensions took place that the heads of the order were compelled to interfere; and, under their sanction and advice, two-and-twenty monks, who were desirous of following the fine example of the Arroasians of St. Augustin,—who neither wore linen nor ate flesh, and observed a perpetual silence,—seceded from the community and elected an abbot of their own. The left wing of Fair oak Abbey was assigned to them for a residence, and the rents of a certain portion of its lands were set apart for their support. Their first care was to separate themselves, by stout walls, from all communication with their late brethren; and up to the days of Nicodemus no friendly communion had taken place between the Arroasian and its mother abbey.

Nicodemus had no doubt but that he was in one of the vaults of the silent monks: in order that he might not be recognized as a brother of Fair oak, he took off his black cloak and hood, and even his cassock and rochet, and concealed them beneath a few stones, in a corner of the recess from which he had just liberated himself. With some difficulty, he reached the inhabited part of the building; after terrifying several of the Arroasians by abruptly breaking upon their meditations, he at length found an old white cloak and hood, arrayed in which he took a seat at the table of the refectory, and, to the amazement of the monks, tacitly helped himself to a portion of their frugal repast. The Superior of the community, by signs, requested him to state who and what he was; but Nicodemus, pointing to the old Arroasian habit which he now wore, wisely held his peace. The good friars knew not how to act: Nicodemus was suffered to enter into quiet possession of a vacant cell; he joined in their silent devotions, and acted

in every respect as though he had been an Arroasian all his life.

By degrees the good monks became reconciled to his presence, and looked upon him as a brother. He behaved most discreetly for several months; but at length, having grown weary of bread, water, and silence, he one evening stole over the garden wall, resolving to have an eel-pie and some malmsey, spiced with a little jovial chat, in the company of his trusty friend the boatman of Frampton Ferry. His first care, on finding himself at large, was to go to the coppice of Fair oak and cut a yard of good black-thorn, which he slung by a hazel gad to his girdle, but beneath his cassock. Resuming his path towards the ferry, he strode on at a brisk rate for a few minutes,—when, to his great dismay, he heard the sound of the bell which summoned the Arroasians to meet in the chapel of their abbey.

“A murrain on thy noisy tongue!” exclaimed Nicodemus: “on what emergency is thy tail tugged to make thee yell at this unwonted hour? There is a grievous penalty attached to the offence of quitting the walls, either by day or by night; and, as I am now deemed a true Arroasian, by Botolph, I stand here in jeopardy; for they will assuredly discover my absence. I will return at once, slink into my cell, and be found there afflicted with a lethargy, when they come to search for me, or, if occasion serve, join my brethren boldly in the chapel.”

The bell had scarcely ceased to toll, when Nicodemus reached the garden wall again: he clambered over it, alighted safely on a heap of manure, and was immediately seized by half a score of the stoutest among the Arroasians. Unluckily for Nicodemus, the Superior himself had seen a figure, in the costume of the abbey, scaling the garden wall, and had immediately ordered the bell to be

rung, and a watch to be set, in order to take the offender in the fact on his return. The mode of administering justice among the Arroasians was much more summary than in the abbey of Fair oak. Nicodemus was brought into the Superior's cell and divested of his cloak; his cassock was then turned down from his belt, and a bull's-hide thong severely applied to his back, before he could recover himself from the surprise into which his sudden capture had thrown him. His wrath rose, not gradually as it did of old; but in a moment, under the pain and indignity of the thong, it mounted to its highest pitch. Breaking from those who were holding him, he plucked the blackthorn he had cut from beneath his cassock, and, without either benediction or excuse, silently but severely belabored all present, the Superior himself not excepted. When his rage and strength were somewhat exhausted, the prostrate brethren rallied a little, and with the aid of the remainder of the community, who came to their assistance, they contrived to despoil Nicodemus of his staff and to secure him from doing further mischief.

The next morning, Nicodemus was stripped of his Arroasian habit, and, attired in nothing but the linen in which he had first appeared among the brethren, he was conducted, with very little ceremony, to the vaults beneath the abbey. Every member of the community advanced to give him a parting embrace, and the Superior pointed with his finger to a recess in the wall. Nicodemus was immediately ushered into it, the wall was built up behind him, and once more he found himself entombed alive.

"But that I am not so strong as I was of yore, after the lenten fare of my late brethren," said Nicodemus, "I should not be content to die thus, in a coffin of stones and mortar. What luck hast thou here, Nicodemus?" continued the friar, as, poking about the floor of his narrow

cell, he felt something like a garment, with his foot. "By rood and by rochet, mine own attire!—the cloak and cassock, or I am much mistaken, which I left behind me when I was last here; for surely these are my old quarters! I did not think to be twice tenant of this hole; but man is weak, and I was born to be the bane of blackthorn. The lazy rogues found this niche ready-made to their hands, and, truth to say, they have walled me up like workmen. Ah me! there is no soft place for me to bulge my back through now. Hope have I none; but I will betake me to my anthems; and perchance, in due season, I may light upon some means of making egress."

Nicodemus had by this time contrived to put on his cassock and cloak, which somewhat comforted his shivering body, and he forthwith began to chant his favorite anthem in such a lusty tone that it was faintly heard by the Fair Oak Abbey cellarman, and one of the friars who was in the vaults with him, selecting the ripest wines. On the alarm being given, a score of the brethren betook themselves to the vaults, and with torches in their hands, searched every corner for the anthem-singer, but without success. At length the cellarman ventured to observe that, in his opinion, the sounds came from the wall; and the color left the cheeks of all as the recollection of Nicodemus flashed upon them. They gathered round the place where they had enclosed him, and soon felt satisfied that the awful anthem was there more distinctly heard than in any other part of the vault. The whole fraternity soon assembled, and endeavored to come to some resolution as to how they ought to act. With fear and trembling, Father Hugo's brother moved that they should at once open the wall: this proposal was at first rejected with contempt, on account of the known stupidity of the person with whom it originated; but, as no

one ventured to suggest anything, either better or worse, it was at last unanimously agreed to. With much solemnity, they proceeded to make a large opening in the wall. In a few minutes Father Nicodemus appeared before them, arrayed in his cloak and cassock, and not much leaner or less rosy than when they bade him, as they thought, an eternal adieu, nearly a year before. The friars shouted, "A miracle! a miracle!" and Nicodemus did not deem it by any means necessary to contradict them. "Ho, ho! brethren," exclaimed he, "you are coming to do me justice at last, are you? By faith and troth, but you are tardy! Your consciences, methinks, might have urged you to enact this piece of good-fellowship some week or two ago. To dwell ten months and more in so dark and solitary a den, like a toad in a hole, is no child's-play. Let the man who doubts assume my place and judge for himself. I ask no one to believe me on my bare word. You have wronged me, brethren, much; but I forgive you freely."

"A miracle! a miracle!" again shouted the amazed monks. They most respectfully declined the proffered familiarities of Nicodemus, and still gazed on him with profound awe, even after the most incredulous among them were convinced, by the celerity with which a venison pasty, flanked by a platter of brawn and a capacious jack of cyprus wine, vanished before him, in the refectory, that he was truly their Brother Nicodemus, and still in the flesh. Ere long the jolly friar became Abbot of Fair-oak: he was dubbed a saint after his decease; but, as no miracles were ever wrought at his shrine, his name has since been struck out of the calendar.

OUR DOMESTIC PARLIAMENT.

THE DEBATE ON THE SUPPLIES.

HORACE MAYHEW.

[The brothers Mayhew were a remarkable family in English humorous literature. There were five of them in all, Augustus, Edward, Horace, Thomas, and Henry, all of them successful writers, and most of them engaged to some extent in comic production. Henry was the first editor of *Punch*; Edward the author of farces and humorously-written veterinary works; while Horace and Henry, assisted by Augustus, were engaged in producing the "Brothers Mayhew" series of humorous tales. We append one of Horace's sketches, in which he cleverly parodies a parliamentary "debate on the supplies."]

ALL the members of the family being assembled at breakfast, the Housekeeping Book was laid upon the table, and the House (No. 289, Berkeley Square) resolved itself into a committee to take into consideration the weekly supplies. Mr. Flint was in the arm-chair.

The Butcher's, the Baker's, and Greengrocer's Bills were read for the first, second, and third times, and passed.

The Brougham, Gig, and Family Carriage Estimates were advanced a stage; after which

MRS. FLUMMERY rose. She said that she had been requested by her daughter (Mrs. Flint), who, poor creature! could not come down to breakfast, owing to a nervous headache, to lay before Mr. Flint the estimate of the household expenses of the past week. They amounted to 4*l.* 17*s.* 6½*d.* She need not say they had been framed with the strictest regard to economy. There were thirteen mouths to fill, besides a canary and three cats, and she defied any one to say that the housekeeping expenses could be done for less. There was a slight deficiency, she regretted to say, in the week as compared with the one

preceding, but on the whole the accounts were flattering. The decrease was to be attributed mainly to the fact of Mr. Flint having brought home clients twice—(*A cry of "Only once."*) She would not be interrupted,—yes, twice, if not three times, to dinner. However, there was a good stock of cold meat in the larder; and she hoped, by dint of hashes and stews, and the friendly aid of pickles, that the returns of the succeeding week would show a proportionate decrease on the victualling department. There was a slight saving in the item of puddings and pies, for it was found absolutely necessary to reduce this part of the expenditure, so as to bring the disbursements as nearly as possible within the receipts. It must be recollected that meat never was dearer, and that potatoes were very scarce, and that milk had risen a halfpenny in each pint the last week. The boys, too, were growing; all the children had been home for the holidays; and yet, notwithstanding these drawbacks, there had been a hot joint every day of the week. (*Sensation.*) There was a small balance in hand of 3s. 9½d.; but against this there was a bill, that had to be met, for cigars and brandy, and a lemon, the Chair (Mr. Flint) had had with a few friends the night he was to have taken her daughter and self to the opera. But she would not allude to that painful circumstance. Brandy and cigars were always chargeable, thank goodness, on the privy purse. (*A cry of "No, no."*) She said, most emphatically, yes, yes, yes. She had nothing more to say. Only she could not help complimenting the House upon having in its employ the talented lady at the head of the home department. The duties of the Exchequer had never, to her knowledge, been discharged with such satisfaction. There was scarcely a bill remaining over. She was acquainted with many houses, but she must say she had never known one in which the business was con-

ducted with half the respectability, or the same amount of servants kept up on the same revenue, as that of the honorable lady whose chair she now filled.—(*Vehement coughing.*)—The Honorable Gentleman in the chair might cough as he pleased, but she would tell him to his face that he ought to be proud of such a treasure. (*Mrs. Flummery sat down amid a loud clatter of teaspoons, and the youngest members of the House crowded round her, to congratulate her upon her effective speech.*)

MR. FLINT, after a pause, came to the table, and said that in glancing his eye over the disbursements he noticed an item of 1*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.* under the head of Sundries. He had found it to occur, lately, every week. What were Sundries? He insisted upon knowing. He objected *in toto* to the vagueness of such a definition, and certainly should not allow it to pass.

MRS. FLUMMERY begged to explain. Sundries comprised an endless variety of small sums that it would be impossible to specify separately. It included bird-seed for the canary, cat's meat for the Home department, halfpence to the crossing-sweepers, soap, charity sermons, beggars, gruel, nutmegs for the Honorable Gentleman's toddy: in fact, Sundries took in no end of miscellaneous articles that it would be impossible to enumerate individually. Besides, what was one pound odd for Sundries? Why, in many houses she could mention the Sundries came to 5*l.* regularly every week.

MR. FLINT. That has nothing to do with it. I allow a certain sum every week for the housekeeping, and I expect it to be done for that money. But I tell you, Mrs. Flummery, ever since you have been in the house the expenses have been gradually increasing. No wonder, with such extravagance to answer for, that the lady (Mrs. Flint) whom you represent was too unwell this morning to

undertake her duties at the head of the breakfast-table.
(*One or two members get up and leave the room.*)

MRS. FLUMMERY. Very well; pray go on, Mr. Flint. These are all the thanks a poor soul gets for working both day and night to save a halfpenny. On my word, you have your nasty brandy and cigars——

MR. FLINT. Nonsense, madam. You know well enough they don't form part of the expenses. I tell you what it is, Mrs. Flummery, such extravagance as yours will drive me into the workhouse.

MRS. FLUMMERY. Very well. You'll break my poor daughter's heart; that's all, Mr. Flint. The fool that she was, ever to marry such a man! I'm sure she slaves her very soul out to please you. You deny her even the money for your meat and drink, and yet you can afford to give a hundred pounds to the stupid Anti-Corn-Law League. Didn't you begrudge her a box at the opera? and yet you can have your filthy brandy——

MR. FLINT. I tell you the brandy has nothing to do with it.

MRS. FLUMMERY. Very well, sir: keep the housekeeping yourself. There is always this scene every time the supplies are debated, and before the children, too! Pshaw! I'm ashamed of you, that I am. Eliza, poor dear soul, is tired of this work. I'm sure I am, most heartily. We both of us resign: we throw up our situations, and you may get whom you can to fill them.

MR. FLINT. Why, here's 15s. 6d. for fruit. Didn't I say I'd have no more dessert? *

MRS. FLUMMERY. Just as you like, sir.

MR. FLINT. I see 3s. 6d., too, for cabs: I don't allow that. What do I give Mrs. Flint ten pounds a year for, if I'm to pay for all her cabs?

MRS. FLUMMERY. I have nothing more to say, sir. The

cabs were for the dear children, when they returned from the dentist's. The fruit, sir, includes the lemon you had for your disgraceful toddy. I have nothing more to say: only, if you expect thirteen mouths to be filled for nothing, you had better contract with the Poor Law Union to do it.

MR. FLINT. Zounds, woman! is a man to be ruined and not say a word about it? I have borne this too long. Your wilful waste, your cabs, your sundries, and cats, and canaries, are enough to——

MRS. FLUMMERY (*beginning to cry*). This is too much, Mr. Flint! I'm sure my poor dear daughter and myself save every farthing we can; and to be treated in this way! It's brutal (*cries*). I do not care much about it myself; but I do feel for Eliza. (*Emotion in the house.*) No one knows how she toils, and slaves, and deprives herself of every comfort, but myself. She won't even take sugar in her tea; she hasn't a bonnet fit to be seen in; she goes nowhere (*incipient hysterics*).

MR. FLINT. Come, come, my dear Mrs. Flummery, don't say another word about it. I've been harsh; but here's the check, and if the doctor calls to-day and says Eliza is well enough to go to the opera——

MRS. FLUMMERY (*still in tears*). I'm sure the doctor was only saying yesterday, "You need restoratives, Mrs. Flummery; you should have your two glasses of port to your luncheon, and a something nice and warm for your supper;" but I said, "No, Eliza, I can do without it, and Flint, dear, would only complain of the expense." (*The children gather round Mrs. Flummery and begin kissing her.*)

MR. FLINT. No, indeed, he wouldn't do any such thing. Have anything you like, my good Mrs. Flummery. Come, dry up your tears and put on your bonnet. We'll go down to the opera-house and choose the box.

MRS. FLUMMERY. But I cannot walk!

MR. FLINT. Well, then, we'll have a cab.

MRS. FLUMMERY. But I want to call at Madame Lueretia's to choose a new bonnet for Eliza and see Jullien to see what night he is disengaged.

MR. FLINT. What for?

MRS. FLUMMERY. Why, for the evening party you promised the dear girls.

MR. FLINT. Oh, dear! you'll drive me into the work-house! Now, don't cry. I'll do anything: only don't cry. (*Mr. Flint leaves the arm-chair, and the House adjourns at eleven A.M., for a week.*)

[To the above we add the following amusing example of an Irish stump-speech, which is good enough to win pardon from every true Irish heart for its satire on the sons of green Erin.]

A MODEL IRISH SPEAKER.

How have we been treated for the last ten thousand years by the cold-blooded Saxon? My hair stands on end to tell you. (*Cheers.*) Hasn't England so managed matters in her own favor that she receives the light of the sun two-and-twenty minutes before she permits a single ray to come to us? (*A Voice: "It's true!"*) England may boast of her own enlightenment; but is this justice to Ireland? (*Tremendous cries of "No! No!"*) I have next to accuse England of keeping aloof from us fully sixty miles at the nearest point. Talk of our union after that! (*Vociferous cheering, which lasted several hours.*) No, my countrymen, it is only a parchment Union, a lying thing, made of the skin of the innocent sheep: but before we go to bed this night we'll see that bit of parchment torn into countless strips, so that every tailor in Ireland shall have, to-morrow morning, a remnant of it in his hands, to measure twelve millions of happy Irishmen with. (*At*

this point the proceedings were interrupted by six persons being carried out of the room who had fainted. They are supposed to be tailors.) Well, sir, I denounce from this place the atrocious cupidity of England, by which she monopolizes the tin-mines entirely, almost all the iron and coal, and thus cramps, sir, our native industry and commerce. Why has not Ireland her own iron and coal? (*Cries of "Why not?"*) I ask again, why have we no tin? (*"Shame! shame!"*) and no brass? no zine? no salmon? no elephants? no periwinkles? no king? (*Immense cheering, during which the honorable speaker sat down and slept for a quarter of an hour, and then continued.*) Oh, my beloved countrymen, I have had a most beautiful vision. I thought I saw every field of Ireland covered with dancing corn, and embroidered with the most beautiful sheep, whose wool was more exquisite than all the Berlin wool that was ever made in England (*cheers*); and I thought, my countrymen, its rivers were filled with more salmon and more periwinkles than ever carolled on the muddy Saxon shore (*cheers*); and I thought, my countrymen, that on the brow of every other hill the mighty elephant was reposing under the peaceful shade of the shamrock (*more cheers*); and again, I thought the corner of each field was filled with more iron, and tin, and brass, than would suffice to build a railway from here to the bottom of England's perdition (*laughter and cheers*); and I thought—may the beautiful vision be never effaced from the iris of my weeping eyes!—that there were no dark clouds such as now lower o'er our bright country, but that the whole scene, so intensely Irish, was illumined, as if with a resplendent sun, with our own gas. (*Enthusiastic shouts, the echoes of which have not yet subsided in the neighborhood of the Castle.*) Oh! oh! when will this vision be realized? When shall we see the poor Irishman—the finest peasant of the world—boiling

his potato?—ah! the plundering Saxon cannot wring *that* from us; though no thanks to the monster for the blight —(“*Shame!*”)—boiling his potato, I say, with his own coal, in a pot made of his own iron, and eat it on a plate made of his own pewter, with a knife bought with his own tin. Never! never! until the Repeal is carried. (“*Three cheers for Repale.*”) Do you think you’ll ever have it? (“*We will; we will.*”) Believe me, in all sincerity, you never will, until you pull up the lamp-posts and make bayonets of them, and have wrenched off every knocker and bell-pull, and melted them into bullets and cannon-balls. (*Cheers.*) I know I am talking sedition; but I dare them to come and tear the shoestrings out of my boots, before I unsay a single word of what I have said. (*Frantic applause.*) They dare not prosecute me. It would be the proudest moment for Ireland, if they would; for then College Green would be crowded with Irish kings. (*Cheers.*) The British oak would be supplanted with the four-leaved shamrock of Ireland. (*Cheers.*) The Queen of England would be an Irishwoman (*cheers*), and I should die happy in the thought that the majestic tree of Repeal had been watered with my blood, and blossomed, and borne such golden fruit that unborn nations, far from beyond the poles, were coming on their knees to taste them. (*It is impossible to describe the enthusiasm which broke out when the Honorable Gentleman resumed his seat on the ledge of the window. As many as had hats threw them into the air; those who had coats took them off and dragged them along the ground; whilst a few of the hardiest natives were observed to bury their faces in their coat-tails and weep audibly. The cheering was kept up till a very late hour, and the meeting broke up a little before daylight, after giving ninety-nine cheers, and a little one in, “for the blessed cause of Repale.”*)

MONSIEUR TONSON.

ANONYMOUS.

[Among the many choice examples of humor in verse which have received the approving verdict of the reading world, "Monsieur Tonson" has long been a favorite, and, though it will probably be "an old song" to most of our readers, it is of a quality that does not readily wear out. We therefore venture to reproduce it.]

THERE lived, as Fame reports, in days of yore,
At least some fifty years ago, or more,
A pleasant wight on town, yeleft Tom King,—
A fellow that was clever at a joke,
Expert in all the arts to tease and smoke,—
In short, for strokes of humor quite the thing.

To many a jovial club this King was known,
With whom his active wit unrivalled shone:
Choice spirit, grave free-Mason, buck and blood,
Would crowd, his stories and *bon-mots* to hear,
And none a disappointment e'er could fear,
His humor flowed in such a copious flood.

To him a frolic was a high delight:
A frolic he would hunt for, day and night,
Careless how prudence on the sport might frown.
If e'er a pleasant mischief sprang to view,
At once o'er hedge and ditch away he flew,
Nor left the game till he had run it down.

One night, our hero, rambling with a friend,
Near famed St. Giles's chanced his course to bend,

Just by that spot the Seven Dials hight.
'Twas silence all around, and clear the coast,
The watch, as usual, dozing on his post,
And scarce a lamp displayed a twinkling light.

Around this place there lived the numerous clans
Of honest, plodding, foreign artisans,
Known at that time by name of refugees.
The rod of persecution from their home
Compelled the inoffensive race to roam,
And here they lighted, like a swarm of bees.

Well, our two friends were sauntering through the street,
In hopes some food for humor soon to meet,
When, in a window near, a light they view ;
And, though a dim and melancholy ray,
It seemed the prologue to some merry play,
So towards the gloomy dome our hero drew.

Straight at the door he gave a thundering knock
(The time we may suppose near two o'clock).
"I'll ask," says King, "if Thompson lodges here."
"Thompson!" cries t'other ; "who the devil's he?"
"I know not," King replies, "but want to see
What kind of animal will now appear."

After some time a little Frenchman came ;
One hand displayed a rushlight's trembling flame,
The other held a thing they called *culotte* ;
An old striped woollen night-cap graced his head,
A tattered waistcoat o'er one shoulder spread ;
Scarce half awake, he heaved a yawning note.

Though thus untimely roused, he courteous smiled,
And soon addressed our wag in accents mild,

Bending his head politely to his knee:
"Pray, sare, vat vant you, dat you come so late?
I beg your pardon, sare, to make you vait:
Pray tell me, sare, vat your commands vid me?"

"Sir," replied King, "I merely thought to know,
As by your house I chanced to-night to go
(But, really, I disturbed your sleep, I fear),
I say, I thought that you perhaps could tell,
Among the folks who in this quarter dwell,
If there's a Mr. Thompson lodges here."

The shivering Frenchman, though not pleased to find
The business of this unimportant kind,
Too simple to suspect 'twas meant in jeer,
Shrugged out a sigh that thus his rest was broke,
Then, with unaltered courtesy, he spoke:
"No, sare, no Monsieur Tonson lodges here."

Our wag begged pardon, and toward home he sped,
While the poor Frenchman crawled again to bed.

But King resolved not thus to drop the jest;
So, the next night, with more of whim than grace,
Again he made a visit to the place,
To break once more the poor old Frenchman's rest.

He knocked,—but waited longer than before;
No footstep seemed approaching to the door,
Our Frenchman lay in such a sleep profound.
King with the knocker thundered then again,
Firm on his post determined to remain;
And oft, indeed, he made the door resound.

At last King hears him o'er the passage creep,
Wondering what fiend again disturbed his sleep:

The wag salutes him with a civil leer,
Thus drawling out to heighten the surprise,
While the poor Frenchman rubbed his heavy eyes,
“Is there—a Mr. Thompson—lodges here?”

The Frenchman faltered, with a kind of fright,
“Vy, sare, I’m sure I told you, sare, last night”
(And here he labored with a sigh sincere),
“No Monsieur Tonson in the world I know,
No Monsieur Tonson here,—I told you so;
Indeed, sare, dare no Monsieur Tonson here!”

Some more excuses tendered, off King goes,
And the old Frenchman sought once more repose.
The rogue next night pursued his old career.
’Twas long indeed before the man came nigh,
And then he uttered, in a piteous cry,
“Sare, ’pon my soul, no Monsieur Tonson here!”

Our sportive wight his usual visit paid,
And the next night came forth a prattling maid,
Whose tongue, indeed, than any Jack went faster;
Anxious, she strove his errand to inquire,
He said ’twas vain her pretty tongue to tire,
He should not stir till he had seen her master.

The damsel then began, in doleful state,
The Frenchman’s broken slumbers to relate,
And begged he’d call at proper time of day.
King told her she must fetch her master down,
A chaise was ready, he was leaving town,
But first had much of deep concern to say.

Thus urged, she went the snoring man to call,
And long indeed was she obliged to bawl

Ere she could rouse the torpid lump of clay.
At last he wakes ; he rises ; and he swears :
But scarcely had he tottered down the stairs
When King attacked him in his usual way.

The Frenchman now perceived 'twas all in vain
To his tormentor *mildly* to complain,
And straight in rage began his crest to rear :
“ Sare, vat the devil make you treat me so ?
Sare, I inform you, sare, three nights ago,
Got tam—I swear, no Monsieur Tonson here !”

True as the night, King went, and heard a strife
Between the harassed Frenchman and his wife,
Which would descend to chase the fiend away.
At length, to *join* their forces they agree,
And straight impetuously they turn the key,
Prepared with mutual fury for the fray.

Our hero, with the firmness of a rock,
Collected to receive the mighty shock,
Uttering the old inquiry, calmly stood.
The name of Thompson raised the storm so high
He deemed it then the safest plan to fly,
With, “ Well, I’ll call when you’re in gentler mood.”

In short, our hero, with the same intent,
Full many a night to plague the Frenchman went,
So fond of mischief was the wicked wit :
They throw out water ; for the watch they call ;
But King, expecting, still escapes from all.
Monsieur at last was forced his house to quit.

It happened that our wag, about this time,
On some fair prospect sought the Eastern clime ;

Six lingering years were there his tedious lot.
At length, content, amid his ripening store,
He treads again on Britain's happy shore,
And his long absence is at once forgot.

To London, with impatient hope, he flies,
And the same night, as former freaks arise,
He fain must stroll the well-known haunt to trace.
"Ah! here's the scene of frequent mirth," he said;
"My poor old Frenchman, I suppose, is dead.
Egad, I'll knock, and see who holds the place."

With rapid strokes he makes the mansion roar,
And while he eager eyes the opening door,
Lo! who obeys the knocker's rattling peal?
Why, e'en our little Frenchman, strange to say!
He took his old abode that very day,—
Capricious turn of sportive Fortune's wheel!

Without one thought of the relentless foe,
Who, fiend-like, haunted him so long ago,
Just in his former trim he now appears;
The waistcoat and the nightcap seemed the same;
With rushlight, as before, he creeping came,
And King's detested voice astonished hears.

As if some hideous spectre struck his sight,
His senses seemed bewildered with affright,
His face, indeed, bespoke a heart full sore;
Then, starting, he exclaimed, in rueful strain,
"Begar! here's Monsieur Tonson come again!"
Away he ran, and ne'er was heard of more.

EPIGRAMS.

VARIOUS.

[English literature is abundantly supplied with telling epigrams. From these we select a few choice examples, sparks of wit cast out by the crackling fire of thought.]

THE CUDGELLED HUSBAND.

As Thomas was cudgelled one day by his wife,
He took to his heels and fled for his life:
Tom's three dearest friends came by in the squabble,
And saved him at once from the shrew and the rabble,
Then ventured to give him some sober advice;
But Tom is a person of honor so nice,
Too wise to take counsel, too proud to take warning,
That he sent to all three a challenge next morning.
Three duels he fought, thrice ventured his life,
Went home, and was cudgelled again by his wife.

DEAN SWIFT.

WHICH IS WHICH?

God bless the king! God bless the faith's defender!
God bless—no harm in blessing—the pretender!
But who that pretender is, and who that king,
God bless us all, is quite another thing.

JOHN BYROM.

BIBO AND CHARON.

When Bibo thought fit from the world to retreat,
And full of champagne as an egg's full of meat,
He waked in the boat, and to Charon he said
He would be rowed back, for he was not quite dead:
"Trim the boat, and sit quiet," stern Charon replied;
"You may have forgot, you were drunk when you died."

MATTHEW PRIOR.

ON A FULL-LENGTH PORTRAIT OF BEAU NASH.

(PLACED BETWEEN THE BUSTS OF NEWTON AND POPE.)

Immortal Newton never spoke
 More truth than here you'll find;
 Nor Pope himself e'er penned a joke
 More cruel on mankind.

The picture placed the busts between
 Gives satire all its strength;
 Wisdom and Wit are little seen,
 But Folly at full length.

LORD CHESTERFIELD.

ON AN ARTIST.

(WHO BOASTED THAT HIS PICTURES HAD HUNG NEAR THOSE OF SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS IN THE EXHIBITION.)

A shabby fellow chanced one day to meet
 The British Roscius in the street,
 Garrick, on whom our nation justly brags.
 The fellow hugged him with a kind embrace.
 "Good sir, I do not recollect your face,"
 Quoth Garrick. "No!" replied the man of rags.
 "The boards of Drury you and I have trod
 Full many a time together, I am sure——"
 "When?" with an oath, cried Garrick,—“for, by G—,
 I never saw that face of yours before!
 What characters, I pray,
 Did you and I together play?"

"Lord!" quoth the fellow, "think not that I mock:
 When you played Hamlet, sir, I played the cock."

JOHN WOLCOTT ("PETER PINDAR").

EPITAPH ON W——.

Stop thief! Dame Nature cried to Death,
As Willie drew his latest breath;
You have my choicest model ta'en;
How shall I make a fool again?

ROBERT BURNS.

A NICE POINT.

Say which enjoys the greatest blisses,
John, who Dorinda's picture kisses,
Or Tom, his friend, the favored elf,
Who kisses fair Dorinda's self?
Faith, 'tis not easy to divine,
While both are thus with raptures fainting,
To which the balance should incline,
Since Tom and John both kiss a painting.

The Point Decided.

Nay, surely John's the happier of the twain,
Because—the picture cannot kiss again.

LESSING (*translated*).

ON CASTLEREAGH.

Quest.—Why is a pump like Viscount Castlereagh?

Answ.—Because it is a slender thing of wood,
That up and down its awkward arm doth sway,
And coolly spout, and spout, and spout away,
In one weak, washy, everlasting flood.

THOMAS MOORE.

THE CITY OF COLOGNE.

In Colon, the town of monks, and bones,
And pavements fanged with murderous stones,
And rags, and hags, and hideous wenches,
I counted two-and-seventy stenches,

All well-defined and separate stinks !
 Ye nymphs that reign o'er sewers and sinks,
 The river Rhine, as is well known,
 Doth wash your city of Cologne ;
 But tell me, nymphs, what power divine
 Shall henceforth wash the river Rhine ?

S. T. COLERIDGE.

ON A CARRIER WHO DIED OF DRUNKENNESS.

John Adams lies here, of the parish of Southwell,
 A carrier who carried his can to his mouth well ;
 He carried so much, and he carried so fast,
 He could carry no more,—so was carried at last ;
 For the liquor he drank, being too much for one,
 He could not carry off, so he's now carrion.

LORD BYRON.

SUPERIORITY OF MACHINERY.

A mechanic his labor will often discard
 If the rate of his pay he dislikes ;
 But a clock—and its *case* is uncommonly hard—
 Will continue to work though it *strikes*.

THOMAS HOOD.

LYING IN STATE.

Now from the chamber all are gone
 Who gazed and wept o'er Wellington ;
 Derby and Dis do all they can
 To emulate so great a man :
 If neither can be quite so great,
 Resolved is each to LIE *in state*.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

AN EMBLEM OF LIBERTY.

Ah, liberty ! how like thou art
To ~~this~~ large bottle lying here,
Which yesterday from foreign mart
Came filled with potent English beer !

A touch of steel,—a hand,—a gush,—
A pop that sounded far and near,—
A wild emotion,—liquid rush,—
And I had drunk that English beer !

And what remains ?—An empty shell !
A lifeless form both sad and queer,
A temple where no god doth dwell,—
The simple memory of beer !

WILLIAM AYTOUN.

ONE GOOD TURN DESERVES ANOTHER.

A poor man went to hang himself,
But treasure chanced to find :
He pocketed the miser's pelf
And left the rope behind.

His money gone, the miser hung
Himself in sheer despair :
Thus each the other's wants supplied,
And that was surely fair.

Punch.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

Said Stiggins to his wife, one day,
“ We've nothing left to eat :
If things go on in this queer way,
We shan't make *both ends meet*.”

The dame replied, in words discreet,
 "We're not so badly fed
 If we can make but *one* end *meat*,
 And make the other *bread*." ●

Punch.

THE ASS'S SHADOW.

"Repent, my son," a friar said
 To the sick patient on his bed:
 "I saw the demon on the watch
 At the stair's foot, thy soul to catch."
 "What was he like?" the sick man cried.
 "Why, like an ass!" the monk replied.
 "An ass!" the sick man muttered. "Pshaw!
 'Twas your own shadow that you saw."

PARANTI (*translated*).

TO AN ILL-FAVORED LADY.

(IMITATED FROM MARTIAL.)

While in the dark on thy soft hand I hung,
 And heard the tempting siren in thy tongue,
 What flames, what darts, what anguish I endured!
 But when the candle entered I was cured.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

A POET'S CONDITION.

On one sole condition, love, I might be led
 With this beautiful ringlet to part:
 I would gladly relinquish the lock of your head
 Could I gain but the key of your heart.

THOMAS MOORE.

THE FOOL AND THE POET.

Sir, I admit your general rule,
 That every poet is a fool;
 But you yourself may serve to show it,
 That every fool is not a poet.

ALEXANDER POPE.

TO A BLOCKHEAD.

You beat your pate, and fancy wit will come:
Knock as you please, there's nobody at home.

ALEXANDER POPE.

[The following playful colloquy in verse took place at a dinner-table between Sir George Rose and James Smith, in allusion to Craven Street, Strand, where the latter resided.]

J. S.

At the top of my street the attorneys abound,
And down at the bottom the barges are found:
Fly, honesty, fly to some safer retreat,
For there's craft in the river, and craft in the street.

SIR J. R.

Why should honesty fly to some safer retreat,
From attorneys, and barges, od rot 'em?
For the lawyers are *just* at the top of the street,
And the barges are *just* at the bottom.

THE ENTHUSIAST IN ANATOMY.

JOHN OXENFORD.

[The author of the following sketch was born near London in 1812, and died in 1877. He wrote a number of dramas, and translated Molière's "*Tartuffe*," and several works from the German. The story here given is principally characterized by extravagance, but the situation is an amusing one. The genuine, hair-lifting ghost deserves to have the tables occasionally turned upon him in some such manner as this.]

THE youth whom we shall call "Tom"—and nothing *but* "Tom"—was one of those individuals who labor with a fierce, burning anxiety to burst through the trammels

imposed upon them by a limited education,—one of those votaries of science whose energy seems to grow all the more because it has nothing to feed upon. He was very slightly formed, and had eyes so bright and shining that when one gazed on him one was inclined to overlook all his other thin, sharply-defined features. Never was there a more complete appearance of a clear intelligence in a corporeal form.

The few half-pence which Tom was enabled to save from his scanty earnings at a laborious trade he regularly expended at the book-stall, and on one occasion was highly delighted at picking up a small book on Anatomy. The work was one of those that had long been superseded by more modern and better treatises, and the little plates were as ill and coarsely done as possible. Nevertheless, with him it had not the disadvantage of comparison. He thought it a mine of science yet unexplored, and he suffered his whole soul to be absorbed by it.

In a few weeks he had transferred the entire contents of the work into his own brain; and, though he invariably carried the book in his pocket, it was more out of respect to it as an old friend than from any further benefit to be derived from it. The names of every bone, cartilage, ligament, and muscle of which he had read were deeply imprinted in his mind; and he could have passed with glory through the sharpest examination, provided it had been based on the contents of the little book.

But Tom, in spite of his knowledge, was too intelligent not to perceive the defective state of his acquirements. He soon felt that his anatomy was, after all, a science of names rather than of things; that though he could have described accurately all the intricate bones of the skull, and all the muscles of the extremities, his descriptions would have been little more than a repetition of words

committed to memory. He had not seen a single real object connected with his science. If he could but have set eyes upon a skeleton, what an advantage it would have been!

We once read of a celebrated anatomist who, far from admiring human beauty, regarded the skin as an impertinent obstacle to the acquisition of science, concealing, as it does, the play of the muscles. Whether such a clear notion as this ever entered the mind of our hero, we cannot say; but certainly if some tall lean beggar passed him on the road he would clutch convulsively at his knife and follow the man with a sad wistful look.

One autumnal evening he sat in the ale-house parlor, watching the smoke of his pipe and indulging in his own reflections; for, though the conversation in the room was noisy and animated, it had no interest for him. Devoted to his own pursuits, births, deaths, and marriages were to him things of naught, and he paid no heed to the constant discussions which were held in the village on the extraordinary case of old Ebenezer Grindstone, who had been thought extremely rich, but in whose house not a farthing had been found after his decease, to the great disappointment of his creditors.

Soon, however, there was such a violent dash of rain against the window that even Tom was compelled to start, when he saw the door open, and a stranger enter, completely muffled in a cloak. The new-comer stood before the fire, as if to dry himself, and seemed to be of the same taciturn disposition as Tom, for he made no answer to the different questions that were addressed to him, nor did he even condescend to look at the speakers. The shower having ceased, and the moon shining brightly through the window, the stranger walked out again, without the sign of leave-taking.

"That be a queer chap," said the hostler. "I'll run and see where he's going." And he followed the stranger, who had awakened a curiosity in every one except Tom. Scarcely five minutes had elapsed, when the hostler rushed into the room, pale as death.

"Udds huddikins!" said he; and it was not before a glass of spirits had been poured down his throat that he could state the cause of his alarm. "Old chap just gone out—got no proper face like—only a death's head—he just looked round on me in the moonlight."

"Do you mean to say," exclaimed Tom, "that he is nothing but a skeleton?"

"Ay, sure I do," said the hostler.

"And which way did he go?"

"Why, towards the church-yard, sure," said the hostler. Tom waited for no more, but, dashing down his pipe, he rushed out of the room and tore along the road to the church-yard. When he had got there, he saw the stranger standing by the tomb of old Ebenezer Grindstone. The moon was shining full upon him, and, as Tom approached, the cloak fell down, leaving nothing but a bare skeleton before him.

"Thank my stars!" exclaimed Tom, "I have seen a skeleton at last!"

"Young man," said the skeleton, in a hollow voice, while it hideously moved its jaws, "attend!"

"How beautifully," cried Tom, enraptured, "can I see the play of the lower maxillary!"

"Attend!" repeated the skeleton. "But, rash man, what are you about?" it added, turning suddenly round. The fact is, Tom was running his finger down the vertebrae, and counting to see if their number corresponded with that given in his book. "Seven cervical, twelve dorsal," he cried, with immense glee.

The skeleton lost all patience, and, raising its arm, shook its fist angrily at Tom, who, with his eyes fixed on the elbow, merely shouted his joy at perceiving the “ginglymoid” movement.

The skeleton, who had been accustomed to terrify other people, was completely amazed at the scientific position taken by the young anatomist. In fact, the most extraordinary scene that can be conceived presently occurred; for the apparition, feeling panic-struck at Tom’s coolness and scientific spirit, darted away from him, and endeavored to escape by dodging among the tombstones. Tom was too anxious to pursue his studies to allow himself to be baffled in this way, and, putting forth all his strength, soon overtook the skeleton, and held him tight. A conversation ensued, in the course of which the skeleton explained that he was Old Grindstone himself, who had buried a quantity of money under ground and could not rest in peace till it was dug up and distributed among the creditors. This office he requested Tom to perform.

“It will be some trouble,” said Tom, “and the affair is none of mine; but, look ye, I’m willing to comply with your request if, as a reward, you will allow me to come and study you every night for the next month. You may then retire to rest for as long a time as you please.”

“Agreed,” said the skeleton; and, quite recovered from his alarm, he shook hands with Tom in ratification of the bargain.

Tom found the money, distributed it among the creditors, and passed every night for the next month in the old church-yard, observing his beloved skeleton, which, as it moved into any position he desired, gave him an opportunity of studying the motion of the bones, in a way that had not been enjoyed by any other anatomist.

The young enthusiast, sitting at midnight with the

strange assistant to his pursuits, would have been a delightful sight, had any one possessed the courage to stop and look at the party. When the month had expired, Tom and his good friend shook hands and parted with great regret; but Tom had completely retained in his mind all he had seen, and laid the foundation of that profound anatomical science by which he was afterwards so much distinguished.

It is needless to state that the above is the early history of the celebrated Dr. —, and that all other accounts are baseless fabrications.

THE LAST STAGE-COACHMAN.

WILKIE COLLINS.

[William Wilkie Collins, an English novelist who is noted for his unusual ability in the construction and management of plots, was born in London in 1824 or 1825, the son of William Collins, a landscape-painter of reputation. Of the many novels produced by Collins, "No Name," "The Woman in White," and "The Moonstone" are the best known, and display the highest merit in construction. We give a short sketch of humorous character, describing a personage once notable in English life, but who has perished with his avocation under the irreverent wheels of the locomotive.]

THE Last Stage-Coachman! It falls upon the ear of every one but a shareholder in railways with a boding, melancholy sound. In spite of our natural reverence for the wonders of science, our hearts grow heavy at the thought of never again beholding the sweet-smelling nosegay, the unimpeachable top-boots and fair white breeches, once so prominent as the uniform of the fraternity. With all our respect for expeditious and business-like travelling, we experience a feeling nearly akin to disgust at being

marshalled to our places by a bell and a fellow with a badge on his shoulder, instead of hearing the cheery summons, "Now, then, gentlemen," and being regaled by a short and instructive conversation with a ruddy-faced personage in a dustless olive-green coat and prismatic belcher handkerchief. What did we want with smoke? Had we not the coachman's cigar, if we were desirous of observing its shapes and appearances? Who would be so unreasonable as to languish for steam, when he could inhale it, on a cool, autumnal morning, naturally concocted from the backs of four blood-horses? Who—— Alas! we may propose questions and find out answers to the end of the chapter, and yet fail in reforming the perverted taste of the present generation; we know that the attempt is useless, and we give up in sorrowful and philosophic resignation, and proceed, undaunted by the probable sneers of railway-directors, to the recital of—

A VISION.

Methought I walked forth one autumn evening to observe the arrival of a stage-coach. I wandered on, yet nothing of the kind met my eye. I tried many an old public road: they were now grass-grown and miry, or desecrated by the abominable presence of a "station." I wended my way towards a famous roadside inn: it was desolate and silent, or, in other words, "To Let." I looked for "the commercial room:" not a pot of beer adorned the mouldering tables, and not a pipe lay scattered over the wild and beautiful seclusions of its once numerous "boxes." It was deserted and useless; the voice of the traveller rung no longer round its walls, and the merry horn of the guard startled no more the sleepy few who once congregated round its hospitable door. The chill fireplace and broad, antiquated mantel-piece presented but one bill,—the

starting-time of an adjacent railroad, surmounted by a representation of those engines of destruction, in dull, frowsy lithograph.

I turned to the yard. Where was the hostler, with his unbraced breeches and his upturned shirt-sleeves? Where was the stable-boy, with his wisp of straw and his sieve of oats? Where were the coquettish mares and the tall blood-horses? Where was the manger and the stable door?—All gone; all disappeared; the buildings dilapidated and tottering: of what use is a stable to a stoker? The hostler and the stable-boy had passed away: what fellowship has either with a boiler? *The inn-yard was no more!* The very dunghill in its farthest corner was choked by dust and old bricks; and the cock, the pride of the country round, clamored no longer on the ruined and unsightly wall. I thought it was possible that he had satisfied long since the cravings of a railway-committee; and I sat down on a ruined water-tub to give way to the melancholy reflections called up by the sight before me.

I know not how long I meditated. There was no officious waiter to ask me what I would please to order,—no chambermaid to simper out, “This way, sir,”—not even a stray cat to claim acquaintance with the calves of my legs, or a horse’s hoof to tread upon my toe. There was nothing to disturb my miserable revery, and I anathematized railways without distinction or exception.

The distant sound of slow and stealthy footsteps at last attracted my attention. I looked to the far end of the yard. Heavens above! a stage-coachman was pacing its worn and weedy pavement.

There was no mistaking him: he wore the low-crowned, broad-brimmed, whitey-brown, well-brushed hat, the voluminous checked neckcloth, the ample-skirted coat, the striped waistcoat, the white cords, and last, not least, the

immortal boots. But, alas! the calf that had once filled them out had disappeared: they clanked heavily on the pavement, instead of creaking tightly and noisily wherever he went. His waistcoat, evidently once filled almost to bursting, hung in loose, uncomfortable folds about his emaciated waist; large wrinkles marred the former beauty of the fit of his coat; and his face was all lines and furrows, instead of smiles and jollity. The spirit of the fraternity had passed away from him: he was the stage-coachman only in dress.

He walked backwards and forwards for some time without turning his head one way or the other, except now and then to peer into the deserted stable or to glance mournfully at the whip he held in his hand. At last the sound of the arrival of a train struck upon his ear.

He drew himself up to his full height, slowly and solemnly shook his clinched fist in the direction of the sound, and looked—oh, that look! it spoke annihilation to the mightiest engine upon the rail, it scoffed at steam and flashed furious derision at the largest terminus that ever was erected; it was an awfully comprehensive look,—the concentrated essence of the fierce and deadly enmity of all the stage-coachmen in England to steam conveyance.

To my utter astonishment, not, it must be owned, unmixed with fear, he suddenly turned his eyes towards my place of shelter, and walked up to me.

"That's the rail," said he, between his set teeth.

"It is," said I, considerably embarrassed.

"D——n it!" returned the excited stage-coachman.

There was something inexpressibly awful about this execration; and I confess I felt a strong internal conviction that the next day's paper would teem with horrible railway-accidents in every column.

"I did my utmost to hoppose 'em," said the stage-coach-

man, in softened accents. "I wos the *last* that guv' in; I kep' a-losing day after day, and yet I worked on; I wos determined to do my dooty. and I drove a coach the last day with an old hooman and a carpet-bag inside and three little boys and seven whopping empty portmanteaus outside. I wos determined my last kick to have *some* passengers to show to the rail, so I took my wife and children, 'cos nobody else wouldn't go, and then we guv' in. Hows'ever, the last time as *I* wos on the road I didn't go and show 'em an empty coach: we wosn't full, but we wosn't empty; we wos game to the last!"

A grim smile of triumph lit up the features of the deposed coachman as he gave vent to this assertion. He took hold of me by the button-hole and led the way into the house.

"This landlord wos an austerious sort of a man," said he: "he used to hobserve that he only wished a railway-committee would dine at his house, he'd pison 'em all, and emigrate; and he'd ha' done it, too!"

I did not venture to doubt this: so the stage-coachman continued:

"I've smoked my pipe by the hour together in that fire-place; I've read 'The Times' advertisements and police reports in that box till I fell asleep; I've walked up and down this here room a-saying all sorts of things about the rail, and a-busting for happiness. Outside this wery door I've bin a-drownded in thankys from ladies for never lettin' nobody step through their bandboxes. The chambermaids used to smile, and the dogs used to bark, wherever I came. But it's all over now: the poor feller as kep' this place takes tickets at a station, and the chambermaids makes scalding hot tea behind a mahogany counter for the people as has no time to drink it in!"

As the stage-coachman uttered these words, a con-

temptuous sneer puckered his sallow cheek. He led me back into the yard, the ruined appearance of which looked doubly mournful under the faint rays of moonlight that every here and there stole through the dilapidated walls of the stable. An owl had taken up his abode where the chief hostler's bedroom had once rejoiced in the grotesque majesty of huge portraits of every winner of every "Derby" since the first days of Epsom. The bird of night flew heavily off at our approach, and my companion pointed gloomily up to the fragments of mouldy, worm-eaten wood, the last relics of the stable-loft.

"He was a great friend of mine, was that hostler," said the coachman, "but he's left this railway-bothered world: he was finished by the train."

At my earnest entreaty to hear further, he continued:

"When this h'old place was guv' up and ruinated, the hostler, as 'ud never look at the rail before, went down to have a sight of it, and as he was a-leaning his elbows on the wall and a-wishing as how he had the stabling of all the steam-hingines (he'd ha' done 'em justice!), wot should he see but one of his 'osses as was thrown out of employ by the rail, a-walking along jist where the train was coming! Bill jumped down, and as he was a-leading of him hoff, up comes the train, and went over his leg and cut the 'oss in two. 'Tom,' says he to me when we picked him up, 'I'm a-going eleven mile an hour, to the last stage as is left for me to do. I've always done my dooty with the 'osses; I've bin and done it now. Bury that ere poor 'oss and me out of the noise of the rail.' We got the surgeons to him, but he never spoke no more. Poor Bill! Poor Bill!"

This last recollection seemed too much for the stage-coachman: he wrung my hand, and walked abruptly to the farthest corner of the yard.

I took care not to interrupt him, and watched him carefully from a distance.

At first the one expression of his countenance was melancholy; but by degrees other thoughts came crowding from his mind and mantled on his woe-begone visage. Poor fellow! I could see that he was again in imagination the beloved of the ladies and the adored of the chambermaids; a faint reflection of the affable yet majestic demeanor required by his calling flitted occasionally over his pinched, attenuated features, and brightened the cold, melancholy expression of his countenance.

As I still looked, it grew darker and darker, yet the face of the stage-coachman was never for an instant hidden from me. The same artificial expression of pleasure characterized its lineaments as before. Suddenly I heard a strange, unnatural noise in the air: now it seemed like the distant trampling of horses; and now, again, like the rumbling of a heavily-laden coach along the public road. A faint, sickly light spread itself over that part of the heavens whence the sounds proceeded; and after an interval a fully-equipped stage-coach appeared in the clouds, with a railway-director strapped fast to each wheel, and a stoker held firmly between the teeth of each of the four horses.

In place of luggage, fragments of broken steam-carriages, and red carpet-bags filled with other mementos of railway-accidents, occupied the roof. Chance passengers appeared to be the only tenants of the outside places. In front sat Julius Caesar and Mrs. Hannah More; and behind, Sir Joseph Banks and Mrs. Brownrigge. Of all the "insides," I could, I grieve to say, see nothing.

On the box was a little man with fuzzy hair and large iron-gray whiskers, clothed in a coat of engineers' skin, with gloves of the hide of railway-police. He pulled up

opposite my friend, and, bowing profoundly, motioned him to the box-seat.

A gleam of unutterable joy irradiated the stage-coachman's countenance, as he stepped lightly into his place, seized the reins, and, with one hearty "good-night," addressed to an imaginary inn-full of people, started the horses.

Off they drove, my friend in the plenitude of his satisfaction cracking the whip every instant, as he drove the phantom coach into the air, and, amidst the shrieks of the railway-directors at the wheel, the groans of James Watt, the bugle of the guard, and the tremendous cursing of the invisible "insides," fast and furiously disappeared from my eyes.

FAITHLESS NELLY GRAY.

THOMAS HOOD.

[Hood had the happy fortune to gain fame in the diverse fields of humor and pathos,—a fortune which falls to but few. His "Bridge of Sighs" and "Song of the Shirt" share with his best comic poems the meed of high popularity. As a humorous poet he was unrivalled, and his punning ballads, of which we give one of the best examples, cannot be excelled. He was born in London in 1798, wrote abundantly both in prose and in verse, published several comic annuals, was in the latter years of his life editor of *The New Monthly Magazine*, and died in 1845.]

BEN BATTLE was a soldier bold,
And used to war's alarms ;
But a cannon-ball took off his legs,
So he laid down his arms.

Now, as they bore him off the field,
Said he, "Let others shoot,
For here I leave my second leg,
And the Forty-second Foot."

The army-surgeons made him limbs:
Said he, "They're only pegs:
But there's as wooden members quite
As represent my legs."

Now, Ben he loved a pretty maid,
Her name was Nelly Gray:
So he went up to pay his devours,
When he devoured his pay.

But when he called on Nelly Gray,
She made him quite a scoff,
And, when she saw his wooden legs,
Began to take them off.

"Oh, Nelly Gray! Oh, Nelly Gray!
Is this your love so warm?
The love that loves a scarlet coat
Should be more uniform."

Said she, "I loved a soldier once,
For he was blithe and brave;
But I will never have a man
With both legs in the grave.

"Before you had those timber toes,
Your love I did allow;
But then, you know, you stand upon
Another footing now."

"Oh, Nelly Gray! Oh, Nelly Gray!

For all your jeering speeches,
At duty's call I left my legs
In Badajos's breaches."

"Why, then," said she, "you've lost the feet
Of legs in war's alarms,
And now you cannot wear your shoes
Upon your feats of arms."

"Oh, false and fickle Nelly Gray!
I know why you refuse;
Though I've no feet, some other man
Is standing in my shoes.

"I wish I'd never seen your face;
But now, a long farewell!
For you will be my death; alas!
You will not be my Nell."

Now, when he went from Nelly Gray,
His heart so heavy got,
And life was such a burden grown,
It made him take a knot.

So round his melancholy neck
A rope he did entwine,
And, for his second time in life,
Enlisted in the line.

One end he tied around a beam,
And then removed his pegs,
And, as his legs were off, of course
He soon was off his legs.

And there he hung till he was dead
As any nail in town :
For, though distress had cut him up,
It could not cut him down.

A dozen men sat on his corpse,
To find out why he died ;
And they buried Ben in four cross-roads,
With a *stake* in his inside.

[We add to the above two other favorite examples of Hood's whimsicalities.]

ODE TO MY LITTLE SON.

Thou happy, happy elf!
(But stop: first let me kiss away that tear.)
Thou tiny image of myself!
(My love, he's poking peas into his ear!)
Thou merry, laughing sprite!
With spirits feather-light,
Untouched by sorrow, and unsoiled by sin,
(Dear me! the child is swallowing a pin!)

Thou little, tricky duck!
With antic toys so funnily bestuck,
Light as the singing bird that wings the air,
(The door! the door! he'll tumble down the stair!)
Thou darling of thy sire!
(Why, Jane, he'll set his pinafore afire!)
Thou imp of mirth and joy!
In love's dear chain so strong and bright a link,
Thou idol of thy parents!—(Drat the boy!
There goes my ink!)

Thou cherub,—but of earth ;
Fit playfellow for fays by moonlight pale,
In harmless sport and mirth,
(That dog will bite him, if he pulls his tail!)
Thou human humming-bee, extracting honey
From every blossom in the world that blows,
Singing in youth's Elysium ever sunny,
(Another tumble,—that's his precious nose!)
Thy father's pride and hope !
(He'll break the mirror with that skipping-rope!)
With pure heart newly stamped from nature's mint,—
(Where *did* he learn that squint?)

Thou young domestic dove !
(He'll have that jug off with another shove!)
Dear nursling of the hymeneal nest!
(Are those torn clothes his best?)
Little epitome of man !
(He'll climb upon the table,—that's his plan!)
Touched with the beauteous tints of dawning life,
(He's got a knife!)
Thou enviable being !
No storms, no clouds, in thy blue sky foreseeing,
Play on, play on,
My elfin John !

Toss the light ball, bestride the stick,
(I knew so many cakes would make him sick!)
With fancies buoyant as the thistle-down,
Prompting the face grotesque, and antic brisk,
With many a lamb-like frisk,
(He's got the scissors, snipping at your gown!)
Thou pretty opening rose !
(Go to your mother child, and wipe your nose!)

Balmy, and breathing music like the south,
 (He really brings my heart into my mouth!)
 Fresh as the morn, and brilliant as its star,
 (I wish that window had an iron bar!)
 Bold as the hawk, yet gentle as the dove,
 (I'll tell you what, my love,
 I cannot write, unless he's sent above!)

NOVEMBER.

No sun—no moon—
 No morn—no noon—
 No dawn—no dusk—no proper time of day—
 No sky—no earthly view—
 No distance looking blue—
 No road—no street—no "t'other side the way"—
 No end to any row—
 No indication where the Crescents go—
 No top to any steeple—
 No recognitions of familiar people—
 No courtesies for showing 'em—
 No knowing 'em—
 No travelling at all—no locomotion—
 No inkling of the way—no notion—
 "No go"—by land or ocean—
 No mail—no post—
 No news from any foreign coast—
 No park—no ring—no afternoon gentility—
 No company—no nobility—
 No warmth, no cheerfulness, no healthful ease,
 No comfortable feel in any member—
 No shade, no shine, no butterflies, no bees,
 No fruits, no flowers, no leaves, no trees,
 November!

A TALE OF POTTED SPRATS.

AMELIA OPIE.

[Amelia Opie was born at Norwich, England, in 1771. She was the author of numerous tales, novels, and poems, which attracted flattering attention from the reading world of her time, though no longer read. The work by which she became best known was "Illustrations of Lying in all its Branches." This illustration was by means of stories, of which we give one concerned with "Lies of Benevolence." Mrs. Opie died in 1853.]

Most mistresses of families have a family receipt-book, and are apt to believe that no receipts are as good as their own.

With one of these notable ladies a young housekeeper went to pass a few days, both at her town and country house. The hostess was skilled not only in culinary lore, but in economy, and was in the habit of setting on her table, even when not alone, whatever her taste and carefulness had led her to pot, pickle, or preserve for occasional use.

Before a meagre family dinner was quite over, a dish of POTTED SPRATS was set before the lady of the house, who, expatiating on their excellence, derived from a family receipt of a century old, pressed her still unsatisfied guest to partake of them.

The dish was as good as much salt and little spice could make it; but it had one peculiarity, it had a strong flavor of garlic, and to garlic the poor guest had a great dislike.

But she was a timid woman; and good breeding and what she called benevolence said, "Persevere and swallow," though her palate said no. "Is it not excellent?" said the hostess. "Very," faltered out the half-suffocated guest; and this was lie the first. "Did you ever eat any-

thing like it before?" "Never," replied the other, more firmly; for *then* she knew that she spoke the truth, and longing to add, "and I hope I shall never eat anything like it again." "I will give you the receipt," said the lady, kindly: "it will be of use to you as a young housekeeper; for it is economical as well as good, and serves to make out when we have a scrap-dinner. My servants often dine on it." "I wonder you can get any servants to live with you," thought the guest; "but I dare say you do not get any one to stay long." "You do not, however, eat as if you liked it." "Oh, yes, *indeed* I do, very much" (lie the second), she replied; "but you forget I have already eaten a good dinner!" (Lie the third. Alas! what had benevolence, *so called*, to answer for on this occasion!)

"Well, I am delighted to find that you like my sprats," said the flattered hostess, while the cloth was removing; adding, "John, do not let those sprats be eaten in the kitchen!"—an order which the guest heard with indescribable alarm.

The next day they were to set off for the country-house, or cottage. When they were seated in the carriage a large box was put in, and the guest fancied she smelt garlic; but,

"Where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise."

She therefore asked no questions, but tried to enjoy the present regardless of the future. At a certain distance they stopped to bait the horses. There the guest expected that they should get out and take some refreshment; but her economical companion, with a shrewd wink of the eye, observed, "I always sit in the carriage on these occasions. If one gets out, the people at the inn expect one to order a luncheon. I therefore take mine with me." So

saying, John was summoned to drag the carriage out of sight of the inn windows. He then unpacked the box, took out of it knives and forks, plates, etc., and also a jar, which, impregnating the air with its effluvia, even before it was opened, disclosed to the alarmed guest that its contents were the dreaded sprats.

"Alas!" thought she, "Pandora's box was nothing to this! for in that, Hope remained behind; but at the bottom of this is Despair!" In vain did the unhappy lady declare (lie the fourth) that "she had no appetite, and (lie the fifth) that she never ate in a morning." Her hostess would take no denial. However, she contrived to get a piece of sprat down, enveloped in bread; and the rest she threw out of the window when her companion was looking another way,—who, however, on turning round, exclaimed, "So you have despatched the first! let me give you another; do not refuse because you think they are nearly finished; I assure you there are several left, and" (delightful information!) "we shall have a fresh supply to-morrow." However, this time she was allowed to know when she had eaten enough; and the travellers proceeded to their journey's end.

This day the sprats did not appear at dinner, but, there being only a few left, they were reserved for supper,—a meal of which, this evening, the hostess did not partake, and was therefore at liberty to attend entirely to the wants of her guest, who would fain have declined eating also, but it was impossible; she had just declared that she was quite well, and had often owned that she enjoyed a piece of supper after an early dinner. There was therefore no retreat from the maze in which her insincerity had involved her, and eat she must; but when she again smelt on her plate the nauseous composition, which, being near the bottom of the pot, was more disagreeable than ever, human patience and human infirmity could bear no more: the scarcely-

tasted morsel fell from her lips, and she rushed precipitately into the open air, almost disposed to execrate, in her heart, potted sprats, the good breeding of her officious hostess, and even benevolence itself.

PARTRIDGE AT THE PLAY.

HENRY FIELDING.

[Of the novelists of the eighteenth century Henry Fielding is one of the very few whose works will be read in the twentieth. His "Tom Jones" in particular is a stroke of high art in the delineation of rural human nature which will survive, despite its grossness, when most of the works of Fielding's contemporaries have vanished. We select from this work one of its most humorous passages,—that describing the emotions of a countryman in his first experience of the theatre. Henry Fielding was born in Somersetshire, England, in 1707, and died in 1754. He wrote several novels besides that named, and a variety of other works.]

In the first row, then, of the first gallery, did Mr. Jones, Mrs. Miller, her youngest daughter, and Partridge, take their places. Partridge immediately declared it was the finest place he had ever been in. When the first music was played, he said, "It was a wonder how so many fiddlers could play at one time without putting one another out." While the fellow was lighting the upper candles, he cried out to Mrs. Miller, "Look, look, madam, the very picture of the man in the end of the common-prayer book, before the gunpowder treason service." Nor could he help observing, with a sigh, when all the candles were lighted, "That here were candles enough burnt in one night to keep an honest poor family for a whole twelvemonth."

As soon as the play, which was Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, began, Partridge was all attention, nor did he break silence till the entrance of the ghost; upon which he asked Jones, "What man that was in the strange dress; something," said he, "like what I have seen in a picture. Sure it is not armor, is it?" Jones answered, "That is the ghost." To which Partridge replied, with a smile, "Persuade me to that, sir, if you can. Though I can't say I ever actually saw a ghost in my life, yet I am certain I should know one, if I saw him, better than that comes to. No, no, sir; ghosts don't appear in such dresses as that, neither." In this mistake, which caused much laughter in the neighborhood of Partridge, he was suffered to continue until the scene between the ghost and Hamlet, when Partridge gave that credit to Mr. Garrick which he had denied to Jones, and fell into so violent a trembling that his knees knocked against each other. Jones asked him what was the matter, and whether he was afraid of the warrior upon the stage. "Oh, la, sir," said he, "I perceive now it is what you told me. I am not afraid of anything, for I know it is but a play; and if it was really a ghost, it could do one no harm at such a distance, and in so much company; and yet if I was frightened I am not the only person." "Why, who," cried Jones, "dost thou take to be such a coward here besides thyself?" "Nay, you may call me coward if you will; but if that little man there upon the stage is not frightened, I never saw any man frightened in my life. Ay, ay; go along with you! Ay, to be sure! Who's fool then? Will you? And have mercy upon such foolhardiness! Whatever happens, it is good enough for you. Follow you! I'd follow the devil as soon. Nay, perhaps it is the devil,—for they say he can put on what likeness he pleases. Oh! here he is again. No farther. No, you have gone far enough al-

ready; farther than I'd have gone for all the king's dominions." Jones offered to speak, but Partridge cried, "Hush, hush, dear sir; don't you hear him?" And during the whole speech of the ghost he sat with his eyes fixed partly on the ghost and partly on Hamlet, and with his mouth open; the same passions which succeeded each other in Hamlet succeeded likewise in him.

When the scene was over, Jones said, "Why, Partridge, you exceed my expectations. You enjoy the play more than I conceived possible." "Nay, sir," answered Partridge, "if you are not afraid of the devil I can't help it; but, to be sure, it is natural to be surprised at such things, though I know there is nothing in them: not that it was the ghost that surprised me, neither; for I should have known that to have been only a man in a strange dress; but when I saw that little man so frightened himself, it was that which took hold of me." "And dost thou imagine then, Partridge," cried Jones, "that he was really frightened?" "Nay, sir," said Partridge, "did not you yourself observe afterwards, when he found it was his own father's spirit, and how he was murdered in the garden, how his fear forsook him by degrees, and he was struck dumb with sorrow, as it were, just as I should have been, had it been my own case. But hush! Oh, la! what noise is that? There he is again. Well, to be certain, though I know there is nothing at all in it, I am glad I am not down yonder where those men are." Then, turning his eyes again upon Hamlet, "Ay, you may draw your sword: what signifies a sword against the power of the devil?"

During the second act Partridge made very few remarks. He greatly admired the fineness of the dresses; nor could he help observing upon the king's countenance. "Well," said he, "how people may be deceived by faces! *Nulla*

fides fronti is, I find, a true saying. Who would think, by looking in the king's face, that he had ever committed a murder?" He then inquired after the ghost; but Jones, who intended he should be surprised, gave no other satisfaction than "that he might possibly see him again soon, and in a flash of fire."

Partridge sat in fearful expectation of this; and now, when the ghost made his next appearance, Partridge cried out, "There, sir, now; what say you now? Is he frightened now or no? As much frightened as you think me, and, to be sure, nobody can help some fears, I would not be in so bad a condition as—what's his name—Squire Hamlet is there, for all the world. Bless me! what's become of the spirit? As I am a living soul, I thought I saw him sink into the earth." "Indeed, you saw right," answered Jones. "Well, well," cried Partridge, "I know it's only a play; and, besides, if there was anything in all this, Madame Miller would not laugh so; for as for you, sir, you would not be afraid, I believe, if the devil was here in person. There, there; ay, no wonder you are in such a passion; shake the vile wicked wretch to pieces. If she was my own mother I should serve her so. To be sure, all duty to a mother is forfeited by such wicked doings. Ay, go about your business; I hate the sight of you."

Our critic was now pretty silent till the play which Hamlet introduced before the king. This he did not at first understand, till Jones explained it to him; but he no sooner entered into the spirit of it than he began to bless himself that he had never committed murder. Then, turning to Mrs. Miller, he asked her, "If she did not imagine the king looked as if he was touched; though he is," said he, "a good actor, and does all he can to hide it. Why, I would not have so much to answer for as that

wicked man there has, to sit upon a much higher chair than he sits upon. No wonder he ran away. For your sake I'll never trust an innocent face again."

The grave-digging scene next engaged the attention of Partridge, who expressed much surprise at the number of skulls thrown upon the stage. To which Jones replied, "That it was one of the most famous burial-places about town." "No wonder, then," cries Partridge, "that the place is haunted. But I never saw in my life a worse grave-digger. I had a sexton when I was clerk that should have dug three graves while he is digging one. The fellow handles a spade as if it was the first time he had ever had one in his hand. Ay, ay, you may sing. You had rather sing than work, I believe." Upon Hamlet's taking up the skull, he cried out, "Well! it is strange to see how fearless some men are; I never could bring myself to touch anything belonging to a dead man on any account. He seemed frightened enough, too, at the ghost, I thought. *Nemo omnibus horis sapit.*"

Little more worth remembering occurred during the play; at the end of which Jones asked him, "Which of the players he liked best?" To this he answered, with some appearance of indignation at the question, "The king, without doubt." "Indeed, Mr. Partridge," says Mrs. Miller, "you are not of the same opinion with the town; for they all agreed that Hamlet is acted by the best player who ever was on the stage."—"He the best player!" cried Partridge, with a contemptuous sneer; "why I could act as well as he myself. I am sure if I had seen a ghost I should have looked in the very same manner and done just as he did. And then, to be sure, in that scene, as you called it, between him and his mother, where you told me he acted so fine, why, Lord help me, any man, that is, any good man, that had such

a mother, would have done exactly the same. I know you are only joking with me; but, indeed, madam, though I was never at a play in London, yet I have seen acting before in the country; and the king for my money; he speaks all his words distinctly, half as loud again as the other. Anybody may see he is an actor."

Thus ended the adventure at the play-house, where Partridge had afforded great mirth, not only to Jones and Mrs. Miller, but to all who sat within hearing, who were more attentive to what he said than to anything that passed upon the stage. He durst not go to bed all that night, for fear of the ghost, and for many nights after sweated two or three hours before he went to sleep with the same apprehensions, and waked several times in great horrors, crying out, "Lord have mercy upon us! there it is!"

[To the above we add an extract from one of Fielding's miscellaneous productions, his wittily-conceived "Essay on Nothing," whose amusing play upon words gives it a standing among humorous compositions. The whole essay is much too long for our purpose, but we give the pith of the argument.]

ESSAY ON NOTHING.

There is nothing falser than that old proverb which (like many other falsehoods) is in every one's mouth:

Ex nihilo nihil fit.

Thus translated by Shakespeare, in *Lear*:

Nothing can come of nothing.

Whereas, in fact, from Nothing proceeds everything. And this is a truth confessed by the philosophers of all sects; the only point in controversy between them being, whether

Something made the world out of Nothing, or Nothing out of Something. A matter not worth much debating at present, since either will equally serve our turn. . . .

But whether Nothing was the *artifex* or *materies* only, it is plain in either case it will have a right to claim to itself the origination of all things.

And, farther, the great antiquity of Nothing is apparent from its being so visible in the accounts we have of the beginning of every nation. This is very plainly to be discovered in the first pages, and sometimes books, of all general historians; and, indeed, the study of this important subject fills up the whole life of an antiquary, it being always at the bottom of his inquiry, and is commonly at last discovered by him with infinite labor and pains.

As it is extremely hard to define Nothing in positive terms, I shall therefore do it in negative. Nothing, then, is not Something. And here I must object to a third error concerning it, which is, that it is in no place; which is an indirect way of depriving it of its existence; whereas, indeed, it possesses the greatest and noblest place upon this earth, viz., the human brain. But indeed this mistake has been sufficiently refuted by many very wise men, who, having spent their whole lives in the contemplation and pursuit of Nothing, have at last gravely concluded *that there is Nothing in this world.*

Farther, as Nothing is not Something, so everything which is not Something is Nothing; and wherever Something is not Nothing is,—a very large allowance in its favor, as must appear to persons well skilled in human affairs.

For instance, when a bladder is full of wind, it is full of something; but when that is let out we aptly say that there is nothing in it. The same may be as justly asserted of a man as of a bladder. However well he may be be-

daubed with lace or with title, yet if he have not something in him we may predicate the same of him as of an empty bladder. . . .

Nothing may be seen, as is plain from the relation of persons who have recovered from high fevers, and perhaps may be suspected from some at least of those who have seen apparitions, both on earth and in the clouds. Nay, I have often heard it confessed by men, when asked what they saw at such a place and time, that they saw Nothing. . . .

Secondly, Nothing may be heard, of which the same proofs may be given as of the foregoing. . . . That Nothing may be tasted and smelt is not only known to persons of delicate palates and nostrils. How commonly do we hear that such a thing smells or tastes of nothing! The latter I have heard asserted of a dish composed of five or six savory ingredients. . . .

Lastly, feeling. . . . Some have felt the motions of the spirit, and others have felt very bitterly the misfortunes of their friends, without endeavoring to relieve them. Now, there seem two plain instances that Nothing is an object of this sense. Nay, I have heard a surgeon declare, while he was cutting off a patient's leg, that *he was sure he felt Nothing*.

Nothing is as well the object of our passions as our senses. Thus, there are many who love Nothing, some who hate Nothing, and some who fear Nothing, etc.

Some have imagined that Knowledge, with the adjective *human* placed before it, is another word for Nothing. And one of the wisest men in the world declared that he knew Nothing.

But, without carrying it so far, this I believe may be allowed, that it is at least possible for a man to know Nothing. And whoever hath read over many works of

our ingenious moderns, with proper attention and emolument, will, I believe, confess that, if he understands them right, he understands Nothing. . . .

I remember once, at the table of a person of great eminence, and one no less distinguished by superiority of wit than fortune, when a very dark passage was read out of a poet famous for being so sublime that he is often out of the sight of his reader, some persons present declared that they did not understand the meaning. The gentleman himself, casting his eye over the performance, testified a surprise at the dulness of his company, seeing Nothing could, he said, possibly be plainer than the meaning of the passage which they stuck at. This set all of us to puzzling again, but with like success; we frankly owned we could not find it out, and desired he would explain it. "Explain it," said the gentleman. "Why, he means Nothing."

In fact, this mistake arises from a too vulgar error among persons unacquainted with the mystery of writing, who imagine it impossible that a man should sit down to write without any meaning at all; whereas, in reality, nothing is more common; for, not to instance in myself, who have confessedly set down to write this essay with Nothing in my head, or, which is much the same thing, to write about Nothing, it may be incontestably proved, *ab effectu*, that Nothing is commoner among the moderns. The inimitable author of a preface to the Posthumous Eclogues of a late ingenious young gentleman says, "There are men who sit down to write what they think, and others to think what they shall write. But indeed there is a third and much more numerous sort, who never think either before they sit down or afterwards, and who, when they produce on paper what was before in their heads, are sure to produce Nothing."

Thus we have endeavored to demonstrate the nature of Nothing, by showing first, definitely, *what it is not*; and, secondly, by describing *what it is*. The next thing therefore proposed is to show its various kinds. . . .

These are, Nothing *per se* Nothing; Nothing at all; Nothing in the least; Nothing in nature; Nothing in the world; Nothing in the whole world; Nothing in the whole universal world. And perhaps many others, of which we say—Nothing.

Nothing contains so much dignity as Nothing. Ask an infamous worthless nobleman (if any such be) in what his dignity consists. It may not, perhaps, be consistent with his dignity to give you an answer; but suppose he should be willing to condescend so far, what could he in effect say? Should he say he had it from his ancestors, I apprehend a lawyer would oblige him to prove that the virtues to which this dignity was annexed descended to him. If he claims it is inherent in the title, might he not be told that a title originally implied dignity, as it implied the presence of those virtues to which dignity is inseparably annexed,—but that no implication will fly in the face of downright positive proof to the contrary? In short, to examine no farther, since his endeavor to derive it from any other fountain would be equally impotent, his dignity arises from Nothing, and in reality is Nothing. . . .

A man must have very little discernment who can live long in courts or populous cities without being convinced of the great dignity of Nothing; and though he should, through corruption or necessity, comply with the vulgar worship and adulation, he will know to what it is paid; namely, to Nothing.

The most astonishing instance of this respect so frequently paid to Nothing is when it is paid (if I may so express myself) to something less than Nothing; when

the person who receives it is not only void of the quality for which he is respected, but is in reality notoriously guilty of the vices directly opposite to the virtues whose applause he receives. This is, indeed, the highest degree of Nothing, or (if I may be allowed the word) the Nothingest of all Nothings. . . .

So far, then, for the dignity of the subject on which I am treating. I am now to show that Nothing is the end as well as the beginning of all things. . . .

As Nothing is the end of the world, so it is of everything in the world. Ambition, the greatest, highest, noblest, finest, most heroic and godlike of all passions, what doth it end in? Nothing. What did Alexander, Cæsar, and all the rest of that heroic band who have plundered and massacred so many millions, obtain by all their care, labor, pain, fatigue, and danger? Could they speak for themselves, must they not own that the end of all their pursuit was Nothing? Nor is this the end of private ambition alone. What is become of that proud mistress of the world,—the *Caput triumphati orbis*,—that Rome of which her own flatterers so liberally prophesied the immortality? In what has all her glory ended? Surely in Nothing.

[The author goes on to show that avarice has the same termination, and concludes as follows.]

As I have shown the end of our two greatest and noblest pursuits, one or the other of which engages almost every individual of the busy part of mankind, I shall not tire the reader with carrying him through all the rest, since I believe the same conclusion may be easily drawn from them all.

I shall therefore finish this essay with an inference which aptly enough suggests itself from what hath been

said: seeing that such is its dignity and importance, and that it is really the end of all those things which are supported with so much pomp and solemnity and looked on with such respect and esteem, surely it becomes a wise man to regard Nothing with the utmost awe and adoration; to pursue it with all his parts and pains; and to sacrifice to it his ease, his innocence, and his present happiness. To which noble pursuit we have this great incitement, that we may rest assured of never being cheated or deceived in the end proposed. The virtuous, wise, and learned may then be unconcerned at all the changes of ministries and of government; since they may be well satisfied that, while ministers of state are rogues themselves, and have inferior knavish tools to bribe and reward, true virtue, wisdom, learning, wit, and integrity will most certainly bring their possessors—Nothing.

THE SEARCH AFTER HAPPINESS.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

[Scott can scarcely be claimed as a humorous author, though his novels contain many amusing situations and characters. His poems in general are too serious in their themes to admit of humor, but in the following instance he set out with a decidedly humorous intention, and produced an effective piece of versified comedy. Biographically nothing need be said of the "Wizard of the North," except that he was born at Edinburgh in 1771 and died at Abbotsford in 1832.]

OH for a glance of that gay muse's eye
That lighten'd on Bandello's laughing tale,
And twinkled with a lustre shrewd and sly,

When Giambattista bade her vision hail!—
Yet fear not, ladies, the naïve detail
Given by the natives of that land canorous;
Italian license loves to leap the pale,
We Britons have the fear of shame before us,
And, if not wise in mirth, at least must be decorous.

In the far-Eastern clime, no great while since,
Lived Sultaun Solimaun, a mighty prince,
Whose eyes, as oft as they performed their round,
Beheld all others fixed upon the ground;
Whose ears received the same unvaried phrase,
“Sultaun! thy vassal hears, and he obeys!”
All have their tastes: this may the fancy strike
Of such grave folks as pomp and grandeur like;
For me, I love the honest heart and warm
Of monarch who can amble round his farm,
Or, when the toil of state no more annoys,
In chimney-corner seek domestic joys.
I love a prince will bid the bottle pass,
Exchanging with his subjects glance and glass,—
In fitting time, can, gayest of the gay,
Keep up the jest, and mingle in the lay:
Such monarchs best our free-born humors suit,
But despots must be stately, stern, and mute.

This Solimaun, Serendib had in sway.
And where's Serendib? may some critic say.
Good lack, mine honest friend, consult the chart,
Scare not my Pegasus before I start!
If Rennell has it not, you'll find, mayhap,
The isle laid down in Captain Sindbad's map,—
Famed mariner! whose merciless narrations
Drove every friend and kinsman out of patience,

Till, fain to find a guest who thought them shorter,
He deigned to tell them over to a porter.
The last edition see, by Long and Co.,
Rees, Hurst, and Orme, our fathers in the Row.

Serendib found, deem not my tale a fiction.
This Sultaun, whether lacking contradiction
(A sort of stimulant which hath its uses,
To raise the spirits and reform the juices,
—Sovereign specific for all sorts of cures
In my wife's practice, and perhaps in yours),—
The Sultaun, lacking this same wholesome bitter
Of cordial smooth for prince's palate fitter,—
Or if some Mollah had hag-rid his dreams
With Degial, Ginnistan, and such wild themes
Belonging to the Mollah's subtle craft,
I wot not; but the Sultaun never laughed,
Scarce ate or drank, and took a melancholy
That scorned all remedy, profane or holy;
In his long list of melancholies, mad,
Or mazed, or dumb, hath Burton none so bad.

Physicians soon arrived, sage, ware, and tried,
As e'er scrawled jargon in a darkened room:
With heedful glance the Sultaun's tongue they eyed,
Peeped in his bath, and God knows where beside,
And then in solemn accent spoke their doom:
"His majesty is very far from well."
Then each to work with his specific fell:
The Hakim Ibrahim instanter brought
His unguent Mahazzin al Zerdukkaut,
While Roompot, a practitioner more wily,
Relied on his Munaskif all fillfly.

More and yet more in deep array appear,
And some the front assail, and some the rear,
Their remedies to reinforce and vary,
Came surgeon eke, and eke apothecary,
Till the tired monarch, though of words grown chary,
Yet dropped, to recompense their fruitless labor,
Some hint about a bowstring or a sabre.
There lacked, I promise you, no longer speeches
To rid the palace of those learned leeches.

Then was the council called: by their advice
(They deemed the matter ticklish all, and nice,
And sought to shift it off from their own shoulders)
Tartars and couriers in all speed were sent,
To call a sort of Eastern Parliament
Of feudatory chieftains and freeholders.
Such have the Persians at this very day:
My gallant Malcolm calls them *couroultai*.
I'm not prepared to show in this slight song
That to Serendib the same forms belong:
E'en let the learned go search, and tell me if I'm wrong.

The Omrahs, each with hand on scimeter,
Gave, like Sempronius, still their voice for war:
"The sabre of the Sultaun in its sheath
Too long has slept, nor owned the work of death;
Let the Tambourgi bid his signal rattle,
Bang the loud gong, and raise the shout of battle.
This dreary cloud that dims our sovereign's day
Shall from his kindled bosom flit away,
When the bold Lootie wheels his courser round,
And the armed elephant shall shake the ground.
Each noble pants to own the glorious summons;
And for the charges, lo! your faithful Commons!"

The Riots who attended in their places
(Serendib language calls a farmer Riot)
Looked ruefully in one another's faces,
From this oration arguing much disquiet,
Double assessment, forage, and free quarters;
And, fearing these as Chinamen the Tartars,
Or as the whiskered vermin fear the mousers,
Each fumbled in the pockets of his trousers.
And next came forth the reverend Convocation,
Bald heads, white beards, and many a turban green,
Imaum and Mollah there of every station,
Santon, Fakir, and Calendar were seen.
Their votes were various: some advised a mosque
With fitting revenues should be erected,
With seemly gardens and with gay kiosk,
To recreate a band of priests selected;
Others opined that through the realm a dole
Be made to holy men, whose prayers might profit
The Sultaun's weal in body and in soul.
But their long-headed chief, the Sheik Ul-Sofit,
More closely touched the point: "Thy studious mood,"
Quoth he, "O prince, hath thickened all thy blood,
And dulled thy brain with labor beyond measure;
Wherefore relax a space and take thy pleasure,
And toy with beauty, or tell o'er thy treasure;
From all the cares of state, my liege, enlarge thee,
And leave the burden to thy faithful clergy."

These counsels sage availed not a whit,
And so the patient (as is not uncommon
Where grave physicians lose their time and wit)
Resolved to take advice of an old woman,—
His mother she, a dame who once was beauteous,
And still was called so by each subject duteous.

Now, whether Fatima was witch in earnest,
Or only made believe, I cannot say,
But she professed to cure disease the sternest,
By dint of magic, amulet, or lay ;
And, when all other skill in vain was shown,
She deemed it fitting time to use her own.

"*Sympathia magica* hath wonders done"
(Thus did old Fatima bespeak her son) ;
"It works upon the fibres and the pores,
And thus, insensibly, our health restores,
And it must help us here. Thou must endure
The ill, my son, or travel for the cure.
Search land and sea, and get, where'er you can,
The inmost vesture of a happy man,—
I mean his SHIRT, my son ; which, taken warm
And fresh from off his back, shall chase your harm,
Bid every current of your veins rejoice,
And your dull heart leap light as shepherd-boy's."
Such was the counsel from his mother came :
I know not if she had some under game,
As doctors have, who bid their patients roam
And live abroad, when sure to die at home ;
Or if she thought that, somehow or another,
Queen-Regent sounded better than Queen-Mother :
But says the Chronicle (who will go look it ?)
That such was her advice : the Sultaun took it.

All are on board, the Sultaun and his train,
In gilded galley prompt to plough the main.

'The old Rais was the first who questioned, "Whither?"
They paused. "Arabia," thought the pensive prince,
"Was called The Happy many ages since.

For Mokha, Rais." And they came safely thither,

But not in Araby, with all her balm,
Not where Judea weeps beneath her palm,
Not in rich Egypt, not in Nubian waste,
Could there the step of Happiness be traced.
One Copt alone professed to have seen her smile
When Bruce his goblet filled at infant Nile:
She blessed the dauntless traveller as he quaffed,
But vanished from him with the ended draught.

"Enough of turbans," said the weary king:
"These dolimans of ours are not the thing.
Try we the Giaours, these men of coat and cap: I
Incline to think some of them must be happy;
At least they have as fair a cause as any can,
They drink good wine and keep no Ramazan.
Then northward, ho!"—The vessel cuts the sea,
And fair Italia lies upon her lee.

But fair Italia, she who once upfurl'd
Her eagle-banners o'er a conquered world,
Long from her throne of domination tumbled,
Lay, by her quondam vassals sorely humbled.
The Pope himself looked pensive, pale, and lean,
And was not half the man he once had been.
"While these the priest and those the noble fleeces,
Our poor old boot," they said, "is torn to pieces.
Its tops the vengeful claws of Austria feel,
And the Great Devil is rending toe and heel.
If happiness you seek, to tell you truly,
We think she dwells with one Giovanni Bulli;
A tramontane, a heretic, the buck—
Poffaredio!—still has all the luck;
By land or ocean never strikes his flag;
And then,—a perfect walking money-bag."

Off set our prince to seek John Bull's abode,
But first took France: it lay upon the road.

Monsieur Baboon, after much late commotion,
Was agitated like a settling ocean,
Quite out of sorts, and could not tell what ailed him,
Only the glory of his house had failed him;
Besides, some tumors on his noddle biding
Gave indication of a recent hiding.
Our prince, though Sultauns of such things are heedless,
Thought it a thing indelicate and needless

To ask if at that moment he was happy.
And Monsieur, seeing that he was *comme il faut*, a
Loud voice mustered up for "*Vive le Roi!*"

Then whispered, "'Ave you any news of Nappy?"
The Sultaun answered him with a cross-question:

"Pray, can you tell me aught of one John Bull,
That dwells somewhere beyond your herring-pool?"
The query seemed of difficult digestion.
The party shrugged, and grinned, and took his snuff,
And found his whole good breeding scarce enough.

Twitching his visage into as many puckers,
As damsels wont to put into their tuckers
(Ere liberal Fashion damned both lace and lawn
And bade the veil of modesty be drawn),
Replied the Frenchman, after a brief pause,
"Jean Bool!—I vas not know him,—yes, I vas;
I vas remember dat, von year or two,
I saw him at von place called Vaterloo.
Ma foi! il s'est très-joliment battu,
Dat is, for Englishman, m'entendez-vous?
But den he had wit him one damn son-gun,
Rogue I no like: dey call him Vellington."

Monsieur's politeness could not hide his fret,
So Solimaun took leave, and crossed the strait.

John Bull was in his very worst of moods,
Raving of sterile farms and unsold goods ;
His sugar-loaves and bales about he threw,
And on his counter beat the devil's tattoo.
His wars were ended, and the victory won,
But, then, 'twas reckoning-day with honest John ;
And authors vouch, 'twas still this worthy's way
"Never to grumble till he came to pay ;
And then he always thinks, his temper's such,
The work too little, and the pay too much." -

Yet, grumbler as he is, so kind and hearty,
That when his mortal foe was on the floor,
And past the power to harm his quiet more,

Poor John had well-nigh wept for Bonaparte !
Such was the wight whom Solimaun salaamed.
"And who are you," John answer'd, "and be d—d?"

"A stranger, come to see the happiest man—
So, signior, all avouch—in Frangistan."

"Happy? my tenants breaking on my hand ;
Unstocked my pastures, and untilled my land ;
Sugar and rum a drug, and mice and moths
The sole consumers of my good broadcloths.
Happy?—why, cursed war and racking tax
Have left us scarcely raiment to our backs."

"In that case, signior, I may take my leave ;
I came to ask a favor ; but I grieve."

"Favor?" said John, and eyed the Sultaun hard,
"It's my belief you came to break the yard!--
But, stay, you look like some poor foreign sinner ;
Take that to buy yourself a shirt and dinner."—

With that he chucked a guinea at his head ;
But, with due dignity, the Sultaun said,
"Permit me, sir, your bounty to decline ;
A *shirt* indeed I seek, but none of thine.
Signior, I kiss your hands, so fare you well."
"Kiss and be d—d," quoth John, "and go to h—l !"

Next door to John there dwelt his sister Peg,
Once a wild lass as ever shook a leg
When the blithe bagpipe blew, but, sober now,
She doucely span her flax and milked her cow.
And whereas erst she was a needy slattern,
Nor now of wealth or cleanliness a pattern,
Yet once a month her house was partly swept,
And once a week a plenteous board she kept.
And whereas, eke, the vixen used her claws
And teeth of yore on slender provocation,
She now was grown amenable to laws,
A quiet soul as any in the nation ;
The sole remembrance of her warlike joys
Was in old songs she sang to please her boys.
John Bull, whom, in their years of early strife,
She wont to lead a cat-and-doggish life,
Now found the woman, as he said, a neighbor,
Who looked to the main chance, declined no labor,
Loved a long grace, and spoke a northern jargon,
And was d—d close in making of a bargain.

The Sultaun entered, and he made his leg,
And with decorum courtesied sister Peg ;
(She loved a book, and knew a thing or two,
And guessed at once with whom she had to do.)
She bade him "Sit into the fire," and took
Her dram, her cake, her kebbuck, from the nook,

Asked him about "the news from Eastern parts;
And of her absent bairns, puir Highland hearts!
If peace brought down the price of tea and pepper,
And if the *nitmugs* were grown *ony* cheaper:
Were there nae *speerings* of our Mungo Park—
Ye'll be the gentleman that wants the sark?
If ye wad buy a web o' auld wife's spinning,
I'll warrant ye it's a weel-wearing linen."

Then up got Peg, and round the house 'gan scuttle
In search of goods her customer to nail,
Until the Sultaun strained his princely throttle
And hallooed, "Ma'am, that is not what I ail.
Pray, are you happy, ma'am, in this snug glen?"
"Happy?" said Peg: "what for d'ye want to ken?
Besides, just think upon this by-gane year,
Grain wadna pay the yoking of the pleugh."
"What say you to the present?" "Meal's sae dear,
To make their brose my bairns have scarce aneugh."
"The devil take the shirt!" said Solimaun:
"I think my quest will end as it began,—
Farewell, ma'am; nay, no ceremony, I beg."
"Ye'll no be for the linen, then?" said Peg.

Now for the land of verdant Erin
The Sultaun's royal bark is steering,
The Emerald Isle, where honest Paddy dwells,
The cousin of John Bull, as story tells.
For a long space had John, with words of thunder,
Hard looks, and harder knocks, kept Paddy under,
Till the poor lad, like boy that's flogged unduly,
Had gotten somewhat restive and unruly.
Hard was his lot and lodging, you'll allow:
A wigwam that would hardly serve a sow;

His landlord, and of middle men two brace,
Had screwed his rent up to the starving-place ;
His garment was a top-coat, and an old one,
His meal was a potato, and a cold one ;
But still for fun or frolic, and all that,
In the round world was not the match of Pat.

The Sultaun saw him on a holiday,
Which is with Paddy still a jolly day ;
When mass is ended, and his load of sins
Confessed, and Mother Church hath from her binns
Dealt forth a bonus of imputed merit,
Then is Pat's time for fancy, whim, and spirit,
To jest, to sing, to caper fair and free,
And dance as light as leaf upon the tree.
"By Mahomet," said Sultaun Solimaun,
"That ragged fellow is our very man !
Rush in and seize him : do not do him hurt,
But, will he nill he, let me have his *shirt*."

Shillela their plan was well-nigh after balking
(Much less provocation will set it a-walking),
But the odds that foiled Hercules foiled Paddy Whack ;
They seized, and they floored, and they stripped him :
Alack !
Up-bubboo ! Paddy had not—a shirt to his back !
And the king, disappointed, with sorrow and shame !
Went back to Serendib as sad as he came.

A "PAGE" OF PHRENOLOGY.

P. LEIGH.

[The following sketch well illustrates the folly into which many good souls were drawn, during the prevalence of phrenology, by their enthusiastic belief in this easy method of estimating character. This assumed science has scarcely a shadow of existence left, and the hope of being able to read the character of an individual from a study of the "bumps" upon his skull has vanished. More recent and more scientific brain-investigation has shown clearly that there is "nothing in it,"—nothing in phrenology, we mean; though the above remark might be applied to some brains *in toto*.]

How delightful is the pursuit of natural science! To study the habits and manners of ants,—to contemplate the industrious spider, little weaver that never starves for want of employ,—to observe the "busy bee," instinct with that appetite for sweets which it shares with the equally happy, but, alas! the less industrious truant, collecting the saccharine principle "from every opening flower,"—to form a continually-increasing circle of acquaintance with the verdant inhabitants of the vegetable kingdom and the interesting inmates of the Zoological Gardens,—these, indeed, are the occupations which render life one summer's day, which enhance the beatitude and sweeten the teacup of domestic bliss. To the reflective and observant mind, the blow-fly, blue marauder, regaling itself on the sir-loin destined to grace to-morrow the family board, the mouse, tiny thief, luxuriating in fancied secret on the new Stilton in the larder, nay, even the unbidden cockroach helping himself to the Christmas pie, become objects of instructive survey.

Actuated by an appetite for useful knowledge, which has prompted the foregoing reflections, I connected myself some years ago with a literary and scientific society which

had been formed at Islington, where I reside, among a small but respectable circle of friends. Our members are inclusive of several ladies.—among them, of Mrs. Brown, the amiable partner of my lot, with whom I have lived in an uninterrupted state of felicity for a longer time than perhaps she will allow me to state. The predilections of Mrs. B. are precisely similar to my own; and, having no family, we are enabled to devote the greater part of our time to indulgence in our favorite pursuits.

Our society meets at the house of each member in rotation, at half-past six precisely. After an exhilarating cup of tea, we proceed to business, and a lecture is delivered by the host of the evening, on the composition of water, the nature and properties of steam, the construction of the barometer and thermometer, or some other improving and entertaining subject. Sometimes our recreations are diversified and enlivened by a discourse from one of our number, who is a young medical man, on the conformation of the skeleton, the circulation of the blood, and the like arcana of the healing art. At our last meeting we were gratified with a paper on hydraulics, as exemplified by the common pump.

One evening, our young professional friend, whose name I may mention is Mr. John Hunter Dummer, obliged us with a lecture on the sciences of mesmerism and phrenology. Never having had the means, previously, of acquiring any information on these subjects, I had formed no opinion respecting them. I therefore hailed the opportunity thus afforded me of enlarging my stock of ideas. Mr. Dummer very much disposed me to believe that there was something in the doctrines which he advocated, particularly as he appealed in confirmation of them to facts, which, as he with great truth remarked, were stubborn things. Resolved, as he recommended, to make observa-

tion of nature the test of truth, I took home with me a phrenological bust, accompanied by a card, descriptive of the different organs, which he was so kind as to lend me.

On arriving at our little domicile, I immediately commenced my researches by examining the head of Mrs. B. The first point in her organization which struck me was the great fulness of the occiput, or back of the head. On comparing notes with the bust, I found that this was the region of the organ termed "Philoprogenitiveness." I looked out "Philoprogenitiveness" upon the card, where I found the results of its predominance described as follows :

"*Very Large*.—Extreme fondness for children and young creatures in general. Apt to lead to indulging and spoiling youth, also to petting and caressing small animals. Often occasions extreme desire for offspring, and regret at the non-enjoyment of that supposed blessing."

This was very singular. Mrs. B. had at that very moment Tiny, a little King Charles's spaniel, whom she washes and combs every morning with her own hands, and has fed so bountifully that he has become quite corpulent, in her lap; and Tib, her favorite tortoise-shell, was purring behind her chair. The next evening the little Edwardses over the way, whom she is continually regaling with sugar-plums and raspberry jam, were coming to tea, to meet our little nephews and nieces; and I could not but be interestingly reminded of the circumstance that the sole affliction of my good lady is that no olive-branches have graced our otherwise unique mahogany.

I next remarked her considerable prominence at "Tune," and recollected, with a fond sigh of retrospection, that the circumstance which, in youth's gay morn, fixed my destiny for life, was hearing her sing in a summer-house

at Brixton, "Ob, 'tis the melody we heard in former years!"

I found, also, "Alimentiveness," or the organ of appetite for food, very highly developed, and remembered that she had that very morning inquired, with a languishing gaze upon vacancy, when ducks and green peas would be reasonable enough for our circumstances. Her predilection for bubble and squeak occurred, in addition, to my mind; as did, moreover ("Constructiveness" was large, too), her proficiency in the preparation of jellies, pickles, preserves, and in the other mysteries of the culinary art.

"Causality," the organ of perceiving the relation of cause and effect, was moderate in size. Accordingly, Mrs. B. has always experienced a difficulty in understanding the dependence of the boiling-point of water on elevation above the level of the sea, and the connection between lobster-salad and indigestion. She is, moreover, prone, when asked to assign a reason for such and such a fact, to answer, "Because it is." I had inquired of her, a few days before, why corn-beef was sometimes variegated on its exterior, and she gave me that reply.

These striking coincidences at once rendered me a zealous convert to phrenology. I then tried to mesmerize my partner, and she very soon became a sleeping one; but, as in about half an hour she suddenly awoke with a start and wanted to know if it was not almost supper-time, I am not quite sure that the sleep was not simply natural.

The next day I examined the heads of our domestics,—not without some opposition on the part of the cook, who, I imagine, at first misapprehended my object. She had a very large "Destructiveness;" and certainly her temper is none of the most equable. The housemaid was deficient in "Order;"—a defect which her stockings, exhibiting the

chasm vulgarly called a potato, her shoes, which were down at heel, and the general hue of her visage, which once induced a wag who visited at my house to say that she must have been cleaning her face with the blacking-brush, abundantly exemplified, and which the dusty condition of the mantel-piece, the litter usually observable in the passage, and the inadequately-rinsed breakfast-cups, had too often borne out before.

Our knife-, errand-, and foot-boy, or page, was endowed with an extraordinary "Locality," which, among other things, occasions a desire for change of place. I had never observed any indications of the faculty in the boy; but he came a few days afterwards to give warning, wishing to change his place,—as he said, to better himself, but, as I am convinced, acting under the influence of his "Locality."

When he was gone, I made up my mind to choose his successor on phrenological principles, one of the chief uses of phrenology having been stated by Mr. Dummer to be its applicability to the selection of servants. Accordingly, I rejected numerous applicants for his situation who came with the best recommendations, not finding their organizations in conformity with their alleged character, and finally made choice of one whose head, of my judgment, was to be depended on. He seemed to have a fine moral development, with particularly large "Wit," "Form," "Imitation," "Constructiveness," "Adhesiveness," "Marvellousness," and, as I thought, "Ideality."

When I inquired what his name was, he answered, "Bill Summers." I considered his substitution of "Bill" for "William" as a proof of the facetious tendency of his mind,—which, admiring innocent mirth rather than otherwise, I considered by no means a disqualification on his part for my service.

I soon found that the disposition to humorous manifestations was really very strong in this young gentleman, and was manifested in a variety of ways. If his fellow-servants asked him for anything, he would often playfully demand whether they did not wish they might get it. At the same time, he generally put his thumb up to his nose and twiddled his extended fingers. He would inquire of young passers-by at the area-railings, with whom he had no previous acquaintance, the state of the health of their maternal parents; whether those relatives were aware of their being from home; if they had disposed of their mangles; and many similar questions, which, though they had rather the semblance of impertinence, were no doubt dictated by a pure love of drollery.

This "Wit," or "Mirthfulness," acting along with "Imitation," and perhaps "Tune," oftentimes occasioned him to indulge in the utterance of various noises which I suppose were intended to resemble the cries of different animals. Of these, a favorite one was a note something like the call of the lapwing; another was similar to that of the turkey. The duck he imitated to perfection.

"Constructiveness," the organ of manual adroitness, he evinced by a singular dexterity in flinging stones, which sometimes excited my admiration, in spite of my perception of the dangerous tendency of the amusement. He was very fond also of piling little grottos with oyster-shells, which he collected while going on errands. His "Marvellousness," or "Wonder," was very apt to make him loiter in order to stare at sights. This habit sometimes occasioned us a little inconvenience; but then how interesting it was to observe the exemplification of truth! He was always especially attracted by the performance of Punch, which gratified the dramatic turn arising from his "Imitation," and was also a rich treat to his "Mirthfulness."

The faculty last mentioned in him was eminently practical, and the cook and housemaid had often to complain of its results, which were, sticking needles point uppermost in their chairs, putting chopped horse-hair in their beds, insects on the sly down their backs, and other like pleasantries. A neighbor, an antiquated spinster, one day sent in to complain that he had singed her cat's whiskers and shaved its tail; but, upon a careful admeasurement, finding "Benevolence" to be decidedly large, I acquitted him of so cruel a joke.

Of his well-developed "Form," whereon the talent for drawing depends, I observed a manifestation very shortly after his arrival. I was looking out of a back window which commanded a view of the yard, and of the knife-shed therein situated, where he had some work to do. This he had temporarily abandoned, and was engaged in making a sketch in white chalk upon the wall. First he drew a perpendicular line about two feet long, then a transverse one three-fourths shorter, at right angles with the top of it. The former he connected with the latter by a diagonal stroke, commencing at the termination of the one, and joining the other some four inches down its length. From the point of the scalene triangle thus formed, he dropped a fourth line about half a foot in length, and this he joined at its termination to the lateral part of a small irregular circle, beneath and united to which he described a larger oval, with a short horizontal line trifurcate at the end extended from either side, and two similar lines, but longer, a little inclined outwardly, depending from below it.

[This conception the author illustrates by a diagram representing a gallows, with hanging figure in outline.]

Having completed this design, which, as will be seen, was a pictorial commentary on the law of capital punish-

ment, he put his hands into his pockets under his apron, and fell to capering and whistling in high glee at the success of his performance; but, upon turning around, and catching sight of me at the window, he hastily resumed his employment. I had called Mrs. Brown, to show the amusement which I had derived from witnessing his proceedings, and we both agreed that the subject which he had chosen for illustration—the tendency and reward of crime—was in complete harmony with his large “Conscientiousness” and strongly indicative of his moral sense.

His “Adhesiveness” was shown in the delight which he evidently derived from the interchange of ideas with the butcher- and baker-boys at the area, wherein he would sometimes spend more time than I quite approved of.

In one respect, however, I was at a loss to reconcile his character with his development. He seemed, as I said, to have large “Ideality,” the protuberance indicative of the poet. Nevertheless, he never made any verses that I knew of, and, though he knew a few songs, they were principally of the description termed “Negro Melodies,” which can hardly be said to be of a poetical or sentimental character. Indeed, they were, for the most part, scarcely intelligible: there was one, in particular, in which one “Josey” was invited to “jim along.” I could make no head or tail of it.

To make sure that my phrenological estimate had been correct, I induced him, by the present of five shillings, to allow his head to be shaved and to let me trace out the different organs thereon in ink. I chose some of Mrs. Brown’s marking-ink for the purpose, which, being principally composed of nitrate of silver, or lunar caustic, was ineffaceable by ablution. I mapped out the bare scalp in exact conformity with the bust, and was confirmed in the conviction that I had made no mistake.

Shortly afterwards, several spoons were missing. The cook and housemaid, on being taxed with the theft, indignantly denied it; and the idea that so well-organized a boy as William was capable of such a delinquency was preposterous. Mrs. B. had a tame magpie, and, having read in various books of natural history of the propensity of this creature to pilfer and secrete such articles, we determined, not without great reluctance on my wife's part, that the bird's neck should be wrung,—an operation which was performed by William, and which he appeared to undertake with greater readiness than could have been predicted from his large "Benevolence."

We had occasionally before observed the marks of smutty fingers on the exterior of mince and apple pies, and had fancied that an undue diminution had taken place in their contents during their reservation in the larder. At length, too, the beer, which it was William's province to fetch, began to assume a much more aqueous character than is consistent with Barclayan integrity. This circumstance, in spite of our preconceived opinion of the lad's honesty, gradually induced us to question his pretensions to that virtue. At last, Mrs. Brown having lost a brooch, and a diligent search having been vainly instituted in the other servants' boxes, the bedroom of Master William was examined, under the auspices of F 34, when, to our astonishment and confusion, the brooch and two or three of the spoons, with a pawnbroker's duplicate for the rest, were discovered behind a loose brick in the chimney.

The youth was with little loss of time conveyed, in the charge of F, to the Clerkenwell Police-Office, and thence in a van to Newgate. Before he left, we called in Mr. Dummer to look at his head and explain its discordance with what he had turned out to be. And now comes the

climax of my narration, which I record for the benefit of inexperienced phrenologists. What I had marked out as "Ideality" was declared by Mr. D. to be in reality "Acquisitiveness," which in this instance was so large as to come three inches in advance of its legitimate boundary and to occupy the place of the former organ. Here, therefore, as that gentleman remarked, was one of those beautiful exceptions which prove a rule.

William is now in Australia. I have determined, in future, not to trust to my own skill as a manipulator in determining on a servant's character, but, instead, shall have recourse for that purpose to the assistance of a practised professor of phrenology. The guinea thus laid out will be well spent in the purchase of a guarantee against deception and loss.

The cook and housemaid, who, indignant at having been suspected, had given us warning, both declared that the boy was not only a thief, but an incorrigible story-teller. This feature of his character was beautifully accordant with his great "Marvellousness." On the whole, I consider my phrenological experiment to have been highly satisfactory.

BOUNCE MOLLOY AND CRAZY CRAB.

HORACE SMITH.

[No two English writers of humor are better known than Horace and James Smith, whose "Rejected Addresses" bid fair to become classics of English humor. In addition to their poems, of which we give examples elsewhere, they wrote many comic sketches, while Horace was the author of several novels. Horace Smith was born in

London about 1780, and died in 1849. We append, from his story of "Adam Brown," an illustrative extract.]

"MY good sir," began Captain Molloy, assuming a somewhat patronizing and consequential air, as he bowed himself, not ungracefully, into the parlor, "I should have done myself the honor of calling sooner, for I am well aware that the leading people of the locality should always be the first to welcome a new neighbor, as the rank and file will of course follow the example of their superior officers,—you'll excuse my military language, being an old soldier,—but the fact is, I have an apology to offer, which——"

"Which I will not trouble you to offer at all," interposed Brown, who hated all flummery and finery and felt rather nettled at the airs assumed by his visitant. "You might have stayed away longer if you liked, and you needn't have called now, if you didn't like; for, though I shall be always happy to see the good folks of Woodcote and its vicinity, I rather think I can do without them. My name, sir, is Adam Brown, late of the firm of Brown, Gubbins, and Co.; and the books of the Bank of England will vouch, I believe, for my respectability and independence." This was not a very polite speech, but the worthy merchant did not pique himself upon his courtesy, and did pique himself upon the money which he had so hardly earned, and which he thought ought to secure him a position in society wherever he might settle and whosoever might be his neighbors. "But you have not introduced me to these young ladies," he continued, in a blander tone. "Your daughters, I presume?"

"Yes, sir, yes," replied the father, looking at them with a smile of pride, "and the finest and the most fashionable as well as the most accomplished girls in this part of the country, though I say it that shouldn't say it." Matilda

endeavored to look modest at this speech, and, not feeling quite sure that she had succeeded, for that particular expression was not her *forte*, she determined to appear girlish and simple by giving her father a tap with her fingers and affectedly ejaculating, "La, pa! how can you?" Ellen's eyes were fixed on the ground, her usually faint bloom undergoing a deeper suffusion as she listened to the coarse praises of her father.

"I suppose," resumed the latter, "that you have seen most of our immediate neighbors,—old Penfold the parson, and old Dawson the apothecary, and old Roger Crab of Monkwell"—for the captain was in the habit of applying this term to his contemporaries, and even to his juniors, imagining that it would assist him in passing himself off for a younger man than he really was.

"The former gentlemen have called, but I have not yet seen anything of Mr. Crab."

"No loss, Mr. Brown,—no loss, if he never comes near you; for a more sneering, snarling, sarcastic, ill-tempered old hunk it would be difficult to find. I don't know which is the sourest, his looks or his temper."

"I verily believe," cried Matilda, "that the two together turned our beer, the last time he paid us a visit."

"Ha, ha, ha! well done, Tilda! My eldest daughter, you see, is a wit,—always had a jocular turn. By the powers! it must have been as she says: nothing could have done it but old Crab's verjuice face, for I brew my own beer, and capital stuff it is,—all malt and hops, no water. I hope you'll do me the favor of tasting it one of these days."

"I wonder you suffer so disagreeable and dangerous a fellow to visit you," observed the merchant.

"Well, sir, I am good-tempered to a fault,—always was; and if the leading person of the place was to turn his back

upon old Crab, he might as well turn hermit at once and become the monk of Monkwell. Ha, ha, ha! Besides, he is as bilious as a nabob, his wife is a confirmed invalid, neither of them likely to live long,—their money must go somewhere; and then he has purchased the right of shooting over an extensive manor; he often invites me to accompany him; and, as he is too sickly to eat all the game he shoots, he is compelled to give it to his acquaintance.”

“Why, then, it would appear that he does possess some good qualities.”

“Not he,—not any, at least, that he can help,—an old cynical curmudgeon!”

“Nay, dear papa,” urged Ellen, “you forget that he makes a most affectionate husband to a sick wife, and that he is very kind and generous to the poor, though he does scold them pretty sharply when he thinks they deserve it. Everybody says that his bark is worse than his bite; and, besides, he is so absent that I do think he hardly knows at times what ill-natured things he is saying.”

“Ay, Nell, and that’s the reason why I never notice his impertinence. If I thought he *meant* to be insolent—*By the powers!*” In delivering his favorite adjuration, the captain was accustomed to accumulate the emphasis on the first word with a vehemence proportioned to the gravity of the occasion, his present stress upon the “*by*” evidently implying that, if there were sufficient ground for the process, he would make no bones of the offender, but swallow him up whole, or cut him up into mince-meat, according to the state of his digestive functions. “Egad, Nell,” he continued, “both his bark and his bite are bad enough.”

“I have heard Ellen maintain,” cried Matilda, “that there was sweetness at his heart, even when there was sourness in his mouth. If it is so, I can only say that his

barley-sugar drops are very highly acidulated. Ha, ha, ha!"

"D'ye hear that? d'ye hear that?" exclaimed the father. "Didn't I tell you 'Tilda was a wit? As to old Crab, with his venomous jibes and jeers, and his malignant——" The conclusion of his speech was arrested by the opening of the door, and the appearance of John Trotman, ushering in the very party thus bitterly vituperated. "Ha, my good friend Crab," cried the unabashed captain, "I was just singing your praises to Mr. Brown. Allow me to introduce you to him." And he went through the form of presentation with as much pomposity as if he were in his own house and were conferring a favor upon both parties.

Brown, after gazing for a minute on the face of his new visitant, a little, shrivelled man of an atrabilarious hue and sufficiently acid expression, turned towards Matilda, exclaiming, with a significant smile, "It *is* fortunate, Miss Molloy, that I have not yet brewed my beer."

"Oh, ay,—true!" cried the captain, whose self-possession was almost the only one that he retained. "We were talking, Mr. Crab, of my famous table ale,—capital stuff and yet never gets up into the head."

"That *is* a recommendation," replied the party addressed, "for I have a great horror of water on the brain."

"Curious old mansion, this," pursued the captain, pretending not to hear the last innuendo: "on a small scale it reminds me, in some respects, of my own patrimonial seat. Ah, Mr. Crab, you were never at my fine place, Clognakilty House, in the county Down."

"No, captain: were *you*?" And then, as if talking to himself, the old gentleman ejaculated, as he counted his fingers, "There are estates in Ayrshire, and in the Isle of Skye, and in the Seilly Islands; and there are *chateaux en*

Espagne; and Ariosto tells us that all lost things are collected together in the moon; but where is there a dépôt for things that are very circumstantially described, but which never existed? It ought to be capacious. Yours is a large estate, I believe?"

"Immense, sir! immense! I forget the exact number of acres,—Irish acres, you know, are larger than yours,—but it is certainly one of the finest places in Ireland, though I say it that shouldn't say it."

"Nay, there we differ; for if you didn't say it, nobody would. If you assert the fact, I believe it; if I had seen the place with my own eyes, I might perhaps have doubted: but it's all the same; it's all the same. How say the logicians? *De non apparentibus et non existentibus eadem est ratio.*"

"And such hunting!" resumed the captain, addressing himself to Brown: "I must give you an account some day of my celebrated hunter Paddy-whack, and my famous race-horse Skyscraper. Faith and troth! I played first fiddle at the meetings in Ireland."

"The Irish, I believe, have their lyres, as well as their fiddles," muttered Crab, again counting his fingers with a vacant look of absence. "Some say that the lyre of Mercury had three strings, some say four, some say seven. Amphion built up the walls of Thebes by means of a lyre. Quære: Was Amphion an Irishman? The lyre of Orpheus was thrown into the sea. Quære: Did you live near the coast in Ireland?"

"The great steeple-chase that I rode at Clognakilty," resumed Molloy, "is admitted to be the most wonderful thing of the sort ever performed. Skyscraper would climb up a stone wall twelve feet high like a cat: well, sir, he took ten of these walls; and after I had rode him at speed for seven hours without drawing bit, he cleared at a leap

a river twenty-four feet wide. But the ground was low on the opposite side; the shock deranged my digestive functions; and for upward of five months—ay, just five months and four days—I could never eat more than an ounce at a time, so that I was known among my friends by the nickname of Ounce Molloy.”

“Are you quite sure it was not *Bounce* Molloy?” asked Crab, in a tone and with a look of innocent curiosity. “‘Bounce, Jupiter, bounce,’ are the words of Midas, in O’Hara’s burletta of *The Golden Pippin*. High nonsense, says Addison, is like beer in a bottle, which has in reality no strength or spirit, but frets, and flies, and bounces, and imitates the passions of a much nobler liquor.”

It might have been thought that the captain would have taken offence at these splenetic and pointed sallies; but he was not a man to quarrel with a neighbor from whom he occasionally borrowed money, besides deriving various other advantages from his propinquity. Crab, moreover, had a sort of charter, as a humorist subject to strange fits of absence, for thinking aloud and uttering whatever vagaries suggested themselves to his wandering thoughts; nor was it easy to believe that there was any raillery, badinage, or intentional offence in his effusions, however caustic, for his countenance never lost the grim seriousness of its expression, if we may except an occasional twinkle of his small, sharp eye, and his manner was invariably respectful. Rude and inopportune as his escapades appeared, they might, indeed, have been taken for the unconscious babblings of one who imagined that he was talking to himself and by himself, were it not manifest to a keen observer that he never gave them utterance unless when he was provoked by some display of arrogance, folly, or pretension.

Some further gasconades of the incorrigible captain

having drawn down upon him a renewal of oblique sarcasms from Crab, Ellen, in order to protect her father, engaged the attention of his assailant by detailing a case of distress,—a subject which never failed to elicit from her auditor an angry diatribe against the improvidence of the poor, and to secure some eventual relief to the sufferers, if, on a strict inquiry, they proved to be real objects of charity. Availing himself of this temporary diversion, the father whispered to Brown, as he pointed towards the delinquent, “I hope you don’t mind his saucy sallies; I don’t, for he really doesn’t know what he is saying. Flighty, sir, flighty: we call him Crazy Crab. Even when he means to be splenetic and caustic and waspish, we only laugh at his impertinence. You’re not offended with his wanderings, I trust?”

“Certainly not, if *you* are not,” replied Brown, chuckling till he grew red in the face. “On the contrary, I think his wanderings, as you call them, are very like home-thrusts, or shots in the bull’s-eye. Depend upon it, he’s a good bowler, for he seems to know that if you would hit the Jack at last you must seem at first not to be taking aim at it.” At this moment Matilda alluded to some private theatricals about to be performed at Gloucester, when the captain, utterly unable to lose any opportunity of bragging, exclaimed, “Ah, sir, nothing like Kilkenney for private theatricals,—never was and never will be. Egad, I starred it there famously,—took all the first characters. ”Tilda, dear, what was that celebrated Spanish character that all the world declared I acted to the very life?”

“Ferdinand Mendez Pinto,” ejaculated Crab, breaking off from his colloquy with Ellen, “was a celebrated Spaniard, and a surprising economist—of truth, being ever the first to visit non-existent cities and to receive the most

circumstantial intelligence of things that had never happened. His travels are extant, and written in choice Castilian."

"We were a jolly party of us," resumed the captain, not heeding this interruption; "and, faith! we kept it up famously. There was the Marquis of Mayo, Lord Ormonde, Walter Butler, and I; we agreed to dine with one another in turn,—that is to say, when I was not engaged to dine with the Duke of——Pshaw! I shall forget my own name next. 'Tilda, dear, what *is* the name of that duke I dined with so often at Kilkenny?"

"Duke Humphrey! Duke Humphrey! Eureka! it is found!" exclaimed Crab. "Douce, in his *Illustrations of Shakespeare*, explains the first phrase; the second was uttered by Archimedes when, on entering a full bath, he discovered that the quantity of water displaced depended upon the weight and volume of the body immersed in it."

"The last time I went to a match of pigeon-shooting," cried Molloy, making his rattan perform the sword-exercise with such slashing animation that his companions kept at a prudent distance, "I remember I rode to the place of meeting on my famous hunter Paddy-whack; and, *by* the powers! I never shot so well in all my life. Killed every bird but one, and he was knocked all to pieces. Beat all my competitors hollow; and yet the others had double-barrelled guns, while I had nothing in the world to shoot with but——"

"The long-bow," interposed Crab, "was once considered the best weapon to shoot with. The ancient ones were of a single piece; the modern long-bows have a thin piece of ash joined to them. But perhaps I interrupt you: pray go on."

"I was only about to add that mine was a single-barrel; and a famous cold I caught that same day, by shooting

without my hat; but I'm always catching cold in my head."

"His own fault: he's always going out without anything in it," whispered Crab to Brown.

"And that same day," pursued Molloy, "I made a party with General Hooker to go fishing in the river Newry. By the bye, Crab, what was the weight of that fine jack you caught last week in Langholme Water?"

"Twelve pounds."

"By the powers! is that all? The very last jack I caught in the river Newry weighed twenty-four pounds."

"Hang it," muttered Crab, aside, "I wish I could catch my jack again; I would double the captain's weight instantly, and make him a forty-eight-pounder."

"As for the poor general, he would hardly have hooked a fish if I hadn't been at his elbow abetting and aiding."

"*Rodomont-ading* and *gascon-ading*," said Crab, patting the tops of his fingers, and looking up to the sky, as if lost in an etymological reverie, "are derived, I think, from the boastful hero of Ariosto and the braggadocio character of the Gascon French."

"I brought the general home with me to Clognakilty House," pursued Molloy: "there was a party of six of us at dinner, and each of us drank five bottles of claret to his own cheek."

"That's more than I can swallow," observed Crab, very quietly.

"And yet I was as sober as a judge,—must have been, for I won twenty pounds afterward at cards, though I'm no great hand at whist."

"If you had played at brag, you must have won forty at the very least; it's a *very* gambling game."

CAUDLE'S WEDDING-DAY.

DOUGLAS JERROLD.

[Who Mrs. Caudle is everybody knows,—or ought to know, at all events, for Mrs. Caudle is a very notable personage, and has put herself and her long-suffering husband on permanent record. Douglas William Jerrold, the creator of the Caudles, was born in London in 1803, and died there in 1857. He was the author of a number of sparkling comedies, of which "Black-Eyed Susan" had a remarkable success. His humorous essays and character-sketches were very numerous, many of them contributed to *Punch*, whose reputation he did much to make. "Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures" are the most widely known, and seem likely to be the most permanently popular, of his writings. Mr. Caudle was always doing something to excite the ire of his better half, who took advantage of their night-cap conclaves to impale him for his faults with the sharp end of her tongue. Occasionally she broke the sleep of her long-suffering spouse to gain ends of her own, as in the following instance.]

CAUDLE, love, do you know what next Sunday is? *No?* You don't! Well, was there ever such a strange man! Can't you guess, darling? Next Sunday, dear? Think, love, a minute,—just think. What! and you don't know now? Ha! If I hadn't a better memory than you I don't know how we should ever get on. Well, then, pet, shall I tell you, dear, what next Sunday is? Why, then, it's our wedding-day. What are you groaning at, Mr. Caudle? I don't see anything to groan at. If anybody should groan, I'm sure it isn't you. No: I rather think it's I who ought to groan!

Oh, dear! That's fourteen years ago. You were a very different man then, Mr. Caudle. What do you say? *And I was a very different woman?* Not at all; just the same. Oh, you needn't roll your head about on the pillow in that way: I say, just the same. Well, then, if I'm

altered, whose fault is it? Not mine, I'm sure,—certainly not. Don't tell me that I couldn't talk at all then: I could talk just as well then as I can now; only then I hadn't the same cause. It's you have made me talk. What do you say? *You're very sorry for it?* Caudle, you do nothing but insult me.

Ha! You were a good-tempered nice creature fourteen years ago, and would have done anything for me. Yes, yes, if a woman would be always cared for she should never marry. There's quite an end of the charm when she goes to church! We're all angels while you're courting us; but once married, how soon you pull our wings off! No, Mr. Caudle, I'm not talking nonsense; but the truth is, you like to hear nobody talk but yourself. Nobody ever tells me that I talk nonsense but you. Now, it's no use your turning and turning about in that way; it's not a bit of—What do you say? *You'll get up?* No, you won't, Caudle; you'll not serve me that trick again, for I've locked the door and hid the key. There's no getting hold of you in daytime; but here you can't leave me. You needn't groan, Mr. Caudle.

Now, Caudle, dear, do let us talk comfortably. After all, love, there's a good many folks who, I dare say, don't get on half so well as we've done. We've both our little tempers, perhaps, but you are aggravating, you must own that, Caudle. Well, never mind; we won't talk of it; I won't scold you now. We'll talk of next Sunday, love. We never have kept our wedding-day, and I think it would be a nice day to have our friends. What do you say? *They'd think it hypocrisy?* No hypocrisy at all. I'm sure I try to be comfortable; and if ever a man was happy, you ought to be. No, Caudle, no; it isn't nonsense to keep wedding-days; it isn't a deception on the world, and if it is, how many people do it! I'm sure

it's only a proper compliment that a man owes to his wife. Look at the Winkles: don't they give a dinner every year? Well, I know; and if they do fight a little in the course of the twelvemonth, that's nothing to do with it. They keep their wedding-day, and their acquaintance have nothing to do with anything else.

As I say, Caudle, it's only a proper compliment a man owes to his wife to keep his wedding-day. It is as much as to say to the whole world, "There, if I had to marry again, my blessed wife's the only woman I'd choose!" Well, I see nothing to groan at, Mr. Caudle,—no, nor to sigh at, either; but I know what you mean; I'm sure, what would have become of you if you hadn't married as you have done—why, you'd have been a lost creature! I know it; I know your habits, Caudle; and—I don't like to say it—but you'd have been little better than a ragamuffin. Nice scrapes you'd have got into, I know, if you hadn't had me for a wife. The trouble I've had to keep you respectable!—and what's my thanks? Ha! I only wish you'd had some women!

But we won't quarrel, Caudle. No; you don't mean anything, I know. We'll have this little dinner, eh? Just a few friends? Now, don't say you don't care; that isn't the way to speak to a wife, and especially the wife I've been to you, Caudle. Well, you agree to the dinner, eh? Now, don't grunt, Mr. Caudle, but speak out. You'll keep your wedding-day? What? *If I'll let you go to sleep?* Ha, that's unmanly, Caudle; can't you say, "Yes," without anything else? I say—can't you say "Yes"? There, bless you! I knew you would.

And now, Caudle, what shall we have for dinner? No, we won't talk of it to-morrow; we'll talk of it now, and then it will be off my mind. I should like something particular,—something out of the way,—just to show that we

thought the day something. I should like—Mr. Caudle, you're not asleep? *What do I want?* Why, you know I want to settle about the dinner. *Have what I like?* No: as it is your fancy to keep the day, it's only right that I should try to please you. We never had one, Caudle, so what do you think of a haunch of venison? What do you say? *Mutton will do?* Ha! that shows what you think of your wife. I dare say if it was any of your club friends—any of your pot-house companions—you'd have no objection to venison. I say if—What do you mutter? *Let it be venison?* Very well. And now about the fish. What do you think of a nice turbot? No, Mr. Caudle, *brill* won't do; it shall be turbot, or there shan't be any fish at all. Oh, what a mean man you are, Caudle! Shall it be turbot? *It shall?* And now about—the soup. Now, Caudle, don't swear at the soup in that manner: you know there must be soup. Well, once in a way, and just to show our friends how happy we've been, we'll have some real turtle. *No, you won't; you'll have nothing but mock?* Then, Mr. Caudle, you may sit at the table by yourself. Mock-turtle on a wedding-day! Was there ever such an insult? What do you say? *Let it be real, then, for once?* Ha, Caudle! as I say, you were a very different person fourteen years ago.

And, Caudle, you look after the venison! There's a place I know, somewhere in the city, where you'll get it beautiful. You'll look at it? *You will?* Very well.

And, now, who shall we invite? *Who I like?* Now, you know, Caudle, that's nonsense; because I only like whom you like. I suppose the Prettymans must come. But understand, Caudle, I don't have *Miss Prettyman*: I am not going to have my peace of mind destroyed under my own roof: if she comes, I don't appear at the table. What do you say? *Very well?* Very well be it, then.

And now, Caudle, you'll not forget the venison? In the city, my dear! You'll not forget the venison? A haunch, you know,—a nice haunch. And you'll not forget the venison? (*A loud snore.*) Bless me, if he ain't asleep! Oh, the unfeeling men!

[Mrs. Caudle at length wears herself out and dies, and Caudle justifies her jealousy, by marrying the very Miss Prettyman to whom she had shown such a prophetic dislike. But she is revenged upon her rival, as will be seen in the sketch given below.]

CAUDLE'S SECOND WIFE.

When Harry Prettyman saw the very superb funeral of Mrs. Caudle,—Prettyman attended as mourner, and was particularly jolly in the coach,—he observed that the disconsolate widower showed that, above all men, he knew how to make the best of a bad bargain. The remark, as the dear deceased would have said, was unmanly, brutal, but quite like *that Prettyman*. The same scoffer, when Caudle declared “he should never cease to weep,” replied, “he was very sorry to hear it; for it *must* raise the price of onions.” It was not enough to help to break the heart of a wife; no, the savage must joke over its precious pieces.

The funeral, we repeat, was remarkably handsome: in Prettyman's words, nothing could be more satisfactory. Caudle spoke of a monument. Whereupon Prettyman suggested “Death gathering a nettle.” Caudle—the act did equal honor to his brain and his bosom—rejected it.

Mr. Caudle, attended by many of his friends, returned to his widowed home in tolerable spirits. Prettyman said, jocosely poking his two fingers in Caudle's ribs, that in a week he'd look “quite a tulip.” Caudle merely replied, he could hardly hope it.

Prettyman's mirth, however, communicated itself to the company; and in a very little time the meeting took the

air of a very pleasant party. Somehow, Miss Prettyman presided at the tea-table. There was in her manner a charming mixture of grace, dignity, and confidence,—a beautiful black swan. Prettyman, by the way, whispered to a friend that there was just this difference between Mrs. Caudle and his sister,—“Mrs. Caudle was a great goose, whereas Sarah was a little duck.” We will not swear that Caudle did not overhear the words; for, as he resignedly stirred his tea, he looked at the lady at the head of the table, smiled, and sighed.

It was odd; but women are so apt! Miss Prettyman seemed as familiar with Caudle's silver teapot as with her own silver thimble. With a smile upon her face—like the butter on the muffins—she handed Caudle his teacup. Caudle would now and then abstractedly cast his eyes above the mantel-piece. There was Mrs. Caudle's portrait. Whereupon Miss Prettyman would say, “You must take comfort, Mr. Caudle, indeed you must.” At length Mr. Caudle replied, “I will, Miss Prettyman.”

What then passed through Caudle's brain we know not; but this we know: in a twelvemonth and a week from that day, Sarah Prettyman was Caudle's second wife,—Mrs. Caudle number two. Poor thing!

Mr. Caudle begins to “show off the fiend that's in him.”

“It is rather extraordinary, Mrs. Caudle, that we have now been married four weeks,—I don't exactly see what you have to sigh about,—and yet you can't make me a proper cup of tea. However, I don't know how I should expect it. There never was but one woman who could make tea to my taste, and she is now in heaven. Now, Mrs. Caudle, let me hear no crying. I'm not one of the people to be melted by the tears of a woman: for you can all cry—all of you—at a minute's notice. The water's

always laid on, and down it comes if a man only holds up his finger.

"*You didn't think I could be so brutal?* That's it. Let a man only speak, and he's brutal. It's a woman's first duty to make a decent cup of tea. What do you think I married you for? It's all very well with your tambour-work and such trumpery. You can make butterflies on kettle-holders; but can you make a pudding, ma'am? I'll be bound not.

"Of course, as usual, you've given me the corner roll, because you know I hate a corner roll. I *did* think you must have seen that. I *did* hope I should not be obliged to speak on so paltry a subject; but it's no use to hope to be mild with you. I see that's hopeless.

"And what a herring! And you call it a bloater, I suppose? Ha! there *was* a woman who had an eye for a bloater, but—sainted creature!—she's here no longer. *You wish she was?* Oh, I understand that. I'm sure, if anybody should wish her back, it's—but she was too good for me. 'When I'm gone, Caudle,' she used to say, 'then you'll know the wife I was to you.' And now I do know it.

"Here's the eggs boiled to a stone again! Do you think, Mrs. Caudle, I'm a canary-bird, to be fed upon hard eggs? Don't tell me about the *servant*. A wife is answerable to her husband for her servants. It's her business to hire proper people: if she doesn't, she's not fit to be a wife. I find the money, Mrs. Caudle, and I expect you to find the cookery.

"There you are with your pocket-handkerchief again,—the old flag of truce; but it doesn't trick me. *A pretty honeymoon?* Honeymoon? Nonsense! People can't have two honeymoons in their lives. *There are feelings*—I find it now—that we can't have twice in our existence. *There's no making honey a second time.*

“No; I think I’ve put up with your neglect long enough; and there’s nothing like beginning as we intend to go on. Therefore, Mrs. Caudle, if my tea isn’t made a little more to my liking to-morrow, and if you insult me with a herring like that, and boil my eggs that you might fire ’em out of guns,—why, perhaps, Mrs. Caudle, you may see a man in a passion. It takes a good deal to rouse me, but when I am up—I say, when I am up—that’s all.

“Where did I put my gloves? *You don’t know?* Of course not: you know nothing.”

POETICAL RECREATIONS.

VARIOUS.

[To the groups of selected poems already given we add the following, made up of extracts from some of the minor English poets, grains of gold (we hope) dug out of a mass of dross.]

NOT A SOUS HAD HE GOT.

(Parody on Wolfe’s “Burial of Sir John Moore.”)

Not a *sous* had he got,—not a guinea or note,—
And he looked confoundedly flurried,
As he bolted away without paying his shot,
And the landlady after him hurried.

We saw him again at dead of night,
When home from the club returning;
We twigged the doctor beneath the light
Of the gas-lamp brilliantly burning.

All bare, and exposed to the midnight dews,
Reclined in the gutter we found him ;
And he looked like a gentleman taking a snooze,
With his *Marshall* cloak around him.

"The doctor's as drunk as the d——," we said,
And we managed a shutter to borrow ;
We raised him, and sighed at the thought that his head
Would "consumedly ache" on the morrow.

We bore him home, and we put him to bed,
And we told his wife and his daughter
To give him, next morning, a couple of red
Herrings, with soda-water.

Loudly they talked of his money that's gone,
And his lady began to upbraid him ;
But little he recked, so they let him snore on
'Neath the counterpane just as we laid him.

We tucked him in, and had hardly done,
When, beneath the window calling,
We heard the rough voice of a son of a gun
Of a watchman "One o'clock" bawling.

Slowly and sadly we all walked down
From his room in the uppermost story ;
A rushlight was placed in the cold hearth-stone,
And we left him alone in his glory.

RICHARD H. BARHAM.

THE BITER BIT.

The sun is in the sky, mother, the flowers are springing fair,
And the melody of woodland birds is stirring in the air ;
The river, smiling to the sky, glides onward to the sea,
And happiness is everywhere, oh, mother, but with me !

They are going to the church, mother,—I hear the marriage bell,

It booms along the upland,—oh, it haunts me like a knell ;

He leads her on his arm, mother, he cheers her faltering step,

And closely to his side she clings,—she does, the demirep !

They are crossing by the stile, mother, where we so oft have stood,

The stile beside the shady thorn, at the corner of the wood ;

And the boughs, that wont to murmur back the words that won my ear,

Wave their silver branches o'er him, as he leads his bridal fere.

He will pass beside the stream, mother, where first my hand he pressed,

By the meadow where, with quivering lip, his passion he confessed,

And down the hedge-rows where we've strayed again and yet again ;

But he will not think of me, mother, his broken-hearted Jane !

He said that I was proud, mother, that I looked for rank and gold,

He said I did not love him,—he said my words were cold ;

He said I kept him off and on, in hopes of higher game ;

And it may be that I did, mother ; but who hasn't done the same ?

I did not know my heart, mother ; I know it now too late ;

I thought that I without a pang could wed some nobler mate ;

But no nobler suitor sought me, and he has taken wing,
And my heart is gone, and I am left a lone and blighted
thing.

You may lay me in my bed, mother,—my head is throbbing sore ;
And, mother, prithee let the sheets be duly aired before ;
And, if you'd please, my mother dear, your poor desponding child,
Draw me a pot of beer, mother, and, mother, draw it mild !

WILLIAM AYTOUN.

THE THREE BLACK CROWS.

Two honest tradesmen meeting in the Strand,
One took the other briskly by the hand ;
“ Hark-ye,” said he, “ ’tis an odd story this
About the crows ! ” — “ I don’t know what it is,”
Replied his friend. — “ No ! I’m surprised at that ;
Where I came from it is the common chat ;
But you shall hear ; an odd affair indeed !
And, that it happened, they are all agreed :
Not to detain you from a thing so strange,
A gentleman, that lives not far from ’Change,
This week, in short, as all the alley knows,
Taking a puke, has thrown up three black crows.” —
“ Impossible ! ” — “ Nay, but it’s really true ;
I have it from good hands, and so may you.” —
“ From whose, I pray ? ” — So, having named the man,
Straight to inquire his curious comrade ran.
“ Sir, did you tell ” — relating the affair. —
“ Yes, sir, I did ; and, if it’s worth your care,

Ask Mr. Such-a-one, he told it me.

But, by the bye, 'twas *two* black crows, not *three*."

Resolved to trace so wondrous an event,
Whip, to the third, the virtuoso went;
"Sir,"—and so forth.—"Why, yes; the thing is fact,
Though in regard to number not exact;
It was not *two* black crows, 'twas only *one*;
The truth of *that* you may depend upon;
The gentleman himself told me the case."—
"Where may I find him?"—"Why, in such a place."
Away goes he, and, having found him out,
"Sir, be so good as to resolve a doubt."
Then to his last informant he referred,
And begged to know if *true* what he had heard.
"Did you, sir, throw up a black crow?"—"Not I."—
"Bless me! how people propagate a lie!
Black crows have been thrown up, *three, two, and one*;
And here, I find, all comes, at last, to *none*!
Did you say *nothing* of a crow *at all*?"—
"Crow,—crow,—perhaps I might, now I recall
The matter over."—"And pray, sir, what was't?"
"Why, I was *horrid* sick, and, at the last,
I did throw up, and told my neighbor so,
Something that was—as *black*, sir, as a crow."

JOHN BYROM.

THE HAUNCH OF VENISON.

At Number One dwelt Captain Drew,
George Benson dwelt at Number Two
(The street we'll not now mention):
The latter stunned the King's Bench bar,
The former, being lamed in war,
Sang small upon a pension.

Tom Blewit knew them both ; than he
None deeper in the mystery
Of culinary knowledge,
From turtle soup to Stilton cheese,
Apt student, taking his degrees
In Mrs. Rundell's college.

Benson to dine invited Tom ;
Proud of an invitation from
A host who "spread so nicely,"
Tom answered, ere the ink was dry,
"Extremely happy—come on Fri-
Day next, at six precisely."

Blewit, with expectation fraught,
Drove up at six, each savory thought
Ideal turbot rich in ;
But, ere he reached the winning-post,
He saw a haunch of ven'son roast
Down in the next-door kitchen.

"Hey! zounds! what's this? a haunch at Drew's?
I must drop in; I can't refuse;
To pass were downright treason;
To cut Ned Benson's not quite stanch;
But the provocative—a haunch!
Zounds! it's the first this season.

"Ven'son, thou'rt mine! I'll talk no more."
Then, rapping thrice at Benson's door,
"John, I'm in such a hurry;
Do tell your master that my aunt
Is paralytic, quite aslant,
I must be off for Surrey."

Now Tom at next door makes a din :
"Is Captain Drew at home?"—"Walk in."
"Drew, how d'ye do?" "What! Blewit?"
"Yes, I—you've asked me, many a day,
To drop in, in a quiet way,
So now I'm come to do it."

"I'm very glad you have," said Drew ;
"I've nothing but an Irish stew——"
Quoth Tom (aside), "No matter ;
'Twon't do: my stomach's up to that ;
'Twill lie by, till the lucid fat
Comes quivering on the platter."

"You see your dinner, Tom," Drew cried.
"No, but I don't, though," Tom replied ;
"I smoked below."—"What?"—"Ven'son,—
A haunch."—"Oh! true; it is not mine ;
My neighbor has some friends to dine."
"Your neighbor! Who?" "George Benson."

"His chinney smoked; the scene to change,
I let him have my kitchen range,
While his was newly polished ;
The ven'son you observed below
Went home just half an hour ago ;
I guess it's now demolished.

"Tom, why that look of doubtful dread ;
Come, help yourself to salt and bread,
Don't sit with hands and knees up,
But dine, for once, off Irish stew,
And read the 'Dog and Shadow' through
When next you open Æsop."

JAMES SMITH.

VENUS OF THE NEEDLE.

O Maryanne, you pretty girl,
Intent on silky labor,
Of sempstresses the pink and pearl,
Excuse a peeping neighbor!

Those eyes, forever drooping, give
The long brown lashes rarely ;
But violets in the shadows live,—
For once unvail them fairly.

Hast thou not lent that flounce enough
Of looks so long and earnest ?
Lo! here's "more penetrable stuff,"
To which thou never turnest.

Ye graceful fingers, deftly sped !
How slender, and how nimble !
Oh, might I wind their skeins of thread,
Or but pick up their thimble !

How blest the youth whom love shall bring,
And happy stars embolden,
To change the dome into a ring,
The silver into golden !

Who'll steal some morning to her side
To take her finger's measure,
While Maryanne pretends to chide,
And blushes deep with pleasure.

Who'll watch her sew her wedding-gown,
Well conscious that it is hers,
Who'll glean a tress, without a frown,
With those so ready scissors.

Who'll taste those ripenings of the south,
The fragrant and delicious——
Don't put your pins into your mouth,
O Maryanne, my precious!

I almost wish it were my trust
To teach how shocking that is;
I wish I had not, as I must,
To quit this tempting lattice.

Sure aim takes Cupid, fluttering foe,
Across a street so narrow;
A thread of silk to string his bow,
A needle for his arrow!

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

SAYING, NOT MEANING.

Two gentlemen their appetites had fed,
When, opening his toothpick-case, one said,
"It was not until lately that I knew
That *anchovies* on *terra firma* grew."
"Grow!" cried the other, "yes, they *grow*, indeed,
Like other fish, but not upon the land:
You might as well say grapes grow on a reed,
Or in the Strand!"

"Why sir," replied the irritated other,
"My brother,
When at Calcutta,
Beheld them *bona fide* growing;
He wouldn't utter
A lie for love or money, sir: and so in

This matter you are thoroughly mistaken."
"Nonsense, sir! nonsense! I can give no credit
To the assertion: none e'er saw or read it;
Your brother, like his evidence, should be shaken."

"Be shaken, sir! let me observe, you are
Perverse,—in short——"
"Sir," said the other, sucking his cigar,
And then his port,
"If you will say impossibles are true,
You may affirm just anything you please,—
That swans are quadrupeds, and lions blue,
And elephants inhabit Stilton cheese!
Only you must not *force* me to believe
What's propagated merely to deceive."

"Then you force me to say, sir, you're a fool,"
Returned the bragger.
Language like this no man can suffer cool:
It made the listener stagger;
So, thunder-stricken, he at once replied,
"The traveller *lied*
Who had the impudence to tell it you."
"Zounds! then d'ye mean to swear before my face
That anchovies don't grow like cloves and mace?"
"I *do*!"

Disputants often after hot debates
Leave the contention as they found it,—bone,—
And take to duelling or thumping *têtes*,
Thinking by strength of artery to atone
For strength of argument, and he who winces
From force of words, with force of arms convinces!

With pistols, powder, bullets, surgeons, lint,
Seconds, and smelling-bottles, and foreboding,
Our friends advanced; and now portentous loading
(Their hearts already loaded) served to show
It might be better they shook hands; but no;
When each opines himself, though frightened, right,
Each is, in courtesy, obliged to fight!
And they *did* fight: from six full-measured paces
The unbeliever pulled his trigger first,
And fearing, from the braggart's ugly faces,
The whizzing lead had whizzed its very worst,
Ran up, and with a *duelistic* fear
(His ire evanishing like morning vapors)
Found him possessed of one remaining ear,
Who in a manner sudden and uncouth,
Had given, not lent, the other ear to truth;
For while the surgeon was applying lint,
He wriggling cried, "The deuce is in't!—
Sir, I *meant*—CAPERS!"

WILLIAM BASIL WAKE.

THE GRINDER AND HIS CLASS.

ALBERT SMITH.

[Albert Smith (born at Chertsey, England, in 1816, died in 1860) was the author of a number of novels, and of "National Histories of Stuck-up People," "The Idler upon Town," and other humorous sketches. The selection given will appeal to the experience of those of our medical students who, after six months' idleness, attempt to prepare in a month's "cram" for examination. Human nature, in this respect, is the same in America as in England, and the office of private tutor is no more a sinecure here than abroad.]

ONE fine morning in the October of the third winter session the student is suddenly struck by the recollection

that at the end of the course the time will arrive for him to be thinking about undergoing the ordeals of the Hall and College. Making up his mind, therefore, to begin studying in earnest, he becomes a *pro tempore* member of a temperance society, pledging himself to abstain from immoderate beer for six months; he also purchases a coffee-pot, a reading-candlestick, and Steggall's Manual; and then, contriving to accumulate five guineas to pay a "grinder," he routs out his old note-books from the bottom of his box and commences to "read for the Hall."

Aspirants to honors in law, physic, or divinity each know the value of private cramming,—a process by which their brains are fattened by abstinence from liquids and an increase of dry food (some of it *very* dry), like the livers of Strasbourg geese. There are grinders in each of these three professional classes; but the medical teacher is the man of the most varied and eccentric knowledge. Not only is he intimately acquainted with the different branches required to be studied, but he is also master of all their minutiae. In accordance with the taste of the examiners, he learns and imparts to his class at what degree of heat water boils in a balloon,—how the article of commerce *Prussian blue* is more easily and correctly defined as the *Ferrosesquicyanuret of the Cyanide of Potassium*,—why the nitrous oxide, or laughing gas, influences people to make such asses of themselves,—and, especially, all sorts of individual inquiries, which, if continued at the present rate, will range from "Who discovered the use of the spleen?" to "Who killed Cock Robin?" for aught we know. They ask questions at the Hall quite as vague as these.

It is twelve o'clock at noon. In a large room, ornamented by shelves of bottles and preparations, with varnished prints of medical plants and cases of articulated bones and ligaments, a number of young men are seated

round a long table covered with baize, in the centre of whom an intellectual-looking man, whose well-developed forehead shows the amount of knowledge it can contain, is interrogating by turns each of the students and endeavoring to impress the points in question on their memories by various diverting associations. Each of his pupils, as he passes his examination, furnishes him with a copy of the subjects touched upon; and by studying these minutely the private teacher forms a pretty correct idea of the general run of the "Hall questions."

"Now, Mr. Muff," says the gentleman to one of his class, handing him a bottle of something which appears like specimens of a chestnut colt's coat after he has been clipped, "what's that, sir?"

"That's cow-itch, sir," replies Mr. Muff.

"Cow what? You must call it at the Hall by its botanical name,—*Dolichos pruriens*. What is it used for?"

"To strew in people's beds that you owe a grudge to," replies Muff; whereat all the class laugh, except the last-comer, who takes it all for granted and makes a note of the circumstance in his interleaved manual.

"That answer would floor you," continues the grinder. "The *dolichos* is used to destroy worms. How does it act, Mr. Jones?"—going on to the next pupil, a man in a light cotton cravat and no shirt-collar, who looks very like a butler out of place.

"It tickles them to death, sir," answers Mr. Jones.

"You should say it acts mechanically," observes the grinder. "The fine points stick into the worms and kill them. They say, 'Is this a dagger which I see before me?' and then die. Recollect the dagger, Mr. Jones, when you go up. Mr. Manhug, what do you consider the best sudorific, if you wanted to throw a person into a perspiration?"

Mr. Manhug, who is the wag of the class, finishes in rather an abrupt manner a song he was humming *sotto voce*, having some allusion to a peer who was known as Thomas, Lord Noddy, having passed a night at a house of public entertainment in the Old Bailey previous to an execution. He then takes a pinch of snuff, winks at the other pupils, as much as to say, "See me tackle him now," and replies, "The gallery door of Covent Garden on Boxing-night."

"Now, come, be serious for once, Mr. Manhug," continues the teacher. "What else is likely to answer the purpose?"

"I think a run up Holborn Hill, with two Ely-Place knockers on your arm and three policemen on your heels, might have a good effect," answers Mr. Manhug.

"Do you ever think you will pass the Hall, if you go on at this rate?" observes the teacher, in a tone of mild reproach.

"Not a doubt of it, sir," returns the imperturbable Manhug. "I've passed it twenty times within this last month, and did not find any very great difficulty about it; neither do I expect to, unless they block up Union Street and Water Lane."

The grinder gives Mr. Manhug up as a hopeless case, and goes on to the next. "Mr. Rapp, they will be very likely to ask you the composition of the *compound gamboge pill*: what is it made of?"

Mr. Rapp hasn't the least idea.

"Remember, then, it is composed of cambogia, aloes, ginger, and soap,—C, A, G, S,—*cags*. Recollect Cags, Mr. Rapp. What would you do if you were sent for to a person poisoned by oxalic acid?"

"Give him some chalk," returns Mr. Rapp.

"But suppose you had not got any chalk: what would you substitute?"

"Oh, anything; pipe-clay and soapsuds."

"Yes, that's all very right; but we will presume you could not get any pipe-clay and soapsuds,—in fact, that there was nothing in the house. What would you do then?"

Mr. Manhug cries out from the bottom of the table, "Let him die and be——!"

"Now, Mr. Manhug, I really must entreat of you to be more steady," interrupts the professor. "You would scrape the ceiling with the fire-shovel, would you not? Plaster contains lime, and lime is an antidote. Recollect that, if you please. They like you to say you would scrape the ceiling, at the Hall: they think it shows a ready invention in emergency. Mr. Newcome, you have heard the last question and answer?"

"Yes, sir," says the fresh arrival, as he finishes making a note of it.

"Well, you are sent for, to a man who has hung himself. What would be your first endeavor?"

"To scrape the ceiling with a fire-shovel," mildly observes Mr. Newcome; whereupon the class indulges in a hearty laugh, and Mr. Newcome blushes as deep as the red bull's-eye of a New Road doctor's lamp.

"What would *you* do, Mr. Manhug? perhaps you can inform Mr. Newcome."

"Cut him down, sir," answers the indomitable *farceur*.

"Well, well," continues the teacher, "but we will presume he has been cut down. What would you strive to do next?"

"Cut him up, sir, if the coroner would give an order for a post-mortem examination."

"We have had no chemistry this morning," observes one of the pupils.

"Very well, Mr. Rogers: we will go on with it, if you

wish. How would you endeavor to detect the presence of gold in any body?"

"By begging the loan of a sovereign, sir," interrupts Mr. Manhug.

"If he knew you as well as I do, Manhug," observes Mr. Jones, "he'd be sure to lend it.—oh, yes!—I should rather think so, certainly." Whereupon Mr. Jones compresses his nostril with the thumb of his right hand, and moves his fingers as if he was performing a concerto on an imaginary one-handed flageolet.

"Mr. Rapp, what is the difference between an element and a compound body?"

Mr. Rapp is again obliged to confess his ignorance.

"A compound body is composed of two or more elements," says the grinder, "in various proportions. Give me an example, Mr. Jones."

"Half-and-half is a compound body, composed of the two elements ale and porter, the proportion of the porter increasing in an inverse ratio to the respectability of the public house you get it from," replies Mr. Jones.

The professor smiles, and, taking up a *Pharmacopœia*, says, "I see here directions for evaporating certain liquids in a 'water-bath.' Mr. Newcome, what is the most familiar instance of a water-bath you are acquainted with?"

"In High Holborn, sir; between Little Queen Street and Drury Lane," returns Mr. Newcome.

"A water-bath means a vessel placed in boiling water, Mr. Newcome, to keep it at a certain temperature. If you are asked at the Hall for the most familiar instance, they like you to say a carpenter's glue-pot."

And in like manner the grinding-class proceeds.

ANECDOTES OF NOTABLE PERSONAGES.

VARIOUS.

[We have already given a series of anecdotes of leading Americans, which we design, in the present half-hour reading, to match with some anecdotes of notable Englishmen. These, indeed, are not solely records of the wit and wisdom of said personages; some rather record their stupidity; in others the humor is that of situation rather than of saying. Hundreds of such anecdotal stories are in existence, from which a brief selection may be of interest to our readers.]

SIR ISAAC NEWTON, one evening in winter, feeling it extremely cold, instinctively drew his chair very close to the grate, in which a fire had been recently lighted. By degrees, the fire becoming completely kindled, Sir Isaac felt the heat intolerably intense, and rang his bell with unusual violence. John was not at hand; he at last made his appearance, by the time the philosopher was almost roasted.

"Remove the grate, you lazy rascal!" exclaimed Sir Isaac, in a tone of irritation very uncommon with that amiable personage; "remove the grate before I am burned to death."

"Please, your honor, had you not better draw back your chair?" replied John, a little waggishly.

"Upon my word," said Sir Isaac, smiling, "I never thought of that."

[An instance of equal absent-mindedness, recorded of the German poet Lessing, may be fitly introduced here.]

Having missed money at different times, without being able to discover who took it, Lessing determined to put the honesty of his servant to the test, and left a handful of gold on the table.

"Of course you counted it," said one of his friends.

"Counted it!" said Lessing, rather embarrassed: "no, I forgot that."

[The following story is told of Foote, the comedian, who was celebrated for his ready wit.]

Foote, when travelling in the west of England, dined one day at an inn. When the cloth was removed, the landlord asked him how he liked his fare.

"I have dined as well as any man in England," said Foote.

"Except the mayor," cried the landlord.

"I do not except anybody."

"But you must," bawled the host.

"I won't."

"You must!"

At length the strife ended by the landlord (who was a petty magistrate) taking Foote before the mayor, who told him that it was an ancient custom in that town always to except the mayor, and fined him a shilling for not conforming to this custom. Foote paid the shilling, at the same time remarking that he considered the landlord the greatest fool in Christendom—except the mayor.

When Sir Richard Steele was fitting up his great room in York Building, which he intended for public orations, he managed to get much behindhand in wages with his workmen. One day, being desirous to learn how the room was suited to the conveyance of sound, he asked one of the men to mount into the rostrum and make a speech. The fellow scratched his head, and replied that he did not know what to say.

"Oh," said the knight, "say anything that comes into your head."

The man promised to comply, and Sir Richard retired to the extremity of the hall.

"Sir Richard," said the orator, "here we have been working for you these six weeks, and cannot get a penny of money: when do you intend to pay us?"

"That will do, that will do," said Sir Richard; "pray come down. I have heard enough. I must admit that you speak very distinctly, though I don't admire your choice of a subject."

[Sir Thomas More, who occupied prominent positions in the court of Henry VIII. and was noted for his wit, is the hero of the following story.]

The king appointed Sir Thomas to carry an angry message to Francis I. of France. Sir Thomas replied, "If I should carry such a message to so violent a king as Francis, it might cost me my head." "Never fear," answered Henry; "if Francis should cut off your head, I will make every Frenchman in London a head shorter." "I am obliged to your majesty," rejoined Sir Thomas, "but I much doubt if any of their heads will fit my shoulders."

It was the habit of Lord Eldon, when he was attorney-general, to close his speeches with some remarks justifying his own character. At the trial of Horne Tooke, speaking of his own reputation, he said,—

"It is the little inheritance I have to leave my children, and, by God's help, I will leave it unimpaired."

Here he shed tears, and, to the astonishment of those present, Mitford, an attorney of the court, began to weep.

"Just look at Mitford," said a by-stander to Tooke; "what on earth is he crying for?"

Tooke replied, "He is weeping to think what a small inheritance Eldon's children are likely to get."

Hogarth was once applied to by a miserly old nobleman to paint on his staircase a representation of the destruction of Pharaoh's hosts in the Red Sea. The miser was unwilling to pay more than half the value of the picture. After considerable debate, Hogarth impatiently agreed to his terms. Within a day or two the nobleman was apprised that the picture was finished. Astonished at such rapidity, he hastened to examine it, and found the stairway painted a uniform red. "Zounds!" he cried, "what have you here? I ordered a scene of the Red Sea." "Very well; you have the Red Sea," said Hogarth. "But where are the Israelites?" "They are all gone over." "And where are the Egyptians?" "They are all drowned." As to whether the miser paid his bill or not, we are unable to say; but that Hogarth felt fully paid we are quite sure.

[The following selection introduces two notable individuals.]

"I am glad to find you better," said John Hunter, the famous surgeon, to Foote, the equally famous actor, one morning: "you followed my prescription, of course?" "Indeed I did not, doctor. If I had, I should have broken my neck." "Broken your neck!" exclaimed Hunter, in amazement. "Yes," said Foote, "for I threw your prescription out of a three-story window."

[Cuvier, the celebrated French scientist, had a renown for wit as well as for learning, and justified it on the following occasion.]

When the committee of the French Academy were at work on the Academy Dictionary, Cuvier one day entered the room where they were in session. "We are glad to see you, M. Cuvier," said one of the number: "we have just finished a definition which seems to us quite satisfactory, but on which we should like your opinion. We have

thus defined the word crab: 'Crab, a small red fish which walks backwards.' "

"Perfect, gentlemen," said Cuvier; "only, if you will permit me, I should like to make an observation in natural history. The crab is not a fish, it is not red, and it does not walk backwards. With these exceptions, your definition is admirable.

[An anecdote of another well-known Frenchman will be here in place.]

An inquisitive and impudent individual took the liberty to question Alexander Dumas about his genealogy. "You are a quadroon, Mr. Dumas?" he began. "I am, sir," quietly replied Dumas, who was in no sense ashamed of his ancestry. "And your father?" "Was a mulatto." "And your grandfather?" "A negro," replied Dumas, with growing irritation. "And may I inquire what your great-grandfather was?" "An ape, sir," thundered Dumas. "My pedigree began where yours ends."

[No series of anecdotes of this kind can be complete without introducing Charles Lamb.]

A retired cheesemonger, who disliked any allusion to the business which had enriched him, said to Lamb, during a discussion on the Poor Law, "You must bear in mind, sir, that I have got rid of all that stuff which you poets call 'the milk of human kindness.'" "I am well aware of that, sir," said Lamb. "You turned it all into cheese several years ago."

[In the following instance Lamb, through his stuttering habit, got rather the worst of it.]

Lamb had been medically advised to a course of sea-bathing. Accordingly, at the door of his bathing ma-

chine, two stout fellows laid hold of him, ready to plunge him into the cold ocean at the word of command. "Take notice of this, men," he began: "I am to be dipped——" He tripped sadly on the word "dipped," and began such a rolling fire of di-di-di, that the men, to end the difficulty, cried out, "Yes, sir, we quite understand," and down went poor Lamb into the waves. He emerged shivering with cold, and as soon as he could command his voice cried, "Men, can I have your attention?" "Certainly, sir, by all means." "Then listen: I tell you again I am to be di-di-dipped——" Down he went, for a second time, before he could complete his sentence. He rose, now growing warm with indignation, and roared out, "di-di-dipped, I tell you." "Certainly, sir." And for the third time the sufferer was plunged beneath the waves. "Only once!" yelled Lamb, on again emerging. "You limbs of Satan, I was to be di-di-dipped only once; and if you don't let me go I'll mu-mu-murder the pair of you!"

[Lamb stuttered to more effect on another occasion.]

Once at a dinner-table, among a large number of guests, Lamb was mistaken for a clergyman, on account of the white cravat which he habitually wore, and was called upon to say grace. Looking down the table, he asked, "Is there no el-el-clergyman present?" "No," answered a guest. "Then," said Lamb, bowing his head, "let us thank God."

Daniel O'Connell was addressing an audience at an anti-corn-law meeting in Covent Garden Theatre, when an interruption occurred. An individual in the pit persisted in standing. "Sit down," "Turn him out," etc., resounded from all parts of the house. The fellow was obstinate,

and continued to stand. The policemen present vainly tried to induce him to sit down. O'Connell at length, waving his hand for silence, called out, "Pray, let the worthy gentleman have his way: he is a tailor, and wants to rest himself." This shot floored the obstinate fellow, and he seated himself to the accompaniment of roars of laughter from all parts of the house.

[In regard to Coleridge's habit of interminable monologue, we are indebted to Lamb for the following story,—to Lamb's imagination, in fact, for the story certainly had no other foundation.]

"I was," said Lamb, "going from my house at Enfield to the East India House one morning, when I met Coleridge on his way to pay me a visit. He was brimful of some new idea, and, in spite of my assuring him that time was precious, he drew me within the gate of an unoccupied garden by the roadside, and there, sheltered from observation by a hedge of evergreens, he took me by the button of my coat, and, closing his eyes, commenced an eloquent discourse, waving his hand gently as the musical words flowed in an unbroken stream from his lips. I listened entranced; but the striking clock recalled me to a sense of duty. I saw it was of no use to attempt to break away: so, taking advantage of his absorption in his subject, and, with my penknife, quietly severing my button from my coat, I decamped. Five hours afterward, in passing the same garden on my way home, I heard Coleridge's voice; and, on looking in, there he was with his eyes closed, the button in his fingers, and the right hand gracefully waving, just where I left him. He had never missed me."

[Douglas Jerrold's ready wit is illustrated in the following examples.]

In the midst of a stormy discussion, at which Jerrold was present, a gentleman rose with the air of one who

intended to settle the matter in dispute. Waving his hand majestically, he began: "Gentlemen, all I want is common sense——" "Exactly," broke in Jerrold, "that is precisely what you want." The discussion ended in a roar of laughter.

"By the bye, Jerrold," said a literary bore, author of a turgid poem after (considerably after) Milton, "did you ever read my 'Descent into Hell'?" "No," replied the humorist; "but I should like to see it."

A gentleman waited on Jerrold to enlist his sympathy in behalf of a mutual friend who was always in want of money. "Well, how much does he want this time?" asked Jerrold. "Why, a four and two noughts will, I think, put him straight." "Very well; you may put me down for one of the noughts."

Porson, the celebrated Greek scholar, who was as ready with wit as with Greek, once exasperated a disputant by his dryly sarcastic manner. His irritated opponent at length broke out, "Mr. Porson, I beg leave to tell you, sir, that my opinion of you is perfectly contemptible." "I have no doubt of it," Porson replied; "I never knew an opinion of yours which was not contemptible."

When Tom Sheridan, son of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, was a candidate for the representation of a Cornish borough, he told his father that if he succeeded he should place a label on his forehead, with the words "To let," and side with the party that made the best offer. "Very good, Tom," said his father; "but don't forget to add the word 'unfurnished.'"

[A few more anecdotes of Sheridan may not be inappropriate.]

"How is it," said a gentleman to Sheridan, "that your name has not O attached to it? Your family is Irish, and no doubt illustrious." "No family has a better right to O than ours," replied Sheridan, "for we owe everybody."

Sheridan had a very convenient formula for acknowledging the new publications sent him. "Dear Sir,—I have received your exquisite work, and have no doubt I shall be highly delighted—after I have read it."

Being one day at the house of an elderly maiden lady, who wanted more of his company than he cared to give, Sheridan excused himself from a walk which she proposed, on account of the bad weather. Soon afterwards she caught him stealing out alone. "So, Mr. Sheridan," she said, "it has cleared up?" "Just a little, ma'am,—enough for one, but not enough for two."

One day, during a speech in Parliament, Sheridan was much annoyed by a member who kept crying out every few minutes, "Hear! hear!" At length he took his revenge, by describing a political opponent who wished to play the rogue, but had just sense enough to play the fool. "Where shall we find," exclaimed the speaker, "a more foolish knave, or a more knavish fool than he?" "Hear! hear!" cried the troublesome member. Sheridan turned round, thanked him gravely for the information, and sat down in the midst of a roar of laughter.

[A medical anecdote or two will be here in place.]

Abernethy once said to a rich but dirty patient, who complained of a skin-eruption, "Let your servant bring

you three or four pails of water, and put it into a wash-tub; take off your clothes, get into it, and rub yourself well with soap and a rough towel, and you will recover." "This advice seems very much like telling me to wash myself," said the patient. "Well," said Abernethy, "I admit that it may be open to such a construction."

Sir Astley Cooper, on visiting the French capital, was asked by a prominent surgeon how many times he had performed some difficult surgical operation. "Thirteen," he replied. "Ah, monsieur," rejoined the other, "I have done him one hundred and sixty time. How many times did you save his life?" "I saved eleven out of the thirteen," said Cooper. "How many did you save out of one hundred and sixty?" "Ah, monsieur, I lose dem all; but the operation was *very brillante!*"

[An anecdote which tells sadly against the practical wisdom of a trio of poets is the following.]

Cottle, in his life of Coleridge, relates the following amusing incident: "I led my horse to the stable, where a sad perplexity arose. I removed the harness without difficulty, but, after many strenuous attempts, I could not remove the collar. In despair I called for assistance, when Mr. Wordsworth brought his ingenuity into exercise; but, after several unsuccessful efforts, he relinquished the achievement as a thing altogether impracticable. Mr. Coleridge now tried his hand, but showed no more skill than his predecessor; for, after twisting the poor horse's neck almost to strangulation, and the great danger of his eyes, he gave up the useless task, pronouncing that the horse's head must have grown since the collar was put on; 'for,' he said, 'it was a downright impossibility for such a

huge *os frontis* to pass through so narrow an aperture.' Just at this instant a servant-girl came near, and, understanding the cause of our consternation, 'Ha, masters,' said she, 'you don't go about the work in the right way. You should do like this,' when, turning the collar upside down, she slipped it off in a moment, to our great humiliation and wonderment, each satisfied afresh that there were heights of knowledge in the world to which we had not yet attained."

[A cutting repartee, put upon record by William King, is here given in conclusion.]

Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester, when a certain bill was brought into the House of Lords, said, among other things, "that he prophesied last winter this bill would be attempted in the present session, and he was sorry to find that he had proved a true prophet." My Lord Coningsby, who spoke after the bishop, and always spoke in a passion, desired the House to remark "that one of the Right Reverends had set himself forth as a prophet; but for his part he did not know what prophet to liken him to, unless to that furious prophet Balaam, who was reproved by his own ass." The bishop, in reply, with great wit and calmness, exposed this rude attack, concluding thus: "Since the noble lord hath discovered in our manners such a similitude, I am well content to be compared to the prophet Balaam; but, my lords, I am at a loss how to make out the other part of the parallel: I am sure that I have been reproved by nobody but his lordship."

THE AUTOCRAT OF THE PARLOR FIRE.

W. JOHNSON NEALE.

[Of the author of the following sketch we are unable to give any biographical statement, and can simply say that it is extracted from "The Priors of Prague," and seems worthy of a place in our work.]

ON arriving at the village, and alighting at the only inn, I ordered the landlord to spread for us, in the coffee-room, the best dinner he could provide.

With a true landlord's bow, my host ushered us forth-with into the little parlor; there, with plenteous promises of speed and glorious fare of beefsteak and onions, he shut the door upon us. Hastening after him to countermand the appearance of the fragrant vegetable he had mentioned, I returned in time to see Jeremy walk towards the fireplace and take up the poker.

"Touch that fire if you dare, sir," said a shrill, sharp, ill-natured voice, proceeding from a portly figure comfortably ensconced in the ingle-nook.

"There are few things, my good friend, not to be dared by Jeremy the honest," returned the latter, very coolly thrusting the poker into the fire without even deigning to turn round.

In an instant the querulous old fellow's cane was lifted on high, and had I not caught it in my hand it would certainly have descended on the head of my good valet with no slight rap.

Naturally incensed at such an unprovoked outrage, I said, "Excuse me, sir, but learn to use your cane with more discretion, or else I must take the liberty of thrusting it into the fire, and bundling your good rotundity of person on the top of it."

"Curse ye both, ye impudent rascals! do you know who

I am?" cried the old fellow, with an oath, as, starting on his legs, he kicked his chair over behind him.

"Not a whit, and care just as little," replied Jeremy, who, having turned round, fully comprehended all that had passed.

"Then curse ye, you vagabond, I'm steward of the parlor fire!"

"Likely enough," quoth Jeremy, in his impenetrable manner, "and a warm, comfortable berth, too, for this life!—though, for aught I know, your worship may have earned a hotter one in that to come."

At this repartee several people present burst into a loud laugh, which so irritated our opponent that he once more lifted his cane, but, thinking there were two to one, he contented himself with an impotent grin of rage, and, applying heartily to the bell-pull, brought in the landlord.

"Turn these vagabonds out of the house, landlord, this instant!"

My host looked at us with mingled dismay and deprecation.

"Turn them out of the house, I say, this instant, or I'll leave ye to-morrow morning?"

"Why, sir, I hope they haven't been defending the French?"—"No!"—"or abusing the government?"—"No!"—"or protecting the flies?—or——"—"No, sir; no, sir; curse ye—no, sir, they've done worse!—a thousand times worse!—they've been poking the parlor fire!"

Mine host shook his head with evident signs of sorrow, and, turning to us, said, in a most lachrymose tone, "Oh, gentlemen! if you've been so imprudent as to do that, you must indeed withdraw!"

"Mr. Landlord," said Jeremy, in great amazement, "I beg you distinctly to understand that I'll see you at the devil first!"

"Turn 'em out ! turn 'em out !" still more noisily vociferated the original cause of the fray, now more angry than ever, as he observed his influence—though why I could not divine—preponderating with the landlord. "Fight it out, gemmen ! fight it out !" interposed the spectators, so greatly amused as to wish to be more so.

"Only please to retire, sir, and you shall have—another pot of beer there, boy, for number six—a private room," whispered the landlord. "Let me beg of you, sir, and I will explain all this."

This was enough ; I saw mine host was more to be pitied than blamed in the matter : so, making a sign to Jeremy to follow, I withdrew from the scene of strife, and followed my landlord into more peaceful, and, as it happened, into better quarters.

"Landlord ! landlord !" was now heard in the voice of the enemy below.

"Coming, sir, coming !—no fool like an old fool, gentlemen !—be with you in a moment !" And the unhappy arbiter of the house vanished with wonderful celerity down-stairs.

"Now, may it please your worship, we can have a fire of our own to poke," said Jeremy, ringing the bell and taking a seat without further notice of what had happened. The fire was accordingly lit, and by the time that its flames were roaring merrily up the chimney, our host once more appeared, bearing in his hands our intended meal.

"Landlord, may you live forever !" said Jeremy, slapping that worthy functionary upon the back, and then smacking his lips and slightly rubbing his hands at the hot tempting dish before him.

"Sit down, Jeremy, and eat," said I, seeing he was about to wait behind my chair. Jeremy obeyed. The landlord

opened his eyes; for, being unable from my companion's language to take him for anything less than a gentleman, though an odd-looking one, he doubtless wondered of what rank might be the master, setting me down, perhaps, for aught I knew or cared, as one of the blood royal.

"Gentlemen," said he, after the last adjusting touch of the potato-dish, and bowing low as he whipped his white napkin of office under the left arm,— "Gentlemen, I humbly beg your pardon for the unfortunate scene below—did you say the bread, sir?—but the fact is—we've excellent bottled ale, sir—the fact is, sir, that gentleman below is the most extraordinary—glass of porter?—certainly, sir—character that ever came to—drink up quickly, sir—the house. Ever since he first came he's always been saying—change your plate directly, sir—'Landlord!'—'Sir,' says I—'Send in my bill to-night. I'm off to-morrow morning'—and would you believe it, sir—the pudding will be up presently, sir—he's lived in my house seventeen years come Michaelmas. He's the most curious—cheese, sir?—ay, sir, not better cheese in the country—most curious character that ever I met."

"Then prithee, my good friend, in mercy halt," said I, perceiving what a curious mode of parlance mine host's calling had imparted to him, and presuming to interrupt this singular detail. "Of all things, Mr. Landlord, I admire character, but not the parenthetical character with which you seem so much inclined to season your discourse. I can easily imagine it to make the worst of stories very droll, but, believe me, it would also murder the very best. Have a moment's patience, then, till these dinner-things are cleared away, and put me a bottle of port on the table; bring your chair, take your glass, and tell your tale fairly to an end."

"Excuse me, gentlemen, couldn't think of being guilty

of such an indecency as sitting down to your table—bottle of port you said, sir,—such a thing was never done yet in the Jolly Traveller, for I always say to gentlemen—get the corkscrew directly, sir,—doesn't become a landlord, such familiarity—and so, as I was going to say, the gentleman below-stairs is one of the whimsicallest people that you could never meet; for, seventeen years ago, as I said before, come Michaelmas, he drops into my house one morning, dines and spends the day, 'and,' says he—'your health, gentlemen!'—'landlord,' says he, 'give me a bed, and be cursed to you.' 'The curse to yourself,' says I: 'you may get a bed where you can, but it shan't be in my house, for I have none to give you.' 'It's a lie,' says he, 'you have——' 'Well, whether I have or no,' said I, 'you shan't have it.' 'There you lie again,' said he, and before I could hold out an arm to stop him, whip me, gentlemen, if he wasn't past me up the stairs, into the first bedroom, and locked was the door—the best bottle of port in my cellar, gemmen—in the turning of a bed-post. Well, gemmen, I stormed and he raved. I'd have the blacksmith to break open the lock. He wheels round the bed, and barricades it against the door.—'Twas another gentleman's room, who wanted his things—he opens the window and flings them out into the yard—well, thinks I, if the Jolly Traveller isn't to become a lunatic asylum, my name is not Muggins, and so, said I—thank ye, gentlemen, no more than this glass,—'He may stay there to-night, but hang me if I don't have the fox out of his hole to-morrow.' So I went to show the gentleman who'd been turned out of his own room into the one that was next it, and, as 'twas only a lath-and-plaster partition, the first thing that I heard was Mr. Domitian saying to himself, as he got into bed, 'Hang me if I don't stay here all my life, to plague this grumbling fellow.' Old Nick himself, gem-

men, could scarcely have frightened me more, and, for aught I know, this might be his first-cousin; so I solemnly determined, in the first place, to make him pay double for his bill, in the second place, to put him out of the Jolly Traveller, and in the third to—drink your very good health once more, gemmen—send for a constable.

“Well, sir, up I got, at five o’clock next morning, though ’twas a dark winter’s morning; and while I was fumbling about there in the little parlor for a tinder-box, and just thinking over these matters, I felt a heavy grip on my shoulder, and heard Mr. Domitian’s voice.

“‘Well, Mr. Landlord,’ said he, ‘who’s to be master in this house, think ye, you or I?’

“‘You, sir! you, sir!’ says I, not thinking of what I was saying, and shaking from head to foot.

“‘Right, you rascal, right,’ says he. ‘I’m glad you’ve come to your senses at last, curse ye. What’s my bill?’

“‘Five pounds, sir,’ said I, at a round guess.

“‘Here, keep ten,’ says he, ‘for the bother you’ve given me, and see that my breakfast is on the table at eight o’clock to a second. I’m off to take a walk.’

“Gemmen, you may be sure I trembled very sufficiently, but, having looked very hard—for I had now lighted the candle—and being able to see neither hoofs nor tail, I pocketed—another bottle?—yes, sir!—the money, and lit the fire. However, gentlemen, to make short of a long story, here he’s been in my house ever since, every day determined to—Step down the cellar in a moment, gentlemen—set off next morning, and every morning just as firm by the ingle-nook as he was the day before. Seeing he’s been very kind in giving me heavy sums of cash, gemmen,—for he says he won’t lend,—why, I’ve been very particular to humor his whims,—one of which is to let no one touch the parlor fire except himself; so he’s

elected steward, and, provided he can kill all the flies, praise the British constitution, cut his jokes upon the customers, and abuse the French, he's perfectly happy. Ay, a true old liberal English gentleman he is, every inch of him, I warrant ye, and worth a power of money, too.—fifty thousand pounds, they say,—made up there in London in the hosiery line."

"A good customer, then, landlord, doubtless."

"Not a better have I had to my back, sir!—though ten to one that ever I had any of his money. He came down into these parts to buy some snug cottage, and if so be we hadn't chanced to have a row at first, two or three nights would have been the outside of his stay. And as to regularity, sir, never was such a regular man: not a drop does he drink, not a morsel does he eat, to-day, that he doesn't eat and drink to-morrow."

"Then, Mr. Landlord, let me tell you there's one great fault about your friend."

"What, sir?" demanded mine host, in great alarm.

"Why, that he evidently has been born a few centuries too late; for, clearly, nature's only reason for producing such a being was to give mankind a rude notion of clock-work."

"Rude enough, and may it please your lordship!" said Jeremy, with a hem. The landlord grinned applause, and with a low bow departed for the—— But why should I here narrate the history of the second bottle? Was it not, after the inviolable custom of British landlords, vastly inferior to the first? Most indubitably it was: so we wasted no farther time upon its contents, but, ordering our horses to be put to forthwith, paid our bill, and once more set off upon our travels.

THE KING'S WILL.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

[Thackeray might justly have classed himself among the English humorists of whom he wrote with such brilliance, for his works include an abundant supply of humorous prose and poetry of a high order of merit. We give here one of his longer poems, which points a very useful moral.]

THE noble King of Brentford
Was old and very sick ;
He summoned his physicians
To wait upon him quick ;
They stepped into their coaches,
And brought their best physie.

They crammed their gracious master
With potion and with pill ;
They drenched him and they bled him :
They could not cure his ill.
“Go fetch,” says he, “my lawyer :
I’d better make my will.”

The monarch’s royal mandate
The lawyer did obey ;
The thought of six-and-sixpence
Did make his heart full gay.
“What is’t,” says he, “your majesty
Would wish of me to-day ?”

“The doctors have belabored me
With potion and with pill :
My hours of life are counted,
O man of tape and quill !
Sit down and mend a pen or two :
I want to make my will.

“O'er all the land of Brentford
I'm lord, and eke of Kew;
I've three-per-cents and five-per-cents;
My debts are but a few;
And to inherit after me
I have but children two.

“Prince Thomas is my eldest son,
A sober prince is he,
And from the day we breeched him,
Till now he's twenty-three,
He never caused disquiet
To his poor mamma or me.

“At school they never flogged him;
At college, though not fast,
Yet his little-go and great-go
He creditably passed,
And made his year's allowance
For eighteen months to last.

“He never owed a shilling,
Went never drunk to bed,
He has not two ideas
Within his honest head;
In all respects he differs
From my second son, Prince Ned.

“When Tom has half his income
Laid by at the year's end,
Poor Ned has never a stiver
That rightly he may spend,
But sponges on a tradesman
Or borrows from a friend.

“ While Tom his legal studies
Most soberly pursues,
Poor Ned must pass his mornings
A-dawdling with the Muse ;
While Tom frequents his bankers,
Young Ned frequents the Jews.

“ Ned drives about in buggies,
Tom sometimes takes a 'bus :
Ah, cruel fate, why made you
My children differ thus ?
Why make of Tom a *dullard*,
And Ned a *genius* ?”

“ You'll cut him with a shilling,”
Exclaimed the man of writs ;
“ I'll leave my wealth,” said Brentford,
“ Sir Lawyer, as befits,
And portion both their fortunes
Unto their several wits.”

“ Your grace knows best,” the lawyer said ;
“ On your commands I wait.”
“ Be silent, sir,” says Brentford,
“ A plague upon your prate !
Come, take your pen and paper,
And write as I dictate.”

The will, as Brentford spoke it,
Was writ, and signed, and closed ;
He bade the lawyer leave him,
And turned him round, and dozed ;
And next week in the church-yard
The good old king reposed.

Tom, dressed in cape and hat-band,
Of mourners was the chief;
In bitter selfupbraidings
Poor Edward showed his grief;
Tom hid his fat, white countenance
In his pocket handkerchief.

Ned's eyes were full of weeping,
He faltered in his walk;
Tom never shed a tear-drop,
But onward he did stalk,
As pompous, black, and solemn
As any catafalque.

And when the bones of Brentford—
That gentle king and just—
With bell, and book, and candle,
Were duly laid in dust,
“Now, gentlemen,” says Thomas,
“Let business be discussed.

“When late our sire beloved
Was taken deadly ill,
Sir Lawyer, you attended him
(I mean to tax your bill),
And, as you signed and wrote it,
I pr'ythee read the will.”

The lawyer wiped his spectacles,
And drew the parchment out;
And all the Brentford family
Sat eager round about:
Poor Ned was somewhat anxious,
But Tom had ne'er a doubt.

“ My sons, as I make ready
To seek my last long home,
Some cares I have for Neddy,
But none for thee, my Tom :
Sobriety and order
You ne’er departed from.

“ Ned hath a brilliant genius,
And thou a plodding brain ;
On thee I think with pleasure,
On him with doubt and pain.”
 (“ You see, good Ned,” says Thomas,
“ What he thought about us twain.”)

“ Though small was your allowance,
You saved a little store ;
And those who save a little
Shall get a plenty more.”
As the lawyer read this compliment,
Tom’s eyes were running o’er.

“ The tortoise and the hare, Tom,
Set out at each his pace ;
The hare it was the fleeter,
The tortoise won the race ;
And since the world’s beginning
This ever was the case.

“ Ned’s genius, blithe and singing,
Steps gayly o’er the ground ;
As steadily you trudge it,
He clears it with a bound ;
But dulness has stout legs, Tom,
And wind that’s wondrous sound.

“ O'er fruits and flowers alike, Tom,
 You pass with plodding feet ;
You heed not one nor t'other,
 But onward go your beat,
While genius stops to loiter
 With all that he may meet,

“ And ever, as he wanders,
 Will have a pretext fine
For sleeping in the morning,
 Or loitering to dine,
Or dozing in the shadow,
 Or basking in the shine.

“ Your little steady eyes, Tom,
 Though not so bright as those
That restless round about him
 Your flashing genius throws,
Are excellently suited
 To look before your nose.

“ Thank heaven, then, for the blinkers
 It placed before your eyes ;
The stupidest are weakest,
 The witty are not wise ;
Oh, bless your good stupidity :
 It is your dearest prize !

“ And though my lands are wide, Tom,
 And plenty is my gold,
Still better gifts from Nature,
 My Thomas, do you hold,—
A brain that's thick and heavy,
 A heart that's dull and cold ;

“ Too dull to feel depression,
Too hard to heed distress,
Too cool to yield to passion
Or silly tenderness.
March on: your road is open
To wealth, Tom, and success.

“ Ned sinneth in extravagance,
And you in greedy lust.”
 (“ I’ faith,” says Ned, “ our father
Is less polite than just.”)
“ In you, son Tom, I’ve confidence,
But Ned I cannot trust.

“ Wherefore my lease and copyholds,
My lands and tenements,
My parks, my farms, my orchards,
My houses and my rents,
My Dutch stock, and my Spanish stock,
My five- and three-per-cents,

“ I leave to you, my Thomas——”
 (“ What! all?” poor Edward said;
“ Well, well, I should have spent them,
And Tom’s a prudent head.”)
“ I leave to you, my Thomas,
To you, IN TRUST for Ned.”

The wrath and consternation
What poet ere could trace
That at this fatal passage
Came o’er Prince Tom his face?
The wonder of the company,
And honest Ned’s amaze!

"'Tis surely some mistake,"
Good-naturedly cries Ned ;
The lawyer answered, gravely,
"'Tis even as I read :
'Twas thus his gracious majesty
Ordained on his death-bed.

"See here the will is witnessed,
And here's his autograph."
"In truth, our father's writing,"
Said Edward, with a laugh ;
"But thou shalt not be loser, Tom,
We'll share it half and half."

"Alas! my kind young gentleman,
This sharing cannot be :
'Tis written in the testament
That Brentford spoke to me,
I do forbid Prince Ned to give
Prince Tom a halfpenny.

"He hath a store of money
But ne'er was known to lend it ;
He never helped his brother,
The poor he ne'er befriended ;
He hath no need of property,
He knows not how to spend it.

"Poor Edward knows but how to spend,
And thrifty Tom to hoard :
Let Thomas be the steward, then,
And Edward be the lord ;
And, as the honest laborer
Is worthy his reward,

"I pray Prince Ned, my second son,
 And my successor dear,
 To pay to his intendant
 Five hundred pounds a year,
 And to think of his old father,
 And live and make good cheer."

Such was old Brentford's honest testament;
 He did devise his moneys for the best,
 And lies in Brentford church in peaceful rest.
 Prince Edward lived, and money made and spent;
 But his good sire was wrong, it is confessed,
 To say his young son Thomas never lent.
 He did. Young Thomas lent at interest,
 And nobly took his twenty-five per cent.

Long time the famous reign of Ned endured
 O'er Chiswick, Fulham, Brentford, Putney, Kew,
 But of extravagance he ne'er was cured.
 And when both died, as mortal men will do,
 'Twas commonly reported that the steward
 Was very much the richer of the two.

FRAGMENTS OF HUMOR.

VARIOUS.

[From the stray laughter-inducing conceits thrown off by some of the great writers of England we select a few passing fragments which seem well worthy of reproduction, some of them by professed humorists, others by writers to whom humor was a recreation from more serious work.]

THE GRACES AND ANXIETIES OF PIG-DRIVING.

FROM the perusal of this article we beg leave to warn off vulgar readers of all denominations, whether of the

"great vulgar or the small." Warn, did we say? We drive them off; for Horace tells us that they, as well as pigs, are to be so treated. "*Odi profanum vulgus*," says he, "*et arceo*." But do thou lend thine ear, gentle shade of Goldsmith, who didst make thy bear-leader denounce "everything as is low;" and thou, Steele, who didst humanize upon public houses and puppet-shows; and, Fielding, thou, whom the great Richardson, less in that matter, and some others, than thyself, did accuse of vulgarity, because thou didst discern natural gentility in a footman, and yet wast not to be taken in by the airs of Pamela and my Lady G——.

The title is a little startling; but "style and sentiment," as a lady said, "can do anything." Remember, then, gentle reader, that talents are not to be despised in the humblest walks of life; we will add, nor in the muddiest. The other day we happened to be among a set of spectators who could not help stopping to admire the patience and address with which a pig-driver huddled and cherished on his drove of unaccommodating *élèves* down a street in the suburbs. He was a born genius for a manœuvre. Had he originated in a higher sphere, he would have been a general or a stage-manager, or at least the head of a set of monks. Conflicting interests were his forte; pig-headed wills and proceedings, hopeless. To see the *hand* with which he did it! How hovering, yet firm! how encouraging, yet compelling! how indicative of the space on each side of him, and yet of the line before him! how general! how particular! how perfect! No barber's could quiver about a head with more lightness of apprehension, no cook's pat up and proportion the side of a pasty with a more final eye. "The whales," quoth old Chapman, speaking of Neptune,—

"The whales exulted under him, and knew their mighty king."

The pigs did not exult, but they knew their king. Unwilling was their subjection, but "more in sorrow than in anger." They were too far gone for rage. Their case was hopeless. They did not see why they should proceed, but they felt themselves bound to do so,—forced, conglomerated, crowded onwards, irresistibly impelled by fate and Jenkins. Often would they have bolted under any other master. They squeaked and grunted, as in ordinary; they sidled, they shuffled, they half stopped; they turned an eye to all the little outlets of escape; but in vain. There they stuck,—for their very progress was a sort of sticking,—charmed into the centre of his sphere of action; laying their heads together, but to no purpose; looking all as if they were shrugging their shoulders and eschewing the tip end of the whip of office. Much eye had they to their left leg; shrewd backward glances; not a little anticipative squeak, and sudden rush of avoidance. It was a superfluous clutter, and they felt it; but a pig finds it more difficult than any other animal to accommodate himself to circumstances. Being out of his pale, he is in the highest state of wonder and inaptitude. He is sluggish, obstinate, opinionate, not very social; has no desire of seeing foreign parts. Think of him in a multitude, forced to travel, and wondering what the devil it is that drives him! Judge by this of the talents of his driver.

We beheld a man once—an inferior genius—inducting a pig into the other end of Long Lane, Smithfield. He had got him thus far towards the market. It was much. His air announced success in nine parts out of ten, and hope for the remainder. It had been a happy morning's work; he had only to look for the termination of it; and he looked, as a critic of an exalted turn of mind would say, in brightness and in joy. Then would he go to the public

house and indulge in porter and a pleasing security. Perhaps he would not say much at first, being oppressed with the greatness of his success; but by degrees, especially if interrogated, he would open, like Æneas, into all the circumstances of his journey and the perils that beset him. Profound would be his set-out; full of tremor his middle course; high and skilful his progress; glorious, though with a quickened pulse, his triumphant entry. Delicate had been his situation in Ducking-pond Row, masterly his turn at Bell Alley. We saw him with the radiance of some such thought on his countenance. He was just entering Long Lane. A gravity came upon him, as he steered his touchy convoy into this his last thoroughfare. A dog moved him into a little agitation, darting along; but he resumed his course, not without a happy trepidation, hovering as he was on the borders of triumph. The pig still required care. It was evidently a pig with all the peculiar turn of mind of his species,—a fellow that would not move faster than he could help, irritable, retrospective, picking objections, and prone to boggle,—a chap with a tendency to take every path but the proper one, and with a sidelong tact for the alleys. He bolts!

He's off! *Evasit! Erupit!*

"Oh," exclaimed the man, dashing his hand against his head, lifting his knee in agony, and screaming with all the weight of a prophecy which the spectators felt to be too true, "he'll go up all manner of streets!"

Poor fellow! we think of him now, sometimes, driving up Duke Street, and not to be comforted in Barbican.

LEIGH HUNT.

A SMALL POET.

A small poet is one that fain would make himself that which nature never meant him; like a fanatic that inspires himself with his own whimseys. He sets up haberdasher

of small poetry, with a very small stock and no credit. He believes it is invention enough to find out other men's wit; and whatsoever he lights upon, either in books or company, he makes bold with as his own. This he puts together so untowardly that you may perceive his own wit has the rickets, by the swelling disproportion of the joints. You may know his wit not to be natural, 'tis so unquiet and troublesome in him; for as those that have money but seldom are always shaking their pockets when they have it, so does he, when he thinks he has got something that will make him appear. He is a perpetual talker; and you may know by the freedom of his discourse that he came lightly by it, as thieves spend freely what they get. He is like an Italian thief, that never robs but he murders, to prevent discovery; so sure is he to cry down the man from whom he purloins, that his petty larceny of wit may pass unsuspected. He appears so over-concerned in all men's wits as if they were but disparagements of his own, and cries down all they do, as if they were encroachments upon him. He takes jests from the owners and breaks them, as justices do false weights and pots that want measure. When he meets with anything that is very good, he changes it into small money, like three groats for a shilling, to serve several occasions. He disclaims study, pretends to take things in motion, and to shoot flying, which appears to be very true, by his often missing of his mark.

As for epithets, he always avoids those that are near akin to the sense. Such matches are unlawful, and not fit to be made by a Christian poet; and therefore all his care is to choose out such as will serve, like a wooden leg, to piece out a maimed verse that wants a foot or two, and if they will but rhyme now and then into the bargain, or run upon a letter, it is a work of supererogation. For simili-

tudes he likes the hardest and most obscure best; for as ladies wear black patches to make their complexions seem fairer than they are, so when an illustration is more obscure than the sense that went before it, it must of necessity make it appear clearer than it did; for contraries are best set off with contraries. He has found out a new set of poetical Georgics,—a trick of sowing wit like clover-grass upon barren subjects, which would yield nothing before. This is very useful for the times, wherein, some men say, there is no room left for new invention.

He will take three grains of wit, like the elixir, and, projecting it upon the iron age, turn it immediately into gold. All the business of mankind has presently vanished, the whole world has kept holiday; there have been no men but heroes and poets, no women but nymphs and shepherdesses; trees have borne fritters, and rivers flowed plum-porridge. When he writes he commonly steers the sense of his lines by the rhyme that is at the end of them, as butchers do calves by the tail. For when he has made one line, which is easy enough, and found out some sturdy hard word that will but rhyme, he will hammer the sense upon it, like a piece of hot iron upon an anvil, into what form he pleases. There is no art in the world so rich in terms as poetry; a whole dictionary is scarce able to contain them; for there is hardly a pond, a sheep-walk, or a gravel-pit in all Greece, but the ancient name of it is become a term of art in poetry. By this means, small poets have such a stock of able hard words lying by them, as dryades, hamadryades, aönides, fauni, nymphæ, sylvani, etc., that signify nothing at all, and such a world of pedantic terms of the same kind as may serve to furnish all the new inventions and “thorough reformatations” that can happen between this and Plato’s great year.

SAMUEL BUTLER.

A BAD COLD.

Letter to Bernard Barton.

January 9th, 1824.

DEAR B. B.: Do you know what it is to succumb under an insurmountable day-mare,—“a whoreson lethargy,” Falstaff calls it,—an indisposition to do anything or to be anything; a total deadness and distaste; a suspension of vitality; an indifference to locality; a numb, soporifical good-for-nothingness; an ossification all over; an oyster-like insensibility to the passing events; a mind-stupor; a brawny defiance to the needles of a thrusting-in conscience? Did you ever have a very bad cold, with a total irresolution to submit to water-gruel processes? This has been for many weeks my lot, and my excuse; my fingers drag heavily over this paper, and to my thinking it is three-and-twenty furlongs from here to the end of this demi-sheet. I have not a thing to say; nothing is of more importance than another; I am flatter than a denial or a pancake; emptier than Judge ——’s wig when the head is in it; duller than a country stage when the actors are off it; a cipher, an O! I acknowledge life at all only by an occasional convulsional cough and a permanent phlegmatic pain in the chest. I am weary of the world; life is weary of me. My day has gone into twilight, and I don’t think it worth the expense of candles. My wick has a thief in it, but I can’t muster courage to snuff it out. I inhale suffocation; I can’t distinguish veal from mutton; nothing interests me; ’tis twelve o’clock, and Thirtell is just now coming out upon the New Drop, Jack Ketch alertly tucking up his greasy sleeves to do the last office of mortality, yet cannot I elicit a groan or a moral reflection. If you told me the world will be at an end to-morrow, I should

just say, "Will it?" I have not volition enough left to dot my i's, much less to comb my eyebrows; my eyes are set in my head; my brains are gone out to see a poor relation in Moorfields, and they did not say when they'd come back again; my skull is a Grub Street attic to let,—not so much as a joint-stool or a cracked jordan left in it; my hand writes, not I, from habit, as chickens run about a little when their heads are off. Oh, for a vigorous fit of gout, colic, toothache!—an ear-wig in my auditory, a fly in my visual organs! Pain is life,—the sharper the more evidence of life; but this apathy, this death! Did you ever have an obstinate cold,—a six or seven weeks' unremitting chill and suspension of hope, fear, conscience, and everything? Yet do I try all I can to cure it; I try wine, and spirits, and smoking, and snuff, in unsparing quantities; but they all only seem to make me worse instead of better. I sleep in a damp room, but it does me no good; I come home late o' nights, but do not find any visible amendment. Who shall deliver me from the body of this death? It is just fifteen minutes after twelve; Thirtell is by this time a good way on his journey, baiting at Scorpion, perhaps! Ketch is bargaining for his cast coat and waistcoat; the Jew demurs at first at three half-crowns, but, on consideration that he may get something by showing them in the town, finally closes.

CHARLES LAMB.

A MASTER OF FENCE.

[From Ben Jonson's "Every Man in his Humor" we select Captain Bobadil's celebrated strategic proposition.]

They have assaulted me, some three, four, five, six of them together, as I have walked alone in divers skirts i' th' town, as Tothill, Whitechapel, Shoreditch, which were then my quarters; and since, upon the exchange, at my lodging

and at my ordinary; where I have driven them afore me the whole length of a street, in the open view of all our gallants, pitying to hurt them, believe me. . . . I will tell you, sir, by the way of private, and under seal; I am a gentleman, and live here obscure, and to myself; but were I known to her majesty and the lords (observe me), I would undertake, upon this poor head and life, for the public benefit of the state, not only to spare the entire lives of her subjects in general, but to save the one-half, nay, three parts, of her yearly charge in holding war, and against what enemy soever. And how would I do it, think you?

Kno'well. Nay, I know not, nor can I conceive.

Bobadil. Why, thus, sir. I would select nineteen more to myself throughout the land; gentlemen they should be of good spirit, strong and able constitution; I would choose them by an instinct, a character that I have; and I would teach these nineteen the special rules: as your punto, your reverso, your stoccato, your imbrogato, your passado, your montanto, till they could all play very near or altogether as well as myself. This done, say the enemy were forty thousand strong; we twenty would come into the field the tenth of March or thereabouts, and we would challenge twenty of the enemy; they could not in their honor refuse us; well, we would kill them; challenge twenty more, kill them; twenty more, kill them; twenty more, kill them too; and thus would we kill every man his twenty a day; that's twenty score, that's two hundred; two hundred a day, five days a thousand; forty thousand; forty times five, five times forty; two hundred days kills them all up by computation. And this will I venture my poor gentleman-like carcass to perform, provided there be no treason practised upon us, by fair and discreet manhood; that is, civilly by the sword.

[Bobadil may be fitly followed by Addison's Bickerstaff, who is a swordsman of the same calibre.]

BICKERSTAFF LEARNS TO FENCE.

I have upon my chamber-wall drawn at full length the figures of all sorts of men, from eight feet to three feet two inches. Within this height I take it that all the fighting-men of Great Britain are comprehended. But, as I push, I make allowance for my being of a lank and spare body, and have chalked out in every figure my own dimensions; for I scorn to rob any man of his life by taking advantage of his breadth; therefore I press purely in a line down from his nose, and take no more of him to assault than he has of me; for, to speak impartially, if a lean fellow wounds a fat one in any part of the right or left, whether it be in *carte* or in *tierce*, beyond the dimensions of the said lean fellow's own breadth, I take it to be murder, and such a murder as is below a gentleman to commit. As I am spare, I am also very tall, and behave myself with relation to that advantage with the same punctilio; and I am ready to stoop or stand, according to the stature of my adversary. I must confess, I have had great success this morning, and have hit every figure round the room in a mortal part without receiving the least hurt, except a little scratch by falling on my face in pushing at one at the lower end of my chamber; but I recovered so quick, and jumped so nimbly into my guard, that, if he had been alive, he could not have hurt me.

It is confessed that I have written against duels with some warmth; but in all my discourses I have not ever said that I knew how a gentleman could avoid a duel if he were provoked to it; and since that custom is now become a law, I know nothing but the legislative power, with new animadversions upon it, can put us in a capacity

of defying challenges, though we were afterwards hanged for it. But no more of this at present. As things stand, I shall put up no more affronts; and I shall be so far from taking ill words, that I will not take ill looks. I therefore warn all hot young fellows not to look hereafter more terrible than their neighbors: for if they stare at me with their hats cocked higher than other people, I will not bear it. Nay, I give warning to all people in general to look kindly at me; for I will bear no frowns, even from ladies; and if any woman pretends to look scornfully at me, I shall demand satisfaction of the next of kin of the masculine gender.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

[In conclusion we offer some selections from "The Comic Blackstone."]

OF FELONIES INJURIOUS TO THE KING'S PREROGATIVE.

The periodical lexicographers have puzzled themselves and each other, as well as us, about the derivation of the word felony. As they all make different suggestions, we decline adopting any, and throw out on our own account the notion that felon is a corruption of fee-long, because a long fee is necessary to get up a defence for felony. This definition is, doubtless, far-fetched, but not so far-fetched as that of some of the legal antiquarians, who have travelled into Greece to get the word *φηλος*, an impostor, as the origin of the word alluded to. Our own suggestion we consider the best, because felony is on all hands allowed to be a crime involving a loss of property; and the fee-long or long fee certainly implies an enormous sacrifice of assets. The felonies against the king's prerogatives are six, which we shall briefly specify.

1st. Offences relating to the coin, which were formerly

so severely dealt with that it was almost death to be found with a bad halfpenny in one's pocket, and to utter a suspicious sixpence was regarded as a piece of unutterable villany. All previous statutes have, however, been repealed by the act of William the Fourth; and, thanks to this measure, followed by that of the 1st of Victoria, the law now lies in a nutshell. We, however, always observe that, though the law does lie in a nutshell, it requires a good deal of jaw, and a long crack over it, before it is comeatable.

By the new act it is an offence to manufacture coin, but there is no harm in making money; and it is also criminal to utter a whitewashed halfpenny for a half-crown, which would be a very desperate trick, for the uttering would probably turn out an utter failure. Having false money in your possession, with intent to utter it, is likewise a misdemeanor; but it is a minor offence for a singer to have a false note in his chest, and to utter it before an audience.

2d. Felonies against the king's council, which formerly included assaulting a privy councillor by a blow or even a kick; but these kicks are now on the footing of common assaults, and attempts to kill are felonies without any distinction as to the rank, except in the case of royalty, of the intended victim.

3d. Serving foreign states was formerly a felony, except, says Coke, "serving them out, which was always allowable." The statutes on this subject are now repealed, and any one may now enlist in the Kamtschatkan Grays, the Sandwich Island Buffs, or any other outlandish regiment, if he first provides himself with a royal license.

4th. Felony by embezzling the sovereign's stores, or rather his warlike stores; for if I go to his store-closet and steal a lump of his sugar, it is not felony under the statute. To set

on fire any of the royal dock-yards or ships is a crime still punishable with death ; and it is also arson to burn an arsenal.

5th. Desertion in time of war, by sea or land, is a felony, and in peace it is a grave offence ; so that the sentinels in the park must not desert their posts to run after refractory boys, who may irritate the military to any extent by keeping just beyond the verge of the promenade to which the soldiery are limited. Endeavoring to seduce him from his allegiance is punishable with transportation or imprisonment, and holding a pot of beer up as a temptation to draw him off his beat is probably within the statute.

6th. Administering oaths for a seditious purpose is felony punishable with transportation ; but administering oaths indiscriminately when in a state of intoxication, to any one who happens to pass by, is only punishable with a fine of five shillings.

OF OFFENCES AGAINST PUBLIC TRADE.

Smuggling is an offence against public trade ; but it is so frequently practised by the fair sex that it has been held to be a fair proceeding if it can be managed without detection.

Another offence of this class is fraudulent bankruptcy, like that of Antonio, the Venetian bankrupt, who, having made an alarming failure and a terrific sacrifice of his friend, was compelled to take the benefit of the (fifth) act of the “ Merchant of Venice.” Usury was formerly highly penal ; but it may now be practised almost without restriction ; for the law says, to protect yourself against usury, you must use—your—eye—and keep a good lookout after your own interest. Cheating is an offence against trade which is very commonly practised ; “ for it is wonderful,” says Roger Bacon, “ how much lighter a pound of sugar

becomes in your own scales;" and, indeed, the ingenuity of the tradesman is chiefly shown in attaching an undue weight to trifles.

Forestalling the market is an offence at common law; as if I were to waylay a cart-full of turnips going towards Covent Garden and purchase them all, I should probably send turnips up to a frightful premium, by forestalling the market.

These are all the offences against trade which the law at present punishes; though perhaps the most serious offence against trade is the very ordinary one of getting into a tradesman's books without the smallest intention of paying him.

GILBERT A. A'BECKETT.

MR. SIMS'S DINNER.

ANONYMOUS.

[Robert William Elliston, one of the most popular and excellent English comedians, was as much at home and as fine an actor in a joke as on the stage, and many good stories are told of his whimsical devices, of which the following is among the best. It describes one of those strokes of genius which come only to humorists "to the manner born."

In the vicinity of the Abbey Church, Bath, resided a Mr. Sims, an opulent woollen-draper,—a man of strict probity in all transactions of life, whose active benevolence and unassailable good humor had acquired to him the esteem of a wide circle of acquaintances.

This personage was a bachelor, and at this time about sixty-five years of age. His figure was tall, his step airy, his deportment the flower of politeness, and in disputes he was the very Atticus of parties. His dress was usually

a suit of gray ; and his hair, of which there was a profusion, being perfectly white, whereunto a queue appended, gave him somewhat of a *Sir Joshua* contour ; though perhaps he bore a nearer resemblance to the more modern portrait of that precise merchant, as personated by the late Mr. Terry, in Poole's admirable little comedy of "Simpson and Co."

While he paid a marked deference to all men's opinions, he had a mistrust of his own which was singularly curious. On a sudden torrent, for instance, which some people would denominate "cats and dogs," he would merely *apprehend that it rained* ; and if the house were as suddenly enveloped in flame, he would *suggest the expediency of quitting the tenement*. His respect for the other sex was so profound as to keep in awful subjection every gentler impulse of the bosom ; for he was far from a woman-hater ; on the contrary, he could not honor them too highly ; but it was all honor.

His "ménage" consisted of a duplicate female attendant, that is, two separate beings, but with brains under the same meridian, whose autumnal time of life and counterpart in attire rendered them perfectly homogeneous.

The great characteristic of Mr. Sims was a painful precision in all things. His hat always occupied the left peg in respect of his coat. His parlor furniture was cased in cotton covers, which covers were again involuted by divers sheets of brown paper, resembling the pendent patterns in a tailor's shop. Everything, according to him, was "to wear even ;" if he pulled *this* bell-rope on the first occasion, he would bear in mind to handle *that* on the second ; every chair, teacup, and silver spoon had its day of labor and relaxation ; and had he discovered that, by misadventure, he had worn a pair of shoes or gray stockings out of turn, he would positively have lost his stomach.

In his dressing-room he was constantly attended by his two waiting-women; not that he actually required the services of both, but by such means the reputation of each was kept in a state of preservation; and, to conclude, whenever he retired to bed he invariably crept up the foot of it, that his linen might be without a wrinkle.

It may not at once appear how any sympathies could have existed between a *Milesian* like Elliston and such a character as this; but Mr. Sims was by no means an ascetic: he was never as wise as Ximenes, and not always as moderate as Fleury; and in respect of his little indulgences, like the country wench, he looked very much as though he had rather sin again than repent. And why not? an extra glass of punch, or a visit prolonged to midnight, constituted his excess; though once, indeed, he had been known to have so far mystified himself as to toast a certain female of no extraordinary virtue, in a tumbler of toddy. He, however, confessed he went for three days unshaved, from the above event, as he had not the assurance to look on himself in the glass after so peccant an action.

Mr. Sims was fond of a play, and had some taste for the drama. He had seen the best actors of Garrick's day, and could talk critically on the genius of "rare Ben Jonson." Mr. Sims, therefore, became, with other Bath people, known to the Elliston family.

Mrs. Elliston, being absent for a few days on a visit to Mrs. Collins, Elliston was consequently left at Bath *en garçon*. On one of his widowed afternoons his knocker announced some visitor, and Mr. Sims himself deferentially entered.

"My dear Mr. Elliston," cried he, as he advanced with a step lighter than a roebuck, "have I indeed caught you? This is charming! And how well you look! Listen: I promised your excellent wife to have an eye on you dur-

ing her absence, and so I will, for you positively must—must, I say—dine with me to-day.”

“Dine with you, Mr. Sims?” exclaimed Elliston, in a tone which must have been truly comic. “My good Mr. Sims——”

“Nay, nay, I shall be downright riotous if I hear any excuses. I absolutely must—must have you. In fact,” continued he, making a leg, as he advanced, and tapping the tip of his left forefinger with the corresponding extremity of the right, “my dinner is already ordered,—within one hour will be served. See with what little ceremony I treat you.”

There was something irresistibly grotesque even in the proposition; for, though Mr. Sims was by no means a stranger in the house, yet the very suggestion of a *tête-à-tête* repast with the precise woollen-draper appeared one of those things which, although clearly possible, had still never yet been known to have transpired. As for instance, A man shall not marry his grandmother.

“To-day! said you, worthy neighbor?” demanded Elliston, as he passed his hand thoughtfully across his forehead. “To-day—that is—*this* day is——”

“Thursday, I would suggest,” interposed Sims most apologetically.

“Just so; and here comes my friend Quick, who reminds me of his promised visit. Dinner on table punctually at five,” continued Elliston, addressing himself to Quick, just as he entered,—“not a minute later;” which was of course the first notice the other had had at all of the matter, while Elliston himself was quite aware he had not a solitary cutlet in the house.

“But—but,” interrupted Sims, with his fingers as before, “my humble fare is preparing,—is nearly ready——”

“And will be excellent when eaten cold to-morrow,”

rejoined Elliston; "but to-day—to-day, Sims, you are *my* guest!"

The draper, having recovered from the shock which these words occasioned, was evidently as pleased as Punch at the proposition, though he looked on the affair as one of the maddest pranks ever yet attempted,—quite a Camel-ford exploit of that day, or Waterford of the present. The challenge, however, he accepted, but to no one's surprise more than his own.

"I will at least apprise my domestics," said Sims, catching up his hat and cane, with the intention of tripping off to his own abode; but Elliston, grasping his arm with considerable melodramatic effect, said, "Not so, friend Sims: this is a point easier settled; and our time is short. Take your own card, and just inscribe in pencil, '*Remains to-day with Mr. Elliston*,' and I will despatch it instantly."

The expedient was no sooner suggested than adopted, and Elliston, taking Mr. Sims's card, vanished instantly from the room, for the purpose already named, but secretly interpolated certain other words to the protocol in question, so that it ran thus: "*Mr. Sims remains to-day with Mr. Elliston, and begs that the dinner he had ordered may be carefully delivered, just as prepared, to the bearer.*"

This being achieved, Elliston returned to the apartment; and Quick, being by this time well assured some *belle plaisanterie* was in blossom, took part in the amicable contest of civil things till dinner was announced; and thus, within a quarter of an hour of five, the happy trio sat down together.

But no sooner was the first cover removed than Sims, with some little look of surprise and great show of satisfaction, exclaimed, "A trout! Mr. Elliston. Well, and, I protest, a very fine one! But the fishmonger's a rogue, for he told me *mine* was the only one in the market!"

"Fishmongers do lie most infernally," observed Elliston. "Why, he told me the very same thing. Come, a glass of wine! Had you been a married man, now, this little annoyance had never reached you. Ah, you bachelors! But peradventure you are one who, in searching for female perfection, can only find it in the wives of his friends."

Here Sims hid his face.

"And then as to a nursery," interposed Quick, "your bachelor, by adoption, may pick and choose his heir; but if he marries, he must put up with any booby that Providence assigns him."

"Excellent!" cried Elliston. "Come, a glass of wine!"

A second cover was now removed, and a shoulder of mutton, admirably dressed, was presented; at the sight of which, Sims, clasping his hands in token of renewed astonishment, exclaimed,—

"A shoulder of mutton!—why, it *is* a shoulder,—the very dish I had ordered myself."

"Similar, similar," interposed Quick, laughingly; "a coincidence."

Sims acknowledged the correction by one of the blindest smiles in nature.

"Coincidences are indeed extraordinary," observed Elliston. "I remember in May, '99, the very day Seringapatam was taken, our sexton's wife was brought to bed of twins."

"With great humility, my dear Mr. Elliston," observed Sims, "that may be a coincidence; but is it, think you, so very—very remarkable?"

"Why, Hindostan does not yield us cities every spring," replied Elliston, "nor are sexton's wives brought to bed of twins as a matter of course."

"And that both of these events should have happened on the same day is at least extraordinary," added Quick.

"Say no more ; say no more ; I am completely answered," rejoined Sims.

Here Elliston suggested another glass of wine all round.

By this time a third cover was removed, and a tart, very temptingly served, succeeded, which Elliston having commenced dividing, Sims rose from his chair, and, extending his hands over the dismantled *tourte de pommes*, screamed out,—

"An apple-pie, as I live ! Forgive me for swearing, but I gave special orders for an apple-pie myself. 'Apple—apple,' said I to Mrs. Green and Mrs. Blowflower, and here it is !"

"Yes, I'll give up Seringapatam after this !" said Elliston, mysteriously ; "but when fruit is in season, you know, —why, I'll be bound they have an apple-tart next door."

"Apples are unusually plentiful this year," observed Quick.

"Come, another glass of wine ! It shall at least be no apple of discord."

The repast was now drawing to a close, and Elliston, who had promised his guests a bottle of superior port wine, gave orders for its immediate introduction ; but in the mean time a half Stilton cheese, in prime condition, was placed on the table.

We are told that a certain *maréchal* of France was always taken in convulsions at the sight of a sucking pig, that Tycho Brahe swooned at the very glimpse of a hare, and that the philosophic Bayle was seized with sickness at the sound of water running from a cock ; but the concentrated force of all these phenomena could scarcely have produced a more electric shock than the sudden appearance of the said Stilton cheese on the nerves of Mr. Sims. Springing from his seat, as though stung by an adder, he gazed upon the dish before him in breathless stupefaction,

and was no sooner restored to strength of utterance than he shrieked aloud,—

“A cheese! a cheese!—and, is it possible, a Stilton cheese, too?”

“My good Sims——” interrupted Elliston.

“’Tis magic! magic! Excuse me for swearing; but I—I myself, my dear Mr. Elliston, have a Stilton too!”

“And what more probable?”

“But the mould!—that fine blue mould!—and all this marble tracing!—’tis most positively the same!”

“Similar, similar,” interposed Quick, a second time.

“Tell me,” said Elliston, with an ineffable look of wisdom, “where did you purchase your half Stilton?”

“At Coxes,” was the reply.

“Then, upon my honor, the cheese before you was bought at the same place. Why, ’tis the other half! and your fine blue mould and marble veining must inevitably correspond to the minutest speck. The fact is, we have been lucky to-day in hitting each other’s taste. Come, the port!”

This lucid judgment was acquiesced in by Sims, with a smile of the most lavish admiration, and, the cloth being removed, the host began to push the bottle.

In vain have we collected all the fine things that transpired from this moment. The three friends were in considerable force, and the decanter circulated as briskly as a hat in a mountebank’s ring. As the wine sank, their spirits rose; Mr. Sims so far forgot himself as to remember a song, and by ten o’clock there was not a happier gentleman of threescore in the four parishes.

Mr. Sims being now sufficiently far gone,—ripe as his own Stilton, for the purpose,—Elliston gave directions for a sedan-chair to be in waiting, and, collecting the crockery of the woollen-draper, which had lately graced the dinner-

table, he placed the pyramidal pile on a wooden tray, flanking the edifice by the four black bottles they had just emptied.

All things being now in readiness, Mr. Sims, much against his inclination, was assisted into the chair, and, being secured therein, the tray and porcelain, borne on the head of a porter, like a board of black plumes in advance of a solemn hearse, led the procession to the Abbey Churchyard. The body of Mr. Sims, dancing between the poles, came next in order, while Elliston and his friend, as chief mourners, brought up the rear. In this way they reached the mausoleum, of the illustrious departed, and, having "made wet their eyes with penitential tears," left the rites of sepulture to the care of Mrs. Green and Mrs. Blowflower.

JOHN GILPIN'S RIDE.

WILLIAM COWPER.

[Depressed and melancholy as was Cowper through so much of his life, he produced much healthy and cheerful poetry, whose naturalness went far to do away with the strained and inflated poetical style then prevalent. Humorous writing was not in his ordinary vein, yet in the memorable ride of John Gilpin he has produced a classic of English humor which comes up to generation after generation of readers with undiminished freshness. Cowper was born in Hertfordshire, England, in 1731, and died in 1800.]

JOHN GILPIN was a citizen of credit and renown;
A train-band captain eke was he, of famous London town.
John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear, "Though wedded we
have been
These twice ten tedious years, yet we no holiday have seen.

"To-morrow is our wedding-day, and we shall then repair
Unto the Bell at Edmonton, all in a chaise-and-pair.
My sister and my sister's child, myself and children three,
Will fill the chaise: so you must ride on horseback after
we."

He soon replied, "I do admire, of womankind, but one,
And you are she, my dearest dear, therefore it shall be done.
I am a linen-draper bold, as all the world doth know,
And my good friend the calender will lend his horse to go."

Quoth Mrs. Gilpin, "That's well said; and, for that wine
is dear,
We will be furnished with our own, which is both bright
and clear."

John Gilpin kissed his loving wife: o'erjoyed was he to find
That, though on pleasure she was bent, she had a frugal
mind.

The morning came; the chaise was brought, but yet was
not allowed
To drive up to the door, lest all should say that she was
proud.
So three doors off the chaise was stayed, where they did
all get in,—
Six precious souls, and all agog to dash through thick and
thin!

Smack went the whip, round went the wheels; were never
folks so glad;
The stones did rattle underneath, as if Cheapside were mad.
John Gilpin, at his horse's side, seized fast the flowing
mane,
And up he got, in haste to ride, but soon came down again;

For saddle-tree scarce reached had he, his journey to begin,
When, turning round his head, he saw three customers
 'come in.

So down he came; for loss of time, although it grieved
 him sore,

Yet loss of pence, full well he knew, would trouble him
 much more.

'Twas long before the customers were suited to their mind,
When Betty screaming came down-stairs, "The wine is left
 behind!"

"Good lack!" quoth he; "yet bring it me, my leathern
 belt likewise,

In which I wear my trusty sword, when I do exercise."

Now, Mrs. Gilpin (careful soul!) had two stone bottles
 found,

To hold the liquor that she loved, and keep it safe and
 'sound;

Each bottle had a curling ear, through which the belt he
 drew,

And hung a bottle on each side, to make his balance true.

Then over all, that he might be equipped from top to toe,
His long red cloak, well brushed and neat, he manfully did
 throw.

Now see him mounted once again upon his nimble steed,
Full slowly pacing o'er the stones with caution and good
 heed.

But finding soon a smoother road beneath his well-shod
 feet,

The snorting beast began to trot, which galled him in his
 seat.

"So! fair and softly!" John he cried; but John he cried in
vain;

The trot became a gallop soon, in spite of curb and rein.

So, stooping down, as needs he must who cannot sit up-
right,

He grasped the mane with both his hands, and eke with
all his might.

His horse, who never in that sort had handled been before,
What thing upon his back had got did wonder more and
more.

Away went Gilpin, neck or naught; away went hat and
wig;

He little dreamed, when he set out, of running such a
rig.

The wind did blow, the cloak did fly, like streamer long
and gay,

Till, loop and button failing both, at last it flew away.

Then might all people well discern the bottles he had slung;
A bottle swinging at each side, as hath been said or sung.
The dogs did bark, the children screamed, up flew the
windows all,

And every soul cried out, "Well done!" as loud as he could
bawl.

Away went Gilpin, who but he! his fame soon spread
around,

"He carries weight! He rides a race! 'Tis for a thousand
pound!"

And still, as fast as he drew near, 'twas wonderful to view
How in a trice the turnpike-men their gates wide open
threw.

And now, as he went bowing down his reeking head full
low,
The bottles twain, behind his back, were shattered at a
blow.

Down ran the wine into the road, most piteous to be seen,
Which made his horse's flanks to smoke, as they had basted
been.

But still he seemed to carry weight, with leather girdle
braced,
For all might see the bottle-necks still dangling at his waist.
Thus all through merry Islington these gambols he did
play,
And till he came unto the Wash of Edmonton so gay.

And there he threw the Wash about on both sides of the
way,
Just like unto a trundling-mop, or a wild goose at play.
At Edmonton his loving wife, from the balcony, spied
Her tender husband, wondering much to see how he did
ride.

"Stop, stop, John Gilpin! here's the house!" they all aloud
did cry;

"The dinner waits, and we are tired!" Said Gilpin, "So
am I!"

But yet his horse was not a whit inclined to tarry there;
For why? his owner had a house full ten miles off, at
Ware.

So like an arrow swift he flew, shot by an archer strong,
So did he fly,—which brings me to the middle of my song.
Away went Gilpin, out of breath, and sore against his
will,

Till at his friend the calender's his horse at last stood still.

The calender, amazed to see his friend in such a trim,
Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate, and thus accosted
him:

“What news? What news? Your tidings tell! Tell me
you must and shall!

Say why bare-headed you are come,—or why you come at
all.”

Now, Gilpin had a pleasant wit, and loved a timely joke,
And thus unto the calender in merry guise he spoke:

“I came because your horse would come; and, if I well
forebode,

My hat and wig will soon be here; they are upon the
road!”

The calender, right glad to find his friend in merry pin,
Returned him not a single word, but to the house went in,
Whence straight he came with hat and wig,—a wig that
flowed behind,

A hat not much the worse for wear,—each comely in its
kind.

He held them up, and in his turn thus showed his ready
wit:

“My head is twice as big as yours: they therefore needs
must fit.

But let me scrape the dirt away that hangs upon your
face;

And stop and eat, for well you may be in a hungry case.”

Said John, “It is my wedding-day, and all the world
would stare

If wife should dine at Edmonton and I should dine at
Ware.”

So, turning to his horse, he said, "I am in haste to dine;
'Twas for your pleasure you came here, you shall go back
for mine."

Ah, luckless speech and bootless boast! for which he paid
full dear;
For, while he spake, a braying ass did sing most loud and
clear,
Whereat his horse did snort as he had heard a lion roar,
And galloped off with all his might, as he had done before.

Away went Gilpin, and away went Gilpin's hat and wig:
He lost them sooner than at first; for why?—they were
too big.
Now, Mistress Gilpin, when she saw her husband posting
down
Into the country far away, she pulled out half a crown,

And thus unto the youth she said that drove them to the
Bell,
"This shall be yours when you bring back my husband
safe and well."
The youth did ride, and soon did meet John coming back
again,
Whom in a trice he tried to stop, by catching at his rein;

But, not performing what he meant, and gladly would
have done,
The frightened steed he frightened more, and made him faster
run.
Away went Gilpin, and away went post-boy at his heels,
The post-boy's horse right glad to miss the lumbering of
the wheels.

Six gentlemen upon the road, thus seeing Gilpin fly,
With post-boy scampering in the rear, they raised the hue
and cry :

“Stop thief! Stop thief!—a highwayman!”—not one of
them was mute,
And all and each that passed that way did join in the
pursuit.

And now the turnpike gates again flew open in short
space,
The toll-men thinking, as before, that Gilpin rode a race.
And so he did, and won it too, for he got first to town,
Nor stopped till where he had got up he did again get
down.

Now let us sing “long live the king,” and Gilpin, long live
he,
And when he next doth ride abroad may I be there to see!

DISSERTATION ON ROAST PIG.

CHARLES LAMB.

[Lamb, who thought in humor, and from whom fun flowed as freely as water from a fountain, produced nothing more provocative of laughter than his celebrated “Roast Pig” essay, which is presented below. It was perhaps suggested by Arbuthnot’s “Dissertation on Dumplings,” which we give elsewhere, but, if so, it is a vast improvement on its origin. Charles Lamb was born in London in 1775, and died in 1834. He was eccentric in his character and odd in his humor, yet ever amiable and lovable. As a critic he had the finest taste and discrimination, as is shown in his “Essays on the Tragedies of Shakespeare.”]

MANKIND, says a Chinese manuscript, which my friend M. was obliging enough to read and explain to me, for the

first seventy thousand ages ate their meat raw, clawing or biting it from the living animal, just as they do in Abyssinia to this day. This period is not obscurely hinted at by their great Confucius in the second chapter of his *Mundane Meditations*, where he designates a kind of golden age by the term *Cho-fang*.—literally, the Cook's Holiday. The manuscript goes on to say that the art of roasting, or rather broiling (which I take to be the elder brother), was accidentally discovered in the manner following. The swineherd, Ho-ti, having gone out into the woods one morning, as his manner was, to collect mast for his hogs, left the cottage in the care of his eldest son, Bo-bo, a great lubberly boy, who, being fond of playing with fire, as youngsters of his age commonly are, let some sparks escape into a bundle of straw, which, kindling quickly, spread the conflagration over every part of their poor mansion, till it was reduced to ashes. Together with the cottage (a sorry antediluvian makeshift of a building, you may think it), what was of much more importance, a fine litter of new-farrowed pigs, no less than nine in number, perished. China pigs have been esteemed a luxury all over the East from the remotest periods that we read of. Bo-bo was in the utmost consternation, as you may think, not so much for the sake of the tenement, which his father and he could easily build up again with the aid of a few dry branches, and the labor of an hour or two, at any time, as for the loss of the pigs. While he was thinking what he should say to his father, and wringing his hands over the smoking remnants of one of those untimely sufferers, an odor assailed his nostrils unlike any scent which he had before experienced. What could it proceed from?—not from the burnt cottage,—he had smelt that smell before: indeed, this was by no means the first accident of the kind which had occurred through the

negligence of this unlucky young firebrand. Much less did it resemble that of any known herb, weed, or flower. A premonitory moistening at the same time overflowed his nether lip. He knew not what to think. He next stooped down to feel the pig, if there were any signs of life in it. He burnt his fingers, and to cool them he applied them, in his booby fashion, to his mouth. Some of the crumbs of the scorched skin had come away with his fingers, and for the first time in his life (in the world's life, indeed, for before him no man had known it) he tasted—*crackling!* Again he felt and fumbled at the pig. It did not burn him so much now; still he licked his fingers from a sort of habit. The truth at length broke into his slow understanding, that it was the pig that smelt so, and the pig that tasted so delicious; and, surrendering himself up to the new-born pleasure, he fell to tearing up whole handfuls of the scorched skin with the flesh next it, and was cramming it down his throat in his beastly fashion, when his sire entered amid the smoking rafters, armed with retributory cudgel, and, finding how affairs stood, began to rain blows upon the young rogue's shoulders as thick as hailstones, which Bo-bo heeded not any more than if they had been flies. The tickling pleasure which he experienced in his lower regions had rendered him quite callous to any inconveniences he might feel in these remote quarters. His father might lay on, but he could not beat him from his pig till he had fairly made an end of it, when, becoming a little more sensible of his situation, something like the following dialogue ensued.

“You graceless whelp, what have you got there devouring? Is it not enough that you have burnt me down three houses with your dog's tricks, and be hanged to you! but you must be eating fire, and I know not what?—What have you got there, I say?”

"Oh, father, the pig, the pig! do come and taste how nice the burnt pig eats!"

The ears of Ho-ti tingled with horror. He cursed his son, and cursed himself that ever he should beget a son that should eat burnt pig.

Bo-bo, whose scent was wonderfully sharpened since morning, soon raked out another pig, and, fairly rending it asunder, thrust the lesser half by main force into the fists of Ho-ti, still shouting out, "Eat, eat, eat the burnt pig, father; only taste; O Lord!"—with such-like barbarous ejaculations, cramming all the while as if he would choke.

Ho-ti trembled in every joint while he grasped the abominable thing, wavering whether he should not put his son to death for an unnatural young monster, when, the crackling scorching his fingers, as it had done his son's, and applying the same remedy to them, he in his turn tasted some of its flavor, which, make what sour mouths he would for a pretence, proved not altogether displeasing to him. In conclusion (for the manuscript here is a little tedious), both father and son fairly sat down to the mess, and never left off till they had despatched all that remained of the litter.

Bo-bo was strictly enjoined not to let the secret escape, for the neighbors would certainly have stoned them for a couple of abominable wretches, who could think of improving upon the good meat which God had sent them. Nevertheless, strange stories got about. It was observed that Ho-ti's cottage was burnt down now more frequently than ever. Nothing but fires from this time forward. Some would break out in broad day, others in the night-time. As often as the sow farrowed, so sure was the house of Ho-ti to be in a blaze; and Ho-ti himself, which was the more remarkable, instead of chastising his son,

seemed to grow more indulgent to him than ever. At length they were watched, the terrible mystery discovered, and father and son summoned to take their trial at Pekin, then an inconsiderable assize town. Evidence was given, the obnoxious food itself produced in court, and verdict about to be pronounced, when the foreman of the jury begged that some of the burnt pig, of which the culprits stood accused, might be handed into the box. He handled it, and they all handled it; and burning their fingers, as Bo-bo and his father had done before them, and nature prompting to each of them the same remedy,—against the face of all the facts, and the clearest charge which judge had ever given,—to the surprise of the whole court, townsfolk, strangers, reporters, and all present,—without leaving the box, or any manner of consultation whatever, they brought in a simultaneous verdict of Not Guilty.

The judge, who was a shrewd fellow, winked at the manifest iniquity of the decision, and, when the court was dismissed, went privily, and bought up all the pigs that could be had for love or money. In a few days his lordship's town-house was observed to be on fire. The thing took wing, and now there was nothing to be seen but fire in every direction. Fuel and pigs grew enormously dear all over the district. The insurance-offices one and all shut up shop. People built slighter and slighter every day, until it was feared that the very science of architecture would in no long time be lost to the world. Thus this custom of firing houses continued, till in process of time, says my manuscript, a sage arose, like our Locke, who made a discovery that the flesh of swine, or indeed of any other animal, might be cooked (*burnt*, as they called it) without the necessity of consuming a whole house to dress it. Then first began the rude form of a grid-

iron. Roasting by the string or spit came in a century or two later,—I forget in whose dynasty. By such slow degrees, concludes the manuscript, do the most useful, and seemingly the most obvious, arts make their way among mankind.

Without placing too implicit faith in the account above given, it must be agreed that if a worthy pretext for so dangerous an experiment as setting houses on fire (especially in these days) could be assigned in favor of any culinary object, that pretext and excuse might be found in ROAST PIG.

Of all the delicacies in the whole *mundus edibilis*, I will maintain it to be the most delicate,—*princeps obsoniorum*.

I speak not of your grown porkers,—things between pig and pork,—those hobbydehoys,—but a young and tender suckling,—under a moon old,—guiltless as yet of the sty,—with no original speck of the *amor immunditiæ*, the hereditary failing of the first parent, yet manifest,—his voice as yet not broken, but something between a childish treble and a grumble, the mild forerunner, or *prælude*, of a grunt.

He must be roasted. I am not ignorant that our ancestors ate them seethed, or boiled; but what a sacrifice of the exterior tegument!

There is no flavor comparable, I will contend, to that of the crisp, tawny, well-watched, not over-roasted, *crackling*, as it is well called: the very teeth are invited to their share of the pleasure at this banquet, in overcoming the coy, brittle resistance,—with the adhesive oleaginous,—oh, call it not fat! but an indefinable sweetness growing up to it,—the tender blossoming of fat,—fat cropped in the bud,—taken in the shoot,—in the first innocence,—the cream and quintessence of the child-pig's yet pure food,—the lean, no lean, but a kind of animal manna,—or, rather,

fat and lean (if it must be so) so blended and running into each other that both together make but one ambrosian result, or common substance.

Behold him while he is "doing:" it seemeth rather a refreshing warmth, than a scorching heat, that he is so passive to. How equably he twirleth round the string! Now he is just done. To see the extreme sensibility of that tender age! he hath wept out his pretty eyes,—radiant jellies,—shooting stars.

See him in the dish, his second cradle, how meek he lieth!—wouldst thou have had this innocent grow up to the grossness and indocility which too often accompany maturer swinehood? Ten to one he would have proved a glutton, a sloven, an obstinate, disagreeable animal, wallowing in all manner of filthy conversation: from these sins he is happily snatched away

" Ere sin could blight, or sorrow fade,
Death came with timely care ;"

his memory is odoriferous; no clown curseth, while his stomach half rejecteth, the rank bacon; no coal-heaver bolteth him in reeking sausages; he hath a fair sepulchre in the grateful stomach of the judicious epicure, and for such a tomb might be content to die.

He is the best of savors. Pine-apple is great. She is, indeed, almost too transcendent,—a delight, if not sinful, yet so like to sinning that really a tender-conscienced person would do well to pause; too ravishing for mortal taste, she woundeth and excoriateth the lips that approach her; like lovers' kisses, she biteth; she is a pleasure bordering on pain from the fierceness and insanity of her relish; but she stoppeth at the palate; she meddleth not with the appetite; and the coarsest hunger might barter her consistently for a mutton-chop.

Pig—let me speak his praise—is no less provocative of the appetite than he is satisfactory to the criticalness of the censorious palate. The strong man may batten on him, and the weakling refuseth not his mild juices.

Unlike to mankind's mixed characters, a bundle of virtues and vices, inexplicably intertwined, and not to be unravelled without hazard, he is—good throughout. No part of him is better or worse than another. He helpeth, as far as his little means extend, all around. He is the least envious of banquets. He is all neighbor's fare.

I am one of those who freely and ungrudgingly impart a share of the good things of this life which fall to their lot (few as mine are in this kind) to a friend. I protest I take as great an interest in my friend's pleasures, his relishes and proper satisfactions, as in mine own. "Presents," I often say, "endear Absents." Hares, pheasants, partridges, snipes, barn-door chickens (those "tame villatic fowl"), capons, plovers, brawn, barrels of oysters, I dispense as freely as I receive them. I love to taste them, as it were, upon the tongue of my friend. But a stop must be put somewhere. One would not, like Lear, "give everything." I make my stand upon pig. Methinks it is an ingratitude to the Giver of all good flavors to extradomiciliate, or send out of the house, slightly (under pretence of friendship, or I know not what), a blessing so particularly adapted, predestined, I may say, to my individual palate. It argues an insensibility.

I remember a touch of conscience in this kind at school. My good old aunt, who never parted from me at the end of a holiday without stuffing a sweetmeat, or some nice thing, into my pocket, had dismissed me one evening with a smoking plum-cake fresh from the oven. In my way to school (it was over London Bridge) a gray-headed old beggar saluted me (I have no doubt, at this time of day,

that he was a counterfeit). I had no pence to console him with, and, in the vanity of self-denial and the very coxcombry of charity, school-boy like, I made him a present of—the whole cake! I walked on a little, buoyed up, as one is on such occasions, with a sweet soothing of self-satisfaction; but before I had got to the end of the bridge my better feelings returned, and I burst into tears, thinking how ungrateful I had been to my good aunt, to go and give her good gift away to a stranger that I had never seen before, and who might be a bad man for aught I knew; and then I thought of the pleasure my aunt would be taking in thinking that I—I myself, and not another—would eat her nice cake,—and what should I say to her the next time I saw her?—how naughty I was to part with her pretty present!—and the odor of that spicy cake came back upon my recollection, and the pleasure and the curiosity I had taken in seeing her make it, and her joy when she sent it to the oven, and how disappointed she would feel that I never had a bit of it in my mouth at last,—and I blamed my impertinent spirit of alms-giving and out-of-place hypocrisy of goodness; and, above all, I wished never to see the face again of that insidious, good-for-nothing old gray impostor.

* * * * *

His sauce should be considered. Decidedly, a few bread crumbs, done up with his liver and brains, and a dash of mild sage. But banish, dear Mrs. Cook, I beseech you, the whole onion tribe. Barbecue your whole hogs to your palate, steep them in shallots, stuff them out with plantations of the rank and guilty garlic; you cannot poison them, or make them stronger than they are; but consider, he is a weakling,—a flower.

THE DECEIVED TRAVELLERS.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

[Goldsmith, at the touch of whose pen everything turned to gold, prose, poetry, fiction, and drama alike, has left us in "She Stoops to Conquer" one of the best and most popular of English comedies, which has already had a long life upon the stage and is still fresh and vital. It is said to have been suggested by an adventure of his own, in which a wag directed him to a gentleman's house for an inn. Goldsmith had but a guinea in his pocket, but ordered loftily and was served with deference. It was not till he had despatched his breakfast, "and was looking at his guinea with a pathetic aspect of farewell, that the truth was told him by the good-natured squire." We give some of the opening scenes of this play.]

LANDLORD of the "*Three Jolly Pigeons*" and TONY LUMPKIN.

Landlord. There be two gentlemen in a post-chaise at the door. They've lost their way upo' the forest, and they are talking something about Mr. Hardecastle.

Tony. As sure as can be, one of them must be the gentleman that's coming down to court my sister. Do they seem to be Londoners?

Land. I believe they may. They look woundily like Frenchmen.

Tony. Then desire them to step this way, and I'll set them right in a twinkling. [*Exit LANDLORD.*] Gentlemen, as they mayn't be good enough company for you, step down for a moment, and I'll be with you in the squeezing of a lemon. [*Exeunt mob from the alehouse.*] Father-in-law has been calling me a whelp and hound this half-year. Now, if I pleased, I could be so revenged upon the old grumbletonian. But then I am afraid. Afraid of what? I shall soon be worth fifteen hundred a year, and let him frighten me out of that if he can.

Enter LANDLORD, conducting MARLOW and HASTINGS.

Marlow. What a tedious, uncomfortable day have we had of it! We were told it was but forty miles across the country, and we have come above threescore. . . .

Tony. No offence, gentlemen, but I am told you have been inquiring for one Mr. Hardecastle in these parts. Do you know what part of the country you are in?

Hastings. Not in the least, sir, but should thank you for information.

Tony. Nor the way you came?

Hast. No, sir; but if you can inform us——

Tony. Why, gentlemen, if you know neither the road you are going, nor where you are, nor the road you came, the first thing I have to inform you is that—you have lost your way.

Mar. We wanted no ghost to tell us that.

Tony. Pray, gentlemen, may I be so bold as to ask the place from whence you came?

Mar. That's not necessary towards directing us where we are to go.

Tony. No offence, but question for question is all fair, you know. Pray, gentlemen, is not this same Hardecastle a cross-grained, old-fashioned, whimsical fellow, with an ugly face, a daughter, and a pretty son?

Hast. We have not seen the gentleman; but he has the family you mention.

Tony. The daughter, a tall, trapesing, trolloping, talkative May-pole; the son, a pretty, well-bred, agreeable youth, that everybody is fond of?

Mar. Our information differs from this: the daughter is said to be well-bred and beautiful; the son an awkward booby, reared up and spoiled at his mother's apron-string.

Tony. He-he-hem. Then, gentlemen, all I have to tell

you is that you won't reach Mr. Hardeastle's house this night, I believe.

Hast. Unfortunate!

Tony. It's a long, dark, boggy, dangerous way. Stingo, tell the gentlemen the way to Mr. Hardeastle's [*winking at the landlord*],—Mr. Hardeastle's of Quagmire Marsh. You understand me?

Land. Master Hardeastle's! Lack-a-daisy, my masters, you're come a deadly deal wrong. When you came to the bottom of the hill, you should have crossed down Squash Lane.

Mar. Cross down Squash Lane!

Land. Then you were to keep straight forward till you came to four roads.

Mar. Came to where four roads meet?

Tony. Ay; but you must be sure to take only one of them.

Mar. Oh, sir! you're facetious.

Tony. Then, keeping to the right, you are to go sideways till you come upon Crack-skull Common; there you must look sharp for the track of the wheel, and go forward till you come to Farmer Murrain's barn. Coming to the farmer's barn, you are to turn to the right, and then to the left, and then to the right about again, till you find out the old mill——

Mar. Zounds, man! we could as soon find out the longitude.

Hast. What's to be done, Marlow?

Mar. This house promises but a poor reception; though perhaps the landlord can accommodate us.

Land. Alack, master! we have but one spare bed in the whole house.

Tony. And, to my knowledge, that's taken up by three lodgers already. [*After a pause in which the rest seem dis-*

concerted] I have hit it! Don't you think, Stingo, our landlady would accommodate the gentlemen by the fire-side with—three chairs and a bolster?

Hast. I hate sleeping by the fireside.

Mar. And I detest your three chairs and a bolster.

Tony. You do, do you? Then let me see: what if you go on a mile further to the Buck's Head, the old Buck's Head on the hill, one of the best inns in the whole county?

Hast. Oh, ho! so we have escaped an adventure for this night, however.

Land. [*Apart to Tony*] Sure you bean't sending them to your father's as an inn, be you?

Tony. Mum! you fool, you; let them find that out. [*To them*] You have only to keep on straight forward till you come to a large old house by the roadside: you'll see a pair of large horns over the door; that's the sign. Drive up the yard, and call stoutly about you.

Hast. Sir, we are obliged to you. The servants can't miss the way?

Tony. No, no: but I tell you, though, the landlord is rich, and going to leave off business: so he wants to be thought a gentleman, saving your presence,—he, he, he! He'll be for giving you his company; and, ecod! if you mind him he'll persuade you that his mother was an alderman and his aunt a justice of the peace.

Land. A troublesome old blade, to be sure; but a keeps as good wines and beds as any in the whole county.

Mar. Well, if he supplies us with these, we shall want no further connection. We are to turn to the right, did you say?

Tony. No, no, straight forward. I'll just step myself and show you a piece of the way. [*To the landlord*] Mum!

Land. Ah, you are a sweet, pleasant—mischievous humbug.

[*Exeunt.*]

[The travellers arrive at the supposed inn, where Mr. Hardcastle has been expecting them.]

Enter MARLOW and HASTINGS.

Hast. After the disappointments of the day, welcome once more, Charles, to the comforts of a clean room and a good fire. Upon my word, a very well-looking house; antique, but creditable. . . .

Enter HARDCASTLE.

Hardcastle. Gentlemen, once more you are heartily welcome. Which is Mr. Marlow? [*MARLOW advances.*] Sir, you're heartily welcome. It's not my way, you see, to receive my friends with my back to the fire. I like to give them a hearty reception, in the old style, at my gate; I like to see their horses and trunks taken care of.

Mar. [*Aside*] He has got our names from the servants already. [*To HARD.*] We approve your caution and hospitality, sir. [*To HAST.*] I have been thinking, George, of changing our travelling-dresses in the morning; I am grown confoundedly ashamed of mine.

Hard. I beg, Mr. Marlow, you'll use no ceremony in this house.

Hast. I fancy, Charles, you're right: the first blow is half the battle. I intend opening the campaign with the white and gold.

Hard. Mr. Marlow,—Mr. Hastings,—gentlemen,—pray be under no restraint in this house. This is Liberty Hall, gentlemen; you may do just as you please here.

Mar. Yet, George, if we open the campaign too fiercely at first, we may want ammunition before it is over. I think to reserve the embroidery to secure a retreat.

Hard. Your talking of a retreat, Mr. Marlow, puts me

in mind of the Duke of Marlborough when he went to besiege Denain. He first summoned the garrison——

Mar. Don't you think the *ventre d'or* waistcoat will do with the plain brown?

Hard. He first summoned the garrison, which might consist of about five thousand men——

Mar. The girls like finery.

Hard. Which might consist of about five thousand men, well appointed with stores, ammunition, and other implements of war. Now says the Duke of Marlborough to George Brooks, that stood next to him,—you must have heard of George Brooks,—“I'll pawn my dukedom,” says he, “but I'll take that garrison without spilling a drop of blood.” So——

Mar. What, my good friend, if you give us a glass of punch in the mean time? It would help us to carry on the siege with vigor.

Hard. Punch, sir!—This is the most unaccountable kind of modesty I ever met with. [*Aside.*

Mar. Yes, sir, punch. A glass of warm punch after our journey will be comfortable.

Enter SERVANT with a tankard.

This is Liberty Hall, you know.

Hard. Here's a cup, sir.

Mar. So this fellow, in his Liberty Hall, will only let us have just what he pleases. [*Aside to Hast.*

Hard. [*Taking the cup.*] I hope you'll find it to your mind. I have prepared it with my own hands, and I believe you'll own the ingredients are tolerable. Will you be so good as to pledge me, sir? Here, Mr. Marlow, here is to our better acquaintance. [*Drinks.*

Mar. A very impudent fellow, this; but he's a charac-

ter, and I'll humor him a little. [*Aside.*] Sir, my service to you. [*Drinks.*]

Hast. I see this fellow wants to give us his company, and forgets that he is an innkeeper before he has learned to be a gentleman. [*Aside.*]

Mar. From the excellence of your cup, my old friend, I suppose you have a good deal of business in this part of the country. Warm work now and then at elections, I suppose.

Hard. No, sir; I have long given that work over. Since our betters have hit upon the expedient of electing each other, there's no business "for us that sell ale."

Hast. So you have no turn for politics, I find.

Hard. Not in the least. There was a time, indeed, I fretted myself about the mistakes of government, like other people; but finding myself every day grow more angry, and the government growing no better, I left it to mind itself. Since that I no more trouble my head about Hyder Ally or Ally Cawn than about Ally Croaker. Sir, my service to you.

Hast. So that, with eating up-stairs and drinking below, with receiving your friends within and amusing them without, you lead a good, pleasant, bustling life of it.

Hard. I do stir about a good deal, that's certain. Half the differences of the parish are adjusted in this very parlor.

Mar. [*After drinking.*] And you have an argument in your cup, old gentleman, better than any in Westminster Hall.

Hard. Ay, young gentleman, that, and a little philosophy.

Mar. Well, this is the first time I ever heard of an innkeeper's philosophy. [*Aside.*]

Hast. So, then, like an experienced general, you attack

them on every quarter. If you find their reason manageable, you attack them with your philosophy; if you find they have no reason, you attack them with this. Here's your health, my philosopher. [*Drinks.*]

Hard. Good, very good; thank you; ha! ha! ha! Your generalship puts me in mind of Prince Eugene when he fought the Turks at the battle of Belgrade. You shall hear.

Mar. Instead of the battle of Belgrade, I think it's almost time to talk about supper. What has your philosophy got in the house for supper?

Hard. For supper, sir? Was ever such a request to a man in his own house? [*Aside.*]

Mar. Yes, sir; supper, sir; I begin to feel an appetite. I shall make devilish work to-night in the larder, I promise you.

Hard. Such a brazen dog sure never my eyes beheld. [*Aside.*] Why, really, sir, as for supper, I can't well tell. My Dorothy and the cook-maid settle these things between them. I leave these kind of things entirely to them.

Mar. You do, do you?

Hard. Entirely. By the bye, I believe they are in actual consultation upon what's for supper this moment in the kitchen.

Mar. Then I beg they'll admit me as one of their privy council. It's a way I have got. When I travel, I always choose to regulate my own supper. Let the cook be called. No offence, I hope, sir.

Hard. Oh, no, sir, none in the least: yet, I don't know how, our Bridget, the cookmaid, is not very communicative upon these occasions. Should we send for her, she might scold us all out of the house.

Hast. Let's see the bill of the larder, then. I always match my appetite to my bill of fare.

Mar. [*To HARDCASTLE, who looks at them with surprise.*] Sir, he's very right, and it's my way too.

Hard. Sir, you have a right to command here. Here, Roger, bring us the bill of fare for to-night's supper: I believe it's drawn out. Your manner, Mr. Hastings, puts me in mind of my uncle, Colonel Wallop. It was a saying of his that no man was sure of his supper till he had eaten it. [*Servant brings in the bill of fare, and exit.*]

Hast. All upon the high ropes! His uncle a colonel! We shall soon hear of his mother being a justice of the peace. [*Aside.*] But let's hear the bill of fare.

Mar. [*Perusing.*] What's here? For the first course; for the second course; for the dessert. The devil, sir! Do you think we have brought down the whole Joiners' Company, or the Corporation of Bedford, to eat up such a supper? Two or three little things, clean and comfortable, will do.

Hast. But let's hear it.

Mar. [*Reading.*] For the first course: at the top, a pig, and pruin sauce.

Hast. Confound your pig, I say.

Mar. And confound your pruin sauce, say I.

Hard. And yet, gentlemen, to men that are hungry, pig with pruin sauce is very good eating.

Mar. At the bottom a calf's tongue and brains.

Hast. Let your brains be knocked out, my good sir: I don't like them.

Mar. Or you may clap them on a plate by themselves.

Hard. Their impudence confounds me. [*Aside.*] Gentlemen, you are my guests: make what alterations you please. Is there anything else you wish to retrench or alter, gentlemen?

Mar. Item: a pork-pie, a boiled rabbit and sausages, a

florentine, a shaking-pudding, and a dish of tiff—taff—taffety cream.

Hast. Confound your made dishes! I shall be as much at a loss in this house as at a green-and-yellow dinner at the French ambassador's table. I'm for plain eating.

Hard. I'm sorry, gentlemen, that I have nothing you like; but if there be anything you have a particular fancy to——

Mar. Why, really, sir, your bill of fare is so exquisite that any one part of it is full as good as another. Send us what you please. So much for supper. And now to see that our beds are aired and properly taken care of.

Hard. I entreat you'll leave all that to me. You shall not stir a step.

Mar. Leave that to you! I protest, sir, you must excuse me; I always look to these things myself.

Hard. I must insist, sir, you'll make yourself easy on that head.

Mar. You see I'm resolved on it. A very troublesome fellow, as ever I met with. [*Aside.*]

Hard. Well, sir, I'm resolved at least to attend you. This may be modern modesty, but I never saw anything look so like old-fashioned impudence. [*Aside.*]

[*Exeunt HARD. and MAR.*]

[A few hours of this behavior disgusts and enrages Mr. Harcastle. Marlow, still thinking himself at an inn, orders his servants to drink freely "for the good of the house." They obey by getting drunk. Finally Harcastle becomes incensed beyond endurance.]

Mar. You see, my old friend, the fellow is as drunk as he can possibly be. I don't know what you'd have more, unless you'd have the poor fellow soused in a beer-barrel.

Hard. Zounds! He'll drive me distracted if I contain myself any longer. [*Aside.*] Mr. Marlow, sir, I have submitted to your insolence for more than four hours, and I see no likelihood of its coming to an end. I'm now resolved to be master here, sir; and I desire that you and your drunken pack may leave my house directly.

Mar. Leave your house! Sure you jest, my good friend? What! when I'm doing what I can to please you?

Hard. I tell you, sir, you don't please me: so I desire you'll leave my house.

Mar. Sure you cannot be serious! At this time o'night, and such a night! You only mean to banter me.

Hard. I tell you, sir, I am serious; and, now that my passions are roused, I say this house is mine, sir,—this house is mine, and I command you to leave it directly!

Mar. Ha! ha! ha! A puddle in a storm. I shan't stir a step, I assure you. [*In a serious tone.*] This your house, fellow? It's my house. This is my house. Mine, while I choose to stay. What right have you to bid me to leave this house, sir? I never met with such impudence, never in my whole life before.

Hard. Nor I, confound me if ever I did! To come to my house, to call for what he likes, to turn me out of my own chair, to insult the family, to order his servants to get drunk, and then to tell me, "This house is mine, sir!" By all that's impudent, it makes me laugh. Ha! ha! Pray, sir [*bantering*], as you take the house, what think you of taking the rest of the furniture? There's a pair of silver candlesticks, and there's a fire-screen, and here's a pair of brazen-nosed bellows: perhaps you may take a fancy to them.

Mar. Bring me your bill, sir; bring me your bill, and let's make no more words about it.

Hard. There's a set of prints, too. What think you of the "Rake's Progress" for your own apartment?

Mar. Bring me your bill, I say; and I'll leave you and your house directly.

Hard. Then there's a mahogany table, that you may see your own face in.

Mar. My bill, I say.

Hard. I had forgotten the great chair, for your own particular slumbers, after a hearty meal.

Mar. Zounds! Bring me my bill, I say; and let's hear no more on't.

Hard. Young man, young man, from your father's letter to me, I was taught to expect a well-bred, modest man as a visitor here; but now I find him no better than a coxcomb and a bully. But he will be down here presently, and shall hear more of it. [Exit.

Mar. How's this? Sure I have not mistaken the house? Everything looks like an inn. The servants cry, "Coming." The attendance is awkward; the barmaid, too, to attend us. But she's here, and will further inform me.

[Miss Harcastle, who is dressed as and has pretended to be a barmaid, enters, and is asked if the house is an inn.]

Miss Hard. Inn! Oh, la! what brought that into your head? One of the best families in the country keep an inn! Ha! ha! ha! old Mr. Harcastle's house an inn!

Mar. Mr. Harcastle's house! Is this house Mr. Harcastle's house, child?

Miss Hard. Ay, sure. Whose else should it be?

Mar. So then all's out, and I have been damnably imposed on. Oh, confound my stupid head! I shall be laughed at over the whole town. I shall be stuck up in caricatura in all the print-shops: *The Dullissimo Maccaroni*. To mistake this house, of all others, for an inn, and my father's

old friend for an innkeeper! What a swaggering puppy must he take me for! What a silly puppy do I find myself! . . . But it's over. This house I no more show my face in.

PROGRESS OF REFORM.

SIDNEY SMITH.

[For wit, humor, and conversational powers, England has produced no more brilliant personage than Sydney Smith, whose witty writings and sayings could ill be spared from modern English literature. He was born at Woodford, Essex, in 1771, took holy orders, and in 1802 became first editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, of which he was one of the founders, and to which he contributed largely during the remainder of his life. He died in 1845.]

I do not mean to be disrespectful, but the attempt of the Lords to stop the progress of reform reminds me very forcibly of the great storm of Sidmouth, and of the conduct of the excellent Mrs. Partington on that occasion. In the winter of 1824 there set in a great flood upon that town; the tide rose to an incredible height; the waves rushed in upon the houses, and everything was threatened with destruction. In the midst of this sublime and terrible storm, Dame Partington, who lived upon the beach, was seen at the door of her house with mop and pattens, trundling her mop, squeezing out the sea-water, and vigorously pushing away the Atlantic Ocean. The Atlantic was roused; Mrs. Partington's spirit was up; but I need not tell you that the contest was unequal. The Atlantic Ocean beat Mrs. Partington. She was excellent at a slop or a puddle; but she should not have meddled with a tempest.

[From "Peter Plymley's Letters" we extract a specimen of Smith's humor which in its way is inimitable. It is in ridicule of the idea,

then prevalent, that a conspiracy, headed by the pope, had been formed against Protestantism.]

CONSPIRACY OF THE POPE.

The pope has not landed, nor are there any curates sent out after him, nor has he been hid at St. Albans by the Dowager Lady Spencer, nor dined privately at Holland House, nor been seen near Dropmore. If these fears exist (which I do not believe), they exist only in the mind of the chancellor of the exchequer; they emanate from his zeal for the Protestant interest, and, though they reflect the highest honor upon the delicate irritability of his faith, must certainly be considered as more ambiguous proofs of the sanity and vigor of his understanding. By this time, however, the best-informed clergy in the neighborhood of the metropolis are convinced that the rumor is without foundation; and though the pope is probably hovering about our coast in a fishing-smack, it is most likely he will fall a prey to the vigilance of the cruisers; and it is certain he has not yet polluted the Protestantism of our soil. Exactly in the same manner the story of the wooden gods seized at Charing Cross, by an order from the Foreign Office, turns out to be without the shadow of a foundation: instead of the angels and archangels mentioned by the informer, nothing was discovered but a wooden image of Lord Mulgrave going down to Chatham as a head-piece for the Spanker gun-vessel: it was an exact resemblance of his lordship in his military uniform, and therefore as little like a god as can well be imagined.

[Smith thus with satirical wit discourses on taxation.]

THE COST OF MILITARY GLORY.

We can inform Brother Jonathan what are the inevitable consequences of being too fond of glory:—*taxes* upon every

article which enters into the mouth, or covers the back, or is placed under the foot; taxes upon everything which it is pleasant to see, hear, feel, smell, or taste; taxes upon warmth, light, and locomotion; taxes on everything on earth, and in the waters under the earth,—on everything that comes from abroad, or is grown at home; taxes on the raw material,—taxes on every fresh value that is added to it by the industry of man; taxes on the sauce which pampers man's appetite, and the drug that restores him to health,—on the ermine which decorates the judge, and the rope which hangs the criminal.—on the poor man's salt, and the rich man's spice.—on the brass nails of the coffin, and the ribbons of the bride,—at bed or board, couchant or levant, we must pay. The school-boy whips his taxed top; the beardless youth manages his taxed horse, with a taxed bridle, on a taxed road; and the dying Englishman, pouring his medicine which has paid seven per cent. into a spoon that has paid fifteen per cent., flings himself back upon his chintz bed, which has paid twenty-two per cent., and expires in the arms of an apothecary who has paid a license of a hundred pounds for the privilege of putting him to death. His whole property is then immediately taxed from two to ten per cent. Besides the probate, large fees are demanded for burying him in the chancel; his virtues are handed down to posterity on taxed marble; and he is then gathered to his fathers,—to be taxed no more.

[To these extracts from Sydney Smith may be added an example of the martyrdom which authors not to his taste received at his hands. The following is the shortest review to be found in all the many volumes of the *Edinburgh Review*. It is a notice of an "Anniversary Sermon of the Royal Humane Society."]

An accident which happened to the gentleman engaged in reviewing this sermon proves, in the most striking man-

ner, the importance of this charity for restoring to life persons in whom the vital power is suspended. He was discovered, with Dr. Langford's discourse lying open before him, in a state of the most profound sleep, from which he could not by any means be awakened for a great length of time. By attending, however, to the rules prescribed by the Humane Society, flinging in the smoke of tobacco, applying hot flannels, *and carefully removing the discourse itself to a great distance*, the critic was restored to his disconsolate brothers. The only account which he could give of himself was that he remembers reading on, regularly, till he came to the following pathetic description of a drowned tradesman,—beyond which he recollects nothing.

[The quotation given we will not repeat, for fear it may have the same effect upon our readers as upon the reviewer.]

This extract will suffice for the style of the sermon. The charity itself is above all praise.

[The fragmentary examples of humor left by Sydney Smith are abundant, and, as a rule, very palatable. A few selections may be of interest. He thus discourses on bores.]

Lord Chesterton we have often met with, and suffered a good deal from his lordship: a heavy, pompous, meddling peer, occupying a great share of the conversation, saying things in ten words which required only two, and evidently convinced that he is making a great impression; a large man with a large head and a very candid manner; knowing enough to torment his fellow-creatures, not to instruct them; the intimate of young ladies, and the natural butt and target of wit. It is easy to talk of carnivorous animals and beasts of prey; but does such a man, who lays waste a whole civilized party of beings by prosing,

reflect upon the joy he spoils, and the misery he creates, in the course of his life? . . . And, then, who punishes this bore? What sessions or what assizes for him? What bill is found against him? Who indicts him? When the judges have gone their vernal and autumnal rounds, the sheep-stealer disappears, the swindler gets ready for the Bay, the solid parts of the murderer are preserved in anatomical collections. But after twenty years of crime the bore is discovered in the same house, in the same attitude, eating the same soup, untried, unpunished, undissected.

DINNER IN THE COUNTRY.—What misery human beings inflict on each other under the name of pleasure! We went to dine last Thursday with Mr. —, a neighboring clergyman, a haunch of venison being the stimulus to the invitation. We set out at five o'clock, drove in a boiling sun, on dusty roads, three miles in our best gowns, found squire and parsons assembled in a small hot room, the whole house redolent of frying; talked, as is our wont, of roads, weather, and turnips; that done, began to grow hungry, then serious, then impatient. At last a stripling, evidently caught up for the occasion, opened the door and beckoned our host out of the room. After some moments of awful suspense, he returned to us with a face of much distress, saying, "The woman assisting in the kitchen had mistaken the soup for dirty water, and had thrown it away, so we must do without it." We all agreed it was perhaps as well we should, under the circumstances. At last, to our joy, dinner was announced; but, oh, ye gods! as we entered the dining-room what a gale met our noses! The venison was high, the venison was uncatable, and was obliged to follow the soup with all speed.

Dinner proceeded, but our spirits flagged under these accumulated misfortunes: there was an ominous pause be-

tween the first and second course. We looked each other in the face: what new disaster awaited us? The pause became fearful. At last the door burst open, and the boy rushed in, calling aloud, "Please, sir, has Betty any right to leather I?" What human gravity could stand this? We roared with laughter; all took part against Betty, obtained the second course with some difficulty, bored each other the usual time, ordered our carriages expecting our post-boys to be drunk, and were grateful to Providence for not permitting them to deposit us in a wet ditch. So much for dinners in the country!

Sydney Smith is said to have advised the bishop of New Zealand, previous to his departure, to have regard to the minor as well as to the more grave duties of his station,—to be given to hospitality,—and, in order to meet the tastes of his native guests, never to be without a smoked little boy in the bacon-sack and a cold clergyman on the side-board. "And as for myself, my lord," he concluded, "all I can say is that I hope you will not disagree with the man that eats you."

PARASITES.—Nature descends down to infinite smallness. A great man has his parasites; and if you take a large, buzzing, bluebottle fly, and look at it in a microscope, you may see twenty or thirty little ugly insects crawling about it, which doubtless think their fly to be the bluest, grandest, merriest, most important animal in the universe, and are convinced the world would be at an end if it ceased to buzz.

Dogs.—"No, I don't like dogs; I always expect them to go mad. A lady asked me once for a motto for her dog Spot. I proposed, 'Out, damned Spot!' but she did not

think it sentimental enough. You remember the story of the French marquise who, when her pet lapdog bit a piece out of her footman's leg, exclaimed, ' Ah, poor little beast ! I hope it won't make him sick ! ' "

EARLY LYRICS.

VARIOUS.

[The present half-hour selection includes a group of more or less humorous poems by the earlier English writers, beginning with Chaucer, the earliest of our poets whose pen distilled good cheer. The older English authors seldom indulge in humor. Satire is common, but it is a bitter and stinging satire, not that good-natured limning which shows a quiet enjoyment of the sin it exposes. It was not an age to produce mellowness of thought, and, though there was a fair share of merry-making, it was, as a rule, gross and physical rather than fine and mental. To the few poems we give, not many in the same vein could be added.]

TO MY EMPTY PURSE.

To you, my purse, and to none other wight,
Complain I, for ye be my lady dere ;
I am sorry now that ye be light,
For, certes, ye now make me heavy chere ;
Me were as lefe be laid upon a bere,
For which unto your mercy thus I erie,
Be heavy againe, or els mote I die.

Now vouchsafe this day or it be night
That I of you the blissful sowne may here,
Or see your color like the sunne bright,
That of yellowness had never pere ;
Ye are my life, ye be my hertes stere,

Queen of comfort and of good companie,
Be heavy againe, or els mote I die.

Now, purse, thou art to me my lives light,
And saviour, as downe in this world here,
Out of this towne helpe me by your might,
Sith that you will not be my treasure,
For I am slave as nere as any frere,
But I pray unto your curtesie,
Be heavy againe, or els mote I die.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER.

[The old ballad next given is of interest from the fact that Shakespeare quotes one of its verses in "Othello." It is preserved in Percy's "Reliques."

TAKE THY OLD CLOAK ABOUT THEE.

This winters weather itt waxeth cold,
And frost doth freese on every hill,
And Boreas blowes his blasts soe bold,
That all our cattell are like to spill :
Bell, my wiffe, who loves noe strife,
She said unto me quietlye,
Rise up, and save cow Cumbockes liffe,
Man, put thine old cloake about thee.

HE.

O Bell, why dost thou flyte and scorne ?
Thou kenst my cloake is very thin :
It is soe bare and overworne
A cricke he thereon cannot renn :
Then I'll no longer borrowe nor lend
For once Ile new appareld bee,
To-morrow Ile to towne and spend,
For Ile have a new cloake about mee.

SHE.

Cow Crumbocke is a very good cow,
She ha beene alwayes true to the payle,
She has helpt us to butter and cheese, I trow,
And other things she will not fayle;
I would be loth to see her pine,
Good husband, counsell take of mee,
It is not for us to go soe fine,
Man, take thine old cloake about thee.

HE.

My cloake it was a very good cloake,
Itt hath been always true to the weare,
But now it is not worth a groat;
I have had it four-and-forty yeere;
Sometime itt was of cloth in graine,
'Tis now but a sigh clout as you may see,
It will neither hold out winde nor raine;
And Ile have a new cloake about mee.

SHE.

It is four-and-fortye yeeres agoe
Since the one of us the other did ken,
And we have had betwixt us tow
Of children either nine or ten;
Wee have brought them up to women and men;
In the feare of God I trow they bee;
And why wilt thou thyselfe misken?
Man, take thine old cloake about thee.

HE.

O Bell, my wiffe, why dost thou floute!
 Now is nowe, and then was then:
 Seeke now all the world throughout,
 Thou kenst not clownes from gentlemen.
 They are cladd in blacke, greene, yellowe, or gray,
 Soe far above their owne degree:
 Once in my life Ile do as they,
 For Ile have a new cloake about mee.

SHE.

King Stephen was a worthy peere,
 His breeches cost him but a crowne,
 He held them sixpence all too deere;
 Therefore he called the taylor Lowne.
 He was a wight of high renowne,
 And thouse but of a low degree:
 Itt's pride that putts this countrye downe,
 Man, take thine old cloake about thee.

HE.

"Bell, my wife, she loves not strife,
 Yet she will lead me if she can;
 And oft, to live a quiet life,
 I am forced to yield, though Ime good-man;"
 Itt's not for a man with a woman to threape,
 Unless he first gave oer the plea:
 As wee began wee now will leave,
 And Ile take mine old cloake about mee.

ANONYMOUS.

[The good old drinking-song given below is from "Gammer Gurton's Needle," the second extant English comedy, and is much the best thing which the comedy contains.]

JOLLY GOOD ALE AND OLD.

I cannot eat but little meat,
My stomach is not good ;
But sure I think that I can drink
With him that wears a hood.
Though I go bare, take ye no care,
I nothing am a-cold,
I stuff my skin so full within
Of jolly good ale and old.
Back and side go bare, go bare ;
Both foot and hand go cold ;
But, belly, God send thee good ale enough,
Whether it be new or old.

I love no roast but a nut-brown toast,
And a crab laid in the fire ;
And little bread shall do me stead ;
Much bread I nought desire.
No frost, no snow, no wind, I trow,
Can hurt me if I wold,
I am so wrapped, and thoroughly lapped,
Of jolly good ale and old.
Back and side, etc.

And Tib, my wife, that as her life
Loveth well good ale to seek,
Full off drinks she, till ye may see
The tears run down her cheek .

Then doth she troul to me the bowl,
 Even as a maltworm should,
 And saith, "Sweetheart, I took my part
 Of this jolly good ale and old."
 Back and side, etc.

Now let them drink till they nod and wink,
 Even as good fellows should do ;
 They shall not miss to have the bliss
 Good ale doth bring men to.
 And all poor souls that have scoured bowls,
 Or have them lustily trouled,
 God save the lives of them and their wives,
 Whether they be young or old.
 Back and side, etc.

JOHN STILL.

[The following poem we present not for its feeble attempt at humor, but for the curious particulars it gives of London street-scenes, about the year 1400. The poem opens with a vain effort of the poet to obtain redress in the London courts for some wrong, and continues as below.]

THE LONDON LYCKPENNY.

Within this hall, neither rich nor yet poor
 Would do for me aught, although I should die :
 Which seeing, I got me out of the door,
 Where Flemings began on me for to cry,
 "Master, what will you copen* or buy ?
 Fine felt hats ? or spectacles to read ?
 Lay down your silver, and here you may speed."

Then to Westminster gate I presently went,
 When the sun was at high prime :
 Cooks to me they took good intent,†

* *Kopen* (Flem.), to buy.

† Took notice.

And proffered me bread, with ale and wine,
Ribs of beef, both fat and full fine ;
A fair cloth they began for to spread,
But, wanting money, I might not then speed.

Then unto London I did me hie,
Of all the land it beareth the prize ;
“ Hot peascods ! ” one began to cry ;
“ Strawberry ripe, and cherries in the rise ! ” *
One bade me come near and buy some spice ;
Pepper and saffron they ’ gan me beed ; †
But for lack of money I might not speed.

Then to the Cheap I gan me drawn,
Where much people I saw for to stand ;
One offered me velvet, silk, and lawn ;
Another he taketh me by the hand,
“ Here is Paris thread, the finest in the land ! ”
I never was used to such things, indeed ;
And, wanting money, I might not speed.

Then went I forth by London Stone,
Throughout all Canwick Street :
Drapers much cloth me offered anon ;
Then comes me one cried, “ Hot sheep’s feet ! ”
One cried mackerel, rushes green, another gan greet ; ‡
One bade me buy a hood to cover my head ;
But, for want of money, I might not be sped.

Then I hied me unto East-Cheap ;
One cries ribs of beef, and many a pie ;
Pewter pots they clattered on a heap ;
There was harp, pipe, and minstrelsy ;
Yea by cock ! nay by cock ! some began cry ;

* On the twig.

† Offer.

‡ Cry.

Some sung of Jenkin and Julian for their meed ;
But, for lack of money, I might not speed.

Then into Cornhill anon I yode,
Where was much stolen gear among ;
I saw where hung mine owne hood
That I had lost among the throng ;
To buy my own hood I thought it wrong :
I knew it well as I did my creed ;
But, for lack of money, I could not speed.

The taverner took me by the sleeve,
“ Sir,” sith he, “ will you our wine assay ?”
I answered : “ That cannot much me grieve,
A penny can do no more than it may ;”
I drank a pint, and for it did pay ;
Yet, sore a-hungred from thence I gede,
And, wanting money, I could not speed.

JOHN LYDGATE.

[From a Scotch poet of a century later we select a much more successful attempt at humor. Lyndsay's writings abound in humorous passages and in cutting satire.]

THE LAW'S DELAY.

Marry, I lent my gossip my mare, to fetch hame coals,
And he her drounit into the quarry holes ;
And I ran to the Consistory, for to pleinzie,*
And there I happenit amang ane greedie meinzie.†
They gave me first ane thing they call *citendum* ;
Within aucht days I gat but *libelandum* ;
Within ane month I gat *ad opponendum* ;
In half ane year I gat *inter-loquendum*,

* Complain.

† Company, crew.

And syne I gat—how call ye it?—*ad replicandum* ;
But I could never ane word yet understand him :
And then they gart me cast out many placks,*
And gart me pay for four-and-twenty acts.
But or they came half gate to *concludendum*,
The fiend ane plack was left for to defend him.
Thus they postponed me twa year with their train,
Syne, *hodie ad octo*, bad me come again :
And then thir rooks they roupit † wonder fast
For sentence, silver, they cryit at the last.
Of *pronunciandum* they made me wonder fain,
But I gat never my gude gray mare again.

SIR DAVID LYND SAY.

[In the poem which follows we reach the period of Shakespeare, and an era of an abundant outflow of comic humor. Harrington was the first translator of Ariosto into English verse. In this he was not very successful, but in epigrammatic poems he was occasionally excellent.]

OF A PRECISE TAILOR.

A tailor, thought a man of upright dealing,—
True but for lying,—honest, but for stealing,—
Did fall one day extremely sick by chance,
And on the sudden was in wondrous trance :
The fiends of hell, mustering in fearful manner,
Of sundry colored silks displayed a banner
Which he had stolen, and wished, as they did tell,
That he might find it all one day in hell.
The man, affrighted with this apparition,
Upon recovery grew a great precisian :

* A Scotch coin equal to the third of an English penny.

† Cried, shouted.

He bought a Bible of the best translation,
And in his life he showed great reformation;
He walked mannerly, he talked meekly,
He heard three lectures and two sermons weekly;
He vowed to shun all company unruly,
And in his speech he used no oath but "truly;"
And, zealously to keep the Sabbath's rest,
His meat for that day on the eve was drest;
And, lest the custom which he had to steal
Might cause him sometimes to forget his zeal,
He gives his journeyman a special charge,
That if the stuff, allowance being large,
He found his fingers were to filch inclined,
Bid him to have the banner in his mind.
This done,—I scant can tell the rest for laughter;—
A captain of a ship came three days after,
And brought three yards of velvet and three-quarters,
To make Venetians down below the garters.
He, that precisely knew what was enough,
Soon slipt aside three-quarters of the stuff;
His man, espying it, said, in derision,
"Master, remember how you saw the vision!"
"Peace, knave!" quoth he: "I did not see one rag
Of such a colored silk in all the flag."

SIR JOHN HARRINGTON.

LILLIPUT AND BROBDINGNAG.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

[Of Dean Swift's many humorous and satirical works the famous "Travels of Lemuel Gulliver" stands highest in popularity, and will probably be read long after "The Battle of the Books," "A Tale of

a Tub," and the other satires upon existing conditions have sunk into oblivion. In the first part of the work in question, as most readers know, Gulliver is wrecked upon an island inhabited by exceedingly diminutive beings, in comparison with whom he was a giant of extraordinary stature. We give some details of his life in Lilliput.]

AND here it may perhaps divert the curious reader, to give some account of my domestics, and my manner of living in this country, during a residence of nine months and thirteen days. Having a head mechanically turned, and being likewise forced by necessity, I had made for myself a table and chair convenient enough, out of the largest trees in the royal park. Two hundred sempstresses were employed to make me shirts and linen for my bed and table, all of the strongest and coarsest kind they could get; which, however, they were forced to quilt together in several folds, for the thickest was some degrees finer than lawn. Their linen is usually three inches wide, and three feet make a piece. The sempstresses took my measure as I lay on the ground, one standing at my neck, and the other at my mid-leg, with a strong cord extended, that each held by the end, while a third measured the length of the cord with a rule of an inch long. Then they measured my right thumb, and desired no more; for, by a mathematical computation, that twice round the thumb is once round the wrist, and so on to the neck and the waist, and by the help of my old shirt, which I displayed on the ground before them for a pattern, they fitted me exactly. Three hundred tailors were employed in the same manner to make me clothes; but they had another contrivance for taking my measure. I kneeled down, and they raised a ladder from the ground to my neck; upon this ladder one of them mounted, and let fall a plumb-line from my collar to the floor, which just answered the length of my coat; but my waist and arms I measured myself. When my

clothes were finished, which was done in my house (for the largest of theirs would not be able to hold them), they looked like the patchwork made by the ladies in England, only that mine were all of a color.

I had three hundred cooks to dress my victuals, in little convenient huts, built about my house, where they and their families lived, and prepared me two dishes apiece. I took up twenty waiters in my hand, and placed them on the table; a hundred more attended below upon the ground, some with dishes of meat, and some with barrels of wine and other liquors, slung on their shoulders: all which the waiters above drew up, in a very ingenious manner, by certain cords, as we draw a bucket up a well in Europe. A dish of their meat was a good mouthful, and a barrel of their liquor a reasonable draught. Their mutton yields to ours, but their beef is excellent. I have had a surloin so large that I have been forced to make three bits of it; but this is rare. My servants were astonished to see me eat it, bones and all, as in our country we do the leg of a lark. Their geese and turkeys I usually ate at a mouthful, and I must confess they far exceed ours. Of their smaller fowl I could take up twenty or thirty at the end of my knife.

[Gulliver discovered that this miniature people had their disputes and wars, founded on no sounder basis than many of those in Europe. The Secretary of the Empire visited Gulliver, and told him that the nation was divided into two violently-opposed factions, those who wore high heels and those who wore low heels to their shoes. He then continued as follows, with what the author evidently intended as a satire upon the religious wars of Europe.]

Now, in the midst of these intestine disquiets, we are threatened with an invasion from the island of Blefuscu, which is the other great empire of the universe, almost as

large and powerful as this of his majesty. For as to what we have heard you affirm, that there are other kingdoms and states in the world, inhabited by human creatures as large as yourself, our philosophers are in much doubt, and would rather conjecture that you dropped from the moon, or one of the stars; because it is certain that a hundred mortals of your bulk would in short time destroy all the fruits and cattle of his majesty's dominions. Besides, our histories of six thousand moons make no mention of any other regions than the two great empires of Lilliput and Blefuscu; which two mighty powers have, as I was going to tell you, been engaged in a most obstinate war for six-and-thirty moons past.

It began upon the following occasion: it is allowed on all hands that the primitive way of breaking eggs, before we eat them, was upon the larger end; but his present majesty's grandfather, while he was a boy, going to eat an egg, and breaking it according to the ancient practice, happened to cut one of his fingers. Whereupon the Emperor his father published an edict commanding all his subjects, upon great penalties, to break the smaller end of their eggs. The people so highly resented this law that our histories tell us there have been six rebellions raised on that account, wherein one emperor lost his life, and another his crown. These civil commotions were constantly fomented by the monarchs of Blefuscu; and when they were quelled, the exiles always fled for refuge to that empire. It is computed that eleven thousand persons have at several times suffered death, rather than submit to break their eggs at the smaller end. Many hundred large volumes have been published upon this controversy; but the books of the Big-endians have been long forbidden, and the whole party rendered incapable by law of holding employments. During the course of these troubles the em-

perors of Blefuscu did frequently expostulate by their ambassadors, accusing us of making a schism in religion, by offending against a fundamental doctrine of our great prophet Lustrog, in the fifty-fourth chapter of the Blundercral (which is their Alcoran). This, however, is thought to be a mere strain upon the text ; for the words are these : that all true believers shall break their eggs at the convenient end, and which is the convenient end seems, in my humble opinion, to be left to every man's conscience, or at least in the power of the chief magistrate to determine. Now, the Big-endians have found so much favor in the Emperor of Blefuscu's court, and so much private assistance and encouragement from their party here at home, that a bloody war has been carried on between the two empires for six-and-thirty moons, with various success ; during which time we have lost forty capital ships, and a much greater number of smaller vessels, together with thirty thousand of our best seamen and soldiers, and the damage received by the enemy is reckoned to be somewhat greater than ours.

[Escaping from Lilliput, Gulliver puts to sea again, and is soon after wrecked upon another island, whose inhabitants are as huge in stature as those of the former island were diminutive. He finds himself among men and women of a hundred feet in height, who look upon him as an extraordinary freak of nature, a dwarf of inconceivable minuteness. After being shown around the country as a curiosity, he is presented to the King of Brobdingnag.]

The king, although he is as learned a person as any in his dominions (having been educated in the study of philosophy, and particularly mathematics), yet when he observed my shape exactly, and saw me walk erect, before I began to speak, conceived I might be a piece of clock-work (which has in that country arrived to a very great

perfection) contrived by some ingenious person. But when he heard my voice, and found what I delivered to be regular and rational, he could not conceal his astonishment. He was by no means satisfied with the relation I gave him of the manner I came into his kingdom, but thought it a story concerted between Glumdalclitch and her father, who had taught me a set of words to make me sell at a better price. Upon this imagination he put several other questions to me, and still received rational answers, no otherwise defective than by a foreign accent and an imperfect knowledge of the language, with some rustic phrases which I had learned at the farmer's house and did not suit the polite style of a court.

His majesty sent for three great scholars, who were then in the weekly waiting according to the custom in that country. These gentlemen, after they had examined my shape with much nicety, were of different opinions concerning me. They all agreed that I could not be produced according to the regular laws of nature, because I was not framed with a capacity of preserving my life, either by swiftness, or climbing of trees, or digging holes in the earth. They observed by my teeth, which they viewed with great exactness, that I was a carnivorous animal; yet most quadrupeds being an overmatch for me, and field-mice, with some others, too nimble, they could not imagine how I should be able to support myself, unless I fed upon snails and other insects, which they offered by many learned arguments to evince that I could not possibly do. One of these virtuosi seemed to think that I might be an embryo or abortive birth; but this opinion was rejected by the other two, who observed my limbs to be perfect and finished, and that I had lived several years, as was manifest from my beard, the stumps whereof they plainly discovered through a magnifying glass. They would not

allow me to be a dwarf, because my littleness was beyond all degrees of comparison; for the queen's favorite dwarf, the smallest ever known in the kingdom, was nearly thirty feet high. After much debate, they concluded unanimously that I was only *relplum scalcath*,—which is, interpreted literally, *lusus nature*; a determination exactly agreeable to the modern philosophy of Europe, whose professors, disdaining the old evasion of occult causes, whereby the followers of Aristotle endeavored in vain to disguise their ignorance, have invented this wonderful solution of all difficulties, to the unspeakable advancement of human knowledge.

After this decisive conclusion I entreated to be heard a word or two. I applied myself to the king, and assured his majesty that I came from a country which abounded with several millions of both sexes and of my own stature; where the animals, trees, and houses were all in proportion; and where, by consequence, I might be as able to defend myself and to find sustenance as any of his majesty's subjects could do here: which I took for a full answer to these gentlemen's arguments. To this they only replied by a smile of contempt, saying that the farmer had instructed me very well in my lesson. The king, who had a much better understanding, dismissing his learned men, sent for the farmer, who, by good fortune, was not yet gone out of town. Having, therefore, first examined him privately, and then confronted him with me and the young girl, his majesty began to think that what we told him might possibly be true. He desired the queen to order that a particular care should be taken of me, and was of opinion that Glumdalclitch should still continue in her office of tending me, because he observed we had great affection for each other. . . .

The queen became so fond of my company that she

could not dine without me. I had a table placed upon the same at which her majesty ate (just at her elbow), and a chair to sit on. Glumdalelitch stood on a stool on the floor, near my table, to assist and take care of me. I had an entire set of silver dishes and plates, and other necessaries, which, in proportion to those of the queen, were not much bigger than those in a London toy-shop for the furniture of a baby-house: these my little nurse kept in her pocket in a silver box, and gave me at meals as I wanted them, always cleaning them herself. . . . Her majesty used to put a bit of meat upon one of my dishes, out of which I carved for myself; and her diversion was to see me eat in miniature; for the queen (who had indeed but a weak stomach) took up at one mouthful as much as a dozen English farmers could eat at a meal, which to me was for some time a very nauseous sight. She would craunch the wing of a lark, bones and all, between her teeth, although it were nine times as large as that of a full-grown turkey, and put a bit of bread in her mouth as large as two twelve-penny loaves. She drank out of a golden cup above a hogshead at a draught. Her knives were twice as long as a scythe set straight upon the handle: the spoons, forks, and other instruments were all in the same proportion. I remember when Glumdalelitch carried me, out of curiosity, to see some of the tables at court, where ten or a dozen of these enormous knives and forks were lifted up together, I thought I had never till then beheld so terrible a sight.

[The king occasionally conversed with him concerning the manners and customs of Europe, their politics, religious dissensions, etc., and was much amused by his answers.]

Turning to his first minister, who waited behind him with a white staff nearly as tall as the mainmast of the Royal Sovereign, he observed how contemptible a thing

was human grandeur, which could be mimicked by such contemptible creatures as I. "And yet," says he, "I dare engage these creatures have their titles and distinctions of honor: they contrive little nests and burrows that they call houses and cities; they make a figure and dress in equipage; they love, they dispute, they fight, they cheat, they betray." And thus he continued, while my color came and went several times with indignation to hear our noble country—the mistress of arms and arts, the scourge of France, the arbitress of Europe, the seat of virtue, piety, honor, and truth, the pride and envy of the world—so contemptuously treated. . . .

Nothing angered and mortified me so much as the queen's dwarf, who, being of the lowest stature that was ever in that country (for I verily think that he was not full thirty feet high), became so insolent at seeing a creature so much beneath him that he would always affect to swagger and look big as he passed by me in the queen's antechamber, while I was standing on some table talking with the lords and ladies of the court; and he seldom failed of a smart word or two upon my littleness; against which I could only revenge myself by calling him "brother," challenging him to wrestle, and such repartees as are usually in the mouths of court pages. One day at dinner this malicious little cub was so nettled at something I said to him that, raising himself upon the frame of her majesty's chair, he took me by the middle, as I was sitting down not thinking any harm, and let me drop into a large silver bowl of cream, and then ran away as fast as he could. I fell over head and ears; and if I had not been a good swimmer it might have gone very hard with me, for Glumdalclitch at that instant happened to be at the other end of the room; and the queen was in such a fright that she wanted presence of mind to assist me. But my little

nurse ran to my relief, and took me out after I had swallowed above a quart of cream. I was put to bed: however, I received no other damage than the loss of a suit of clothes, which were utterly spoiled. The dwarf was soundly whipped, and, as a further punishment, forced to drink up the bowl of cream into which he had thrown me; neither was he ever restored to favor; for, soon after, the queen bestowed him on a lady of high quality, so that I saw him no more, to my very great satisfaction; for I could not tell to what extremity such a malicious urehin might have carried his resentment. He had before served me a scurvy trick, which set the queen a-laughing, although at the same time she was heartily vexed, and would have immediately cashiered him if I had not been so generous as to intercede. Her majesty had taken a marrow-bone upon her plate, and, after knocking out the marrow, placed the bone again on the dish erect, as it stood before. The dwarf, watching his opportunity when Glumdalelitch was gone to the sideboard, mounted the stool that she stood on to take care of me at meals, took me up in both hands, and, squeezing my legs together, wedged them into the marrow bone above my waist, where I stuck for some time and made a very ridiculous figure. I believe it was near a minute before any one knew what was become of me; for I thought it below me to cry out. But, as princes seldom get their meat hot, my legs were not scalded; only my stockings and breeches were in a sad condition. The dwarf, at my entreaty, had no other punishment than a sound whipping. . . .

I remember, one morning, when Glumdalelitch had set me in a box upon a window, as she usually did in fair days, to give me air (for I durst not let the box be hung on a nail out of the window, as we do with cages in England), after I had lifted up one of my sashes, and sat

down at my table to eat a piece of sweet cake for my breakfast, above twenty wasps, allured by the smell, came flying into the room, humming louder than the drone of as many bagpipes. Some of them seized my cake and carried it away piecemeal; others flew about my head and face, confounding me with their noise, and putting me in the utmost terror of their stings. However, I had the courage to rise and draw my hanger and attack them in the air. I despatched four of them; but the rest got away; and I presently shut my window. These insects are as large as partridges. I took out their stings, and found them an inch and a half long, and as sharp as needles. I carefully preserved them all; and, having since shown them, with other curiosities, in several parts of Europe, upon my return to England I gave three to Gresham College, and kept the fourth for myself.

PARODY ON THE SPEECHES OF CHARLES II.

ANDREW MARVELL.

[Marvell, the friend and secretary of Milton, and afterwards an unpurchasable reform member of Parliament, was an author of great liveliness of humor and ironical satire, of which we give an example that could not have been very agreeable reading to the impecunious Charles II. An attempt was made by the court to bribe Marvell, with a thousand-pound treasury order, which he answered as follows,—pointing to a shoulder-bone of mutton on the table in his garret-apartment: “Andrew Marvell’s dinner is provided for; there is your piece of paper; I want it not. I know the sort of kindness you intend, but I live here to serve my constituents; the ministry may seek men for their purpose, I am not one.” He was born in 1620, and died, with suspicions of poisoning, in 1678.]

MY lords and gentlemen,—

I told you, at our last meeting, the winter was the fittest time for business, and truly I thought so, till my lord-treasurer assured me the spring was the best season for salads and subsidies. I hope, therefore, that April will not prove so unnatural a month as not to afford some kind showers on my parched exchequer, which gapes for want of them. Some of you, perhaps, will think it dangerous to make me too rich; but I do not fear it; for I promise you faithfully, whatever you give me I will always want; and although in other things my word may be thought a slender authority, yet in that you may rely upon me. I will never break it.

My lords and gentlemen, I can bear my straits with patience; but my lord-treasurer does protest to me that the revenue, as it now stands, will not serve him and me too. One of us must pinch for it, if you do not help me. I must speak freely to you; I am under bad circumstances. Here is my lord-treasurer can tell that all the money designed for next summer's guards must of necessity be applied to the next year's cradles and swaddling-clothes. What shall we do for ships then? I hint this only to you, it being your business, not mine. I know, by experience, I can live without ships. I lived ten years abroad without, and never had my health better in my life; but how you will be without, I leave to yourselves to judge, and therefore hint this only by the bye: I do not insist upon it. There is another thing I must press more earnestly, and that is this: it seems a good part of my revenue will expire in two or three years, except you will be pleased to continue it. I have to say for it: pray, why did you give me so much as you have done, unless you resolve to give on as fast as I call for it? The nation hates you already for giving so much, and I will hate you

too if you do not give me more. So that, if you stick not to me, you must not have a friend in England. On the other hand, if you will give me the revenue I desire, I shall be able to do those things for your religion and liberty that I have had long in my thoughts, but cannot effect them without a little more money to carry me through. Therefore look to't, and take notice, that if you do not make me rich enough to undo you, it shall lie at your doors. For my part, I wash my hands on it.

If you desire more instances of my zeal, I have them for you. For example, I have converted my sons from popery, and I may say, without vanity, it was my own work. 'Twould do one's heart good to hear how prettily George can read already in the psalter. They are all fine children, God bless 'em, and so like me in their understandings!

I must now acquaint you that, by my lord-treasurer's advice, I have made a considerable retrenchment upon my expenses in candles and charcoal, and do not intend to stop, but will, with your help, look into the late embezzlements of my dripping-pans and kitchen-stuff.

[The doctrine of the divine right of kings must have suffered a disastrous tumble before the English subject could ridicule thus openly an English monarch. Nothing can show us more clearly the good work actually done by Cromwell and his Ironsides. Before the Revolution such boldness would have found for its author a tight-fitting cell in the Tower. After the Revolution new methods are in vogue, and the daring author dies suddenly, *with suspicions of poison*. We give one further instance of his irony, being an extract from one of his answers to Bishop Parker, an author who by no means favored the liberty of the press, and with whom Marvell had a long-continued literary battle.]

"DOLEFUL EVILS" OF THE PRESS.

For the press hath owed him a shame a long time, and is but now beginning to pay off the debt,—the press (that

villanous engine), invented about the same time with the Reformation, that hath done more mischief to the discipline of our church than all the doctrine can make amends for. 'Twas a happy time when all learning was in manuscripts, and some little officer, like our author, did keep the keys of the library; when the clergy needed no more knowledge than to read the Liturgy, and the laity no more clerkship than to save them from hanging. But now, since printing came into the world, such is the mischief, that a man cannot write a book but presently he is answered! Could the press at once be conjoined to obey only an *Imprimatur*, our author might not disdain, *perhaps*, to be one of its most zealous patrons. There have been ways found out to banish ministers, to fine not only the people, but even the grounds and fields where they assemble in conventicles. But no art could prevent these seditious meetings of letters. Two or three brawny fellows in a corner, with mere ink and elbow-grease, do more harm than a *hundred systematical divines*, with their sweaty preaching. And, which is a strange thing, the very sponges which one would think should rather deface and blot out the whole book, and were anciently used for that purpose, are now become the instruments to make things legible. Their ugly printing letters, that look but like so many rotten teeth,—how oft have they been pulled out by the public tooth-drawers! And yet these rascally operators of the press have got a trick to fasten them again in a few minutes, that they grow as firm a set, and as biting and talkative as ever. *O Printing*, how hast thou disturbed the peace of mankind! That lead, when moulded into bullets, is not so mortal as when founded into letters. There was a mistake, sure, in the story of *Cadmus*; and the serpent's teeth, which he sowed, were nothing else but the letters which he invented. The first essay that was

made towards this art was in single characters upon iron, wherewith of old they stigmatized slaves and remarkable offenders; and it was of good use sometimes to brand a schismatic. But a *bulky* Dutchman diverted it quite from its first institution, and contrived these innumerable *syn-tagmes* of alphabets. One would have thought, in reason, that a Dutchman at least might have contented himself only with the wine-press.

THE FRIEND OF HUMANITY AND THE KNIFE-GRINDER.

GEORGE CANNING.

[The *Anti-Jacobin*, a weekly newspaper originated by Canning in 1797, for the purpose of exposing the vicious doctrines of the French Revolution, and contributed to by many of the wits of the time, constitutes the most famous collection of political satires in the English language. And of its many amusing poems the following seems to have gained an undying celebrity. It is in the form of a parody on "The Widow," of Southey, which was written in the Sapphic metre, and it is said to have annihilated English Sapphics.]

FRIEND OF HUMANITY.

"NEEDY Knife-grinder! whither are you going?
Rough is the road, your wheel is out of order,—
Bleak blows the blast; your hat has got a hole in't,
—
So have your breeches!

"Weary Knife-grinder! little think the proud ones,
Who in their coaches roll along the turnpike-
Road, what hard work 'tis crying all day, 'Knives and
Scissors to grind O!

"Tell me, Knife-grinder, how came you to grind knives?
Did some rich man tyrannically use you?
Was it the squire? or parson of the parish?

Or the attorney?

"Was it the squire, for killing of his game? or
Covetous parson, for his tithes distraining?
Or roguish lawyer, made you lose your little

All in a lawsuit?

"Have you not read the 'Rights of Man' by Tom Paine?
Drops of compassion tremble on my eyelids,
Ready to fall, as soon as you have told your

Pitiful story."

KNIFE-GRINDER.

"Story! God bless you! I have none to tell, sir,
Only last night a-drinking at the Chequers,
This poor old hat and breeches, as you see, were

Torn in a scuffle.

"Constables came up, for to take me into
Custody; they took me before the justice;
Justice Oldmixon put me in the parish-

Stocks for a vagrant.

"I should be glad to drink your Honor's health in
A pot of beer, if you will give me sixpence;
But for my part, I never love to meddle

With politics, sir."

FRIEND OF HUMANITY.

"I give thee sixpence! I will see thee damned first!—
Wretch! whom no sense of wrongs can rouse to ven-
geance,—

Sordid, unfeeling, reprobate, degraded,
Spiritless outcast!"

[Kicks the Knife-grinder, overturns his wheel, and exit in a transport of republican enthusiasm and universal philanthropy.]

UNIVERSITY OF GOTTINGEN.

[The following highly amusing song formed part of the burlesque play of "The Rover," published in the *Anti-Jacobin*, 1798. Canning wrote the first five stanzas, which being seen by Mr. Pitt before publication, he was so amused with them that he seized a pen and wrote the sixth stanza on the spot. Its odd refrain has given the poem a perennial reputation. It is supposed to be sung by Rogero, a character in the play.]

Whene'er with haggard eyes I view
This dungeon that I'm rotting in,
I think of those companions true
Who studied with me at the U-
-niversity of Gottingen,—
-niversity of Gottingen.

[Weeps, and pulls out a blue kerchief, with which he wipes his eyes. Gazing tenderly at it, he proceeds:]

Sweet kerchief, checked with heavenly blue,
Which once my love sat knotting in!—
Alas! Matilda then was true!
At least I thought so at the U-
-niversity of Gottingen,—
-niversity of Gottingen.

[At the repetition of this line Rogero clanks his chains in cadence.]

Barbs! Barbs! alas! how swift you flew,
Her neat post-wagon trotting in!
Ye bore Matilda from my view;
Forlorn I languished at the U-
-niversity of Gottingen,—
-niversity of Gottingen.

This faded form! this pallid hue!
This blood my veins is clotting in,
My years are many: they were few
When first I entered at the U-
-niversity of Gottingen,—
-niversity of Gottingen.

There first for thee my passion grew,
Sweet! sweet Matilda Pottingen!
Thou wast the daughter of my tu-
-tor, law professor at the U-
-niversity of Gottingen,—
-niversity of Gottingen.

Sun, moon, and thou, vain world, adieu,
That kings and priests are plotting in;
Here doomed to starve on water-gru-
-el, never shall I see the U-
-niversity of Gottingen,—
-niversity of Gottingen.

[During the last stanza Rogero dashes his head repeatedly against the walls of his prison, and, finally, so hard as to produce a visible contusion; he then throws himself on the floor in an agony. The curtain drops, the music still continuing to play till it is wholly fallen.]

THE RECRUITING-OFFICER.

GEORGE FARQUHAR.

[Of the several notable writers of comedy of the early part of the eighteenth century, George Farquhar was the happiest in combination of incidents, stage effect, and vivacity. His comedies are attractive alike in reading and in representation, though he had not the fine wit of Congreve and some other comedians. "The Beaux' Stratagem" is

his best comedy. Of his characters, Sergeant Kite, in the "Recruiting-Officer," is an original type of low life and humor seldom surpassed. We give an extract from this play. Farquhar was born in Londonderry, Ireland, in 1678, and died in 1707.]

Scene.—The Market-place.

Drum beats the Grenadiers' March. Enter SERGEANT KITE, followed by THOMAS APPLETREE, COSTAR PEARMAIN, and the mob.

Kite [making a speech]. If any gentlemen, soldiers, or others, have a mind to serve his majesty, and pull down the French king; if any 'prentices have severe masters, any children have undutiful parents; if any servants have too little wages, or any husband a bad wife; let them repair to the noble Sergeant Kite, at the sign of the Raven, in this good town of Shrewsbury, and they shall receive present relief and entertainment. [*Drum.*] Gentlemen, I don't beat my drums here to ensnare or inveigle any man; for you must know, gentlemen, that I am a man of honor: besides, I don't beat up for common soldiers; no, I list only grenadiers,—grenadiers, gentlemen. Pray, gentlemen, observe this cap: this is the cap of honor; it dubs a man a gentleman in the drawing of a trigger; and he that has the good fortune to be born six foot high was born to be a great man. Sir, will you give me leave to try this cap upon your head?

Costar. Is there no harm in it? Won't the cap list me?

Kite. No, no; no more than I can. Come, let me see how it becomes you?

Cost. Are you sure there is no conjuration in it?—no gunpowder plot upon me?

Kite. No, no, friend; don't fear, man.

Cost. My mind misgives me plaguily. Let me see it. [*Going to put it on.*] It smells woundily of sweat and brimstone. Smell, Tummas.

Thomas. Ay, wauns does it.

Cost. Pray, sergeant, what writing is this upon the face of it?

Kite. The crown, or the bed of honor.

Cost. Pray, now, what may be that same bed of honor.

Kite. Oh, a mighty large bed!—bigger by half than the great bed at Ware. Ten thousand people may lie in it together, and never feel one another.

Cost. But do folk sleep sound in this same bed of honor?

Kite. Sound! ay, so sound that they never wake.

Cost. Wauns! I wish that my wife lay there.

Kite. Say you so? then I find, brother——

Cost. Brother! hold there, friend; I am no kindred to you that I know of yet. Look ye, sergeant, no coaxing, no wheedling, d'ye see. If I have a mind to list, why, so; if not, why, 'tis not so; therefore take your cap and your brothership back again, for I am not disposed at this present writing. No coaxing, no bothering me, 'faith.

Kite. I coax! I wheedle! I'm above it, sir; I have served twenty campaigns; but, sir, you talk well, and I must own you are a man, every inch of you,—a pretty, young, sprightly fellow! I love a fellow with a spirit; but I scorn to coax: 'tis base; though I must say that never in my life have I seen a man better built. How firm and strong he treads!—he steps like a castle!—but I scorn to wheedle any man! Come, honest lad! will you take share of a pot?

Cost. Nay, for that matter, I'll spend my penny with the best he that wears a head; that is, begging your pardon, sir, and in a fair way.

Kite. Give me your hand, then; and now, gentlemen, I have no more to say but this: here is a purse of gold, and there is a tub of humming ale at my quarters; 'tis the king's money and the king's drink; he's a generous

king, and loves his subjects. I hope, gentlemen, you won't refuse the king's health?

All Mob. No, no, no.

Kite. Huzza, then!—Huzza for the king and the honor of Shropshire.

All Mob. Huzza!

Kite. Beat drum.

[*Exeunt, shouting. Drum beating the Grenadiers' March.*]

Scene.—The Street.

Enter KITE, with COSTAR PEARMAIN in one hand, and THOMAS APPLETREE in the other, drunk.

KITE (*sings*):

Our 'prentice Tom may now refuse
To wipe his scoundrel master's shoes,
For now he's free to sing and play
Over the hills and far away.

Over, etc.

[*The mob sing the chorus.*]

We shall lead more happy lives
By getting rid of brats and wives,
That scold and brawl both night and day,—
Over the hills and far away.

Over, etc.

Kite. Hey, boys, thus we soldiers live! drink, sing, dance, play, we live, as one should say—we live—'tis impossible to tell how we live—we are all princes; why, why, you are a king, you are an emperor, and I'm a prince; now, ain't we?

Tho. No, sergeant, I'll be no emperor.

Kite. No!

Tho. I'll be a justice-of-peace.

Kite. A justice-of-peace, man!

Tho. Ay, wauns will I; for since this pressing act they are greater than any emperor under the sun.

Kite. Done; you are a justice-of-peace, and you are a king, and I'm a duke, and a rum duke, ain't I?

Cost. I'll be a queen.

Kite. A queen!

Cost. Ay, of England; that's greater than any king of them all.

Kite. Bravely said, faith! Huzza for the queen. [*Huzza.*] But harkye, you, Mr. Justice, and you, Mr. Queen, did you ever see the king's picture?

Both. No, no, no.

Kite. I wonder at that; I have two of them set in gold, and as like his majesty; God bless the mark!—see here, they are set in gold.

[*Taking two broad-pieces out of his pocket; presents one to each.*

Tho. The wonderful works of nature! [*Looking at it.*] What's this written about? Here's a posy, I believe. Carolus! what's that, sergeant?

Kite. Oh, Carolus! why, Carolus is Latin for King George; that's all.

Cost. 'Tis a fine thing to be a scollard. Sergeant, will you part with this? I'll buy it of you, if it come within the compass of a crown.

Kite. A crown! never talk of buying; 'tis the same thing among friends, you know. I'll present them to you both; you shall give me as good a thing. Put them up, and remember your old friend when I am over the hills and far away.

[*They sing, and put up the money.*

Enter PLUME, the recruiting-officer, singing.

Over the hills and over the main,
To Flanders, Portugal, or Spain;
The king commands, and we'll obey,
Over the hills and far away.

Over, etc.

Come on, my men of mirth, away with it; I'll make one among you. Who are these hearty lads?

Kite. Off with your hats; 'ounds! off with your hats! this is the captain,—the captain.

Tho. We have seen captains afore now, mun.

Cost. Ay, and lieutenant-captains too. 'Sflesh! I'll keep on my nab.

Tho. And I'll scarcely doff mine for any captain in England. My vether's a freeholder.

Plume. Who are those jolly lads, sergeant?

Kite. A couple of honest brave fellows, that are willing to serve their king; I have entertained them just now as volunteers, under your honor's command.

Plume. And good entertainment they shall have: volunteers are the men I want; those are the men fit to make soldiers, captains, generals.

Cost. Wounds, Tummas, what's this! are you listed?

Tho. Flesh! not I: are you, Costar?

Cost. Wounds! not I.

Kite. What! not listed? ha, ha, ha! a very good jest, i' faith.

Cost. Come, Tummas, we'll go home.

Tho. Ay, ay, come.

Kite. Home! for shame, gentlemen; behave yourselves better before your captain. Dear Thomas! honest Costar!

Tho. No, no; we'll be gone.

Kite. Nay, then, I command you to stay: I place you both sentinels in this place for two hours, to watch the motion of St. Mary's clock you, and you the motion of St. Chad's; and he that dares stir from his post till he be relieved shall have my sword in his belly the next minute.

Plume. What's the matter, sergeant? I'm afraid you are too rough with these gentlemen.

Kite. I'm too mild, sir; they disobey command, sir;

and one of them should be shot for an example to the other. They deny their being listed.

Tho. Nay, sergeant, we don't downright deny it neither; that we dare not do, for fear of being shot; but we humbly conceive, in a civil way, and begging your worship's pardon, that we may go home.

Plume. That's easily known. Have either of you received any of the king's money?

Cost. Not a brass farthing, sir.

Kite. They have each of them received one-and-twenty shillings, and 'tis now in their pockets.

Cost. Wounds! if I have a penny in my pocket but a bent sixpence, I'll be content to be listed and shot into the bargain.

Tho. And I: look ye here, sir.

Cost. Nothing but the king's picture, that the sergeant gave me just now.

Kite. See there, a guinea; one-and-twenty shillings; t'other has the fellow on't.

Plume. The case is plain, gentlemen: the goods are found upon you. Those pieces of gold are worth one-and-twenty shillings each.

Cost. So it seems that Carolus is one-and-twenty shillings in Latin?

Tho. 'Tis the same in Greek, for we are listed.

Cost. Flesh; but we an't, Tummas: I desire to be carried before the mayor, captain.

[*Captain and Sergeant whisper the while.*]

Plume. 'Twill never do, Kite; your tricks will ruin me at last. I won't lose the fellows, though, if I can help it.—Well, gentlemen, there must be some trick in this: my sergeant offers to take his oath that you are fairly listed.

Tho. Why, captain, we know that you soldiers have

more liberty of conscience than other folks; but for me or neighbor Costar here to take such an oath, 'twould be downright perjury.

Plume. Lookye, rascal, you villain! if I find that you have imposed upon these two honest fellows, I'll trample you to death, you dog! Come, how was it?

Tho. Nay, then, we'll speak. Your sergeant, as you say, is a rogue: an't like your worship, begging your worship's pardon; and——

Cost. Nay, Tummas, let me speak; you know I can read. And so, sir, he gave us those two pieces of money for pictures of the king, by way of a present.

Plume. How? by way of a present? the rascal! I'll teach him to abuse honest fellows like you. Scoundrel, rogue, villain! [*Beats off the Sergeant, and follows.*]

Both. Oh, brave noble captain! huzza! A brave captain, faith!

Cost. Now, Tummas, Carolus is Latin for a beating. This is the bravest captain I ever saw. Wounds! I've a month's mind to go with him.

Enter KITE.

Kite. An't you a couple of pretty fellows, now? Here you have complained to the captain; I am to be turned out, and one of you will be sergeant. Which of you is to have my halberd?

Both. I.

Kite. March, you scoundrels! [*Beats them off.*]

[We add to the above a brief extract from Foote's farce of "The Lame Lover." The author, Samuel Foote, born about 1720, was a comedian with remarkable powers of mimicry, while his satirical plays and farces were among the best of that class of productions. He was inexhaustible in the devising of comic scenes of genuine farce,

while his comic dialogue is everywhere instinct with spirit and vigor, and his characters well sustained. He died in 1777.]

TUFT-HUNTING.

CHARLOTTE and SERJEANT CIRCUIT.

Charlotte. Sir, I have other proofs of your hero's vanity, not inferior to that I have mentioned.

Serjeant. Cite them.

Char. The paltry ambition of levying and following titles.

Serj. Titles! I don't understand you.

Char. I mean the poverty of fastening in public upon men of distinction, for no other reason but because of their rank; adhering to Sir John till the baronet is superseded by my lord; quitting the puny peer for an earl; and sacrificing all three to a duke.

Serj. Keeping good company!—a laudable ambition!

Char. True, sir, if the virtues that procured the father a peerage could with that be entailed upon the son.

Serj. Have a care, hussy; there are severe laws against speaking evil of dignities.

Char. Sir!

Serj. *Scandalum magnatum* is a statute must not be trifled with: why, you are not one of those vulgar sluts who think a man the worse for being a lord?

Char. No, sir; I am contented with only not thinking him the better.

Serj. For all this, I believe, hussy, a right honorable proposal would soon make you alter your mind.

Char. Not unless the proposer had other qualities than what he possessed by patent. Besides, sir, you know Sir Luke is a devotee to the bottle.

Serj. Not a whit the less honest for that.

Char. It occasions one evil at least ; that when under its influence he generally reveals all, sometimes more than he knows.

Serj. Proofs of an open temper, you baggage ; but come, come, all these are but trifling objections.

Char. You mean, sir, they prove the object a trifle.

Serj. Why, you pert jade, do you play on my words ?
I say Sir Luke is——

Char. Nobody.

Serj. Nobody ! How the deuce do you make that out ? He is neither a person attainted nor outlawed, may in any of his majesty's courts sue or be sued, appear by attorney or in propria persona, can acquire, buy, procure, purchase, possess, and inherit, not only personalties, such as goods and chattels, but even realties, as all lands, tenements, and even hereditaments, whatsoever and wheresoever.

Char. But, sir——

Serj. Nay, further, child, he can sell, give, bestow, bequeath, devise, demise, lease, or to farm let, ditto lands, or to any person whomsoever—and——

Char. Without doubt, sir ; but there are notwithstanding in this town a great number of nobodies, not described by Lord Coke.

[Sir Luke Limp enters. After a short dialogue a servant enters and hands him a card.]

Sir Luke [reads]. “Sir Gregory Goose desires the honor of Sir Luke Limp's company to dine. An answer is desired.” Gadso ! a little unlucky. I have been engaged for these three weeks.

Serj. What ! I find Sir Gregory is returned for the corporation of Fleecem.

Sir L. Is he so ? Oh, oh ! that alters the case. George,

give my compliments to Sir Gregory, and I'll certainly come and dine there. Order Joe to run to Alderman Inkle's in Threadneedle Street; sorry can't wait upon him, but confined to bed two days with the new influenza.

[*Exit Servant.*]

Char. You make light, Sir Luke, of these sort of engagements.

Sir L. What can a man do? These fellows (when one has the misfortune to meet them) take scandalous advantage: when will you do me the honor, pray, Sir Luke, to take a bit of mutton with me? Do you name the day? They are as bad as a beggar who attacks your cash at the mounting of a hill; there is no getting rid of them without a penny to one and a promise to t'other.

Serj. True; and then for such a time, too,—three weeks! I wonder they expect folks to remember. It is like a retainer in Michaelmas term for the summer assizes.

Sir L. Not but upon these occasions no man in England is more punctual than——

Enter a Servant, who gives Sir Luke a letter.

From whom?

Serv. Earl of Brentford.

[*The Servant waits for an answer.*]

Sir L. Answer! By your leave, Mr. Serjeant and Charlotte. [*Reads.*] "Taste for music—Mons. Duport—fail—dinner upon table at five." Gadso! I hope Sir Gregory's servant ain't gone.

Serv. Immediately upon receiving the answer.

Sir L. Run after him as fast as you can; tell him quite in despair—recollect an engagement that can't in nature be missed, and return in an instant. [*Exit Servant.*]

Char. You see, sir, the knight must give way for my lord.

Sir L. No, faith, it is not that, my dear Charlotte; you saw that was quite an extempore business. No, hang it, no, it is not for the title; but, to tell you the truth, Brentford has more wit than any man in the world; it is that makes me fond of his house.

Char. By the choice of his company he gives an unanswerable instance of that.

Sir L. You are right, my dear girl. But now to give you a proof of his wit: you know Brentford's finances are a little out of repair, which procures him some visits that he would very gladly excuse.

Serj. What need he fear? His person is sacred; for by the tenth of William and Mary——

Sir L. He knows that well enough; but for all that——

Serj. Indeed, by a late act of his own house (which does them infinite honor) his goods and chattels may be——

Sir L. Seized upon when they can find them; but he lives in ready-furnished lodgings, and hires his coach by the month.

Serj. Nay, if the sheriff returns “non inventus”——

Sir L. A plague o' your law; you make me lose sight of my story. One morning a Welsh coach-maker came with his bill to my lord, whose name was unluckily Lloyd. My lord had the man up. “You are called, I think, Mr. Lloyd?”—“At your service, my lord.”—“What, Lloyd with an L?”—“It was with an L, indeed, my lord.”—“Because in your part of the world I have heard that Lloyd and Flloyd were synonymous, the very same names.”—“Very often, indeed, my lord.”—“But you always spell yours with an L?”—“Always.”—“That, Mr. Lloyd, is a little unlucky; for you must know I am now paying my debts alphabetically, and in four or five years you might have come in with an F; but I am afraid I can give you no hopes for your L.” Ha, ha, ha!

Enter a Servant.

Serv. There was no overtaking the servant.

Sir L. That is unlucky: tell my lord I'll attend him.
I'll call on Sir Gregory myself. *[Exit Servant.]*

Serj. Why, you won't leave us, Sir Luke?

Sir L. Pardon, dear Serjeant and Charlotte; have a thousand things to do for half a million people, positively; promised to procure a husband for Lady Sicily Sulky, and match a coach-horse for Brigadier Whip; after that, must run into the city to borrow a thousand for young At-all at Almaek's; send a Cheshire cheese by the stage to Sir Timothy Tankard, in Suffolk; and get at the Herald's office a coat of arms to clap on the coach of Billy Bengal, a nabob newly arrived: so you see I have not a moment to lose.

Serj. True, true.

Sir L. At your toilet to-morrow you may—*[Enter a Servant abruptly, and runs against Sir Luke.]*—Can't you see where you are running, you rascal?

Serv. Sir, his Grace the Duke of——

Sir L. Grace! Where is he? Where——

Serv. In his coach at the door. If you ain't better engaged, would be glad of your company to go into the city and take a dinner at Dolly's.

Sir L. In his own coach, did you say?

Serv. Yes, sir.

Sir L. With the coronets—or——

Serv. I believe so.

Sir L. There's no resisting of that. Bid Joe run to Sir Gregory Goose's.

Serv. He is already gone to Alderman Inkle's.

Sir L. Then do you step to the knight—hey!—no—you must go to my lord's—hold, hold, no—I have it—first

step to Sir Greg's., then pop in at Lord Brentford's just as the company are going to dinner.

Serv. What shall I say to Sir Gregory?

Sir L. Anything,—what I told you before.

Serv. And what to my lord?

Sir L. What! Why, tell him that my uncle from Epsom—no—that won't do, for he knows I don't care a farthing for him—hey! Why, tell him—hold, I have it. Tell him that as I was going into my chair to obey his commands, I was arrested by a couple of bailiffs, forced into a hackney-coach, and carried into the Pied Bull in the borough; I beg ten thousand pardons for making his grace wait, but his grace knows my misfor—

[*Exeunt Sir Luke and Servant.*]

Char. Well, sir, what d'ye think of the proofs? I flatter myself I have pretty well established my case.

Serj. Why, hussy, you have hit upon points; but then they are but trifling flaws, they don't vitiate the title; that stands unimpeached.

SAMUEL FOOTE.

LETTER FROM SCARRON IN THE NEXT WORLD TO LOUIS XIV.

THOMAS BROWN.

[Tom Brown, as he styled himself, was a "merry fellow," who became a professional author and libeller in London. His writings show much humor, but many of them are immoral and scurrilous. He was born in 1663, and died in 1704.]

ALL the conversation of this lower world at present runs upon you; and the devil a word we can hear in any of our coffee-houses but what his Gallic majesty is more

or less concerned in. 'Tis agreed upon by all our virtuosos that since the days of Diocletian no prince has been so great a benefactor to hell as yourself; and as much a master of eloquence as I was once thought to be at Paris. I want words to tell you how much you are commended here for so heroically trampling under foot the treaty of Ryswick, and opening a new scene of war in your great climacteric, at which age most of the princes before you were such recreants as to think of making up their scores with heaven and leaving their neighbors in peace. But you, they say, are above such sordid precedents, and rather than Pluto should want men to people his dominions, are willing to spare half a million of your own subjects, and that at a juncture, too, when you are not overstocked with them.

This has gained you a universal applause in these regions; the three Furies sing your praises in every street; Bellona swears there's never a prince in Christendom worth hanging besides yourself; and Charon bustles for you in all companies. He desired me about a week ago to present his most humble respects to you; adding that, if it had not been for your majesty, he, with his wife and children, must long ago have been quartered upon the parish; for which reason he duly drinks your health every morning in a cup of cold Styx next his conscience.

Last week, as I was sitting with some of my acquaintance in a public house, after a great deal of impertinent chat about the affairs of the Milanese and the intended siege of Mantua, the whole company fell a-talking of your majesty, and what glorious exploits you had performed in your time. "Why, gentlemen," says an ill-looking rascal, who proved to be Herostratus, "for Pluto's sake let not the Grand Monarch run away with all your praises. I

have done something memorable in my time too: 'twas I who, out of the *gaieté de cœur*, and to perpetuate my name, fired the famous temple of the Ephesian Diana, and in two hours consumed that magnificent structure, which was two hundred years a-building: therefore, gentlemen, lavish not away all your praises, I beseech you, upon one man, but allow others their share."

"Why, thou diminutive, inconsiderate wretch," said I in a great passion to him, "thou worthless idle loggerhead, thou pygmy in sin, thou Tom Thumb in iniquity, how dares such a puny insect as thou art have the impudence to enter the lists with Louis le Grand? Thou valuest thyself upon firing a church, but how? when the mistress of the house was gone out to assist Olympias. 'Tis plain thou hadst not the courage to do it when the goddess was present and upon the spot. But what is this to what my royal master can boast of, that has destroyed a hundred and a hundred such foolish fabrics in his time?"

He had no sooner made his exit, but, cries an odd sort of spark, with his hat buttoned up before, like a country scraper, "Under favor, sir, what do you think of me?" "Why, who are you?" replied I to him. "Who am I?" answered he; "why, Nero, the sixth emperor of Rome, that murdered my——" "Come," said I to him, "to stop your prating, I know your history as well as yourself,—that murdered your mother, kicked your wife down-stairs, despatched two apostles out of the world, begun the first persecution against the Christians, and, lastly, put your master Seneca to death. . . . Whereas his most Christian majesty, whose advocate I am resolved to be against all opposers whatever, has generously and bravely starved a million of poor Huguenots at home, and sent t'other million of them a-grazing into foreign countries, contrary to solemn edicts and repeated promises, for no other provo-

cation, that I know of, but because they were such cox-combs as to place him upon the throne. In short, friend Nero, thou mayst pass for a rogue of the third or fourth class; but be advised by a stranger, and never show yourself such a fool as to dispute the pre-eminence with Louis le Grand, who has murdered more men in his reign, let me tell you, than thou hast murdered tunes, for all thou art the vilest thrummer upon catgut the sun ever beheld. However, to give the devil his due, I will say it before thy face and behind thy back, that if thou hadst reigned as many years as my gracious master has done, and hadst had, instead of Tigellinus, a Jesuit or two to have governed thy conscience, thou mightest, in all probability, have made a much more magnificent figure, and been inferior to none but the mighty monarch I have been talking of."

[The short sketch above given may be pieced out by the following, from one of the most intelligent travellers and pleasing writers of the seventeenth century. The author was born in 1594, and died in 1666.]

TALES OF TRAVELLERS.

Others have a custom to be always relating strange things and wonders (of the humor of Sir John Mandeville), and they usually present them to the hearers through multiplying-glasses, and thereby cause the thing to appear far greater than it is in itself; they make mountains of mole-hills, like Charenton Bridge echo, which doubles the sound nine times. Such a traveller was he that reported the Indian fly to be as big as a fox, China birds to be as big as some horses, and their mice to be as big as monkeys; but they have the wit to fetch this far enough off, because the hearer may rather believe it than make a voyage so far to disprove it.

Every one knows the tale of him who reported he had seen a cabbage under whose leaves a regiment of soldiers

were sheltered from a shower of rain. Another, who was no traveller, yet the wiser man, said he had passed by a place where there were four hundred brasiers making of a caldron,—two hundred within and two hundred without, beating the nails in; the traveller asking for what use that huge caldron was, he told him, “Sir, it was to boil your cabbage.”

Such another was the Spanish traveller, who was so habituated to hyperbolize and relate wonders that he became ridiculous in all companies, so that he was forced at last to give order to his man, when he fell into any excess this way, and reported anything improbable, he should pull him by the sleeve. The master, falling into his wonted hyperboles, spoke of a church in China that was ten thousands yards long; his man, standing behind, and pulling him by the sleeve, made him stop suddenly. The company asking, “I pray, sir, how broad might that church be?” he replied, “But a yard broad; and you may thank my man for pulling me by the sleeve, else I had made it four-square for you.”

JAMES HOWELL.

[We add, from an author of our own period, an interesting anecdote of George Stephenson, the celebrated inventor of the locomotive.]

THE GIFT OF THE GAB.

Though mainly an engineer, he was also a daring thinker on many scientific questions; and there was scarcely a subject of speculation, or a department of recondite science, on which he had not employed his faculties in such a way as to have formed large and original views. At Drayton the conversation often turned upon such topics, and Mr. Stephenson freely joined in it. On one occasion an animated discussion took place between himself and Dr. Buckland on one of his favorite theories as to the formation

of coal. But the result was that Dr. Buckland, a much greater master of tongue fence than Stephenson, completely silenced him. Next morning before breakfast, when he was walking in the grounds deeply pondering, Sir William Follett came up and asked what he was thinking about. "Why, Sir William, I am thinking over that argument I had with Buckland last night. I know I am right, and that if I had only the command of words which he has, I'd have beaten him." "Let me know all about it," said Sir William, "and I'll see what I can do for you." The two sat down in an arbor, where the astute lawyer made himself thoroughly acquainted with the points of the case, entering into it with all the zeal of an advocate about to plead the dearest interests of his client. After he had mastered the subject Sir William rose up, rubbing his hands with glee, and said, "Now I am ready for him." Sir Robert Peel was made acquainted with the plot, and adroitly introduced the subject of the controversy after dinner. The result was that, in the argument which followed, the man of science was overcome by the man of law, and Sir William Follett had at all points the mastery over Dr. Buckland. "What do *you* say, Mr. Stephenson?" asked Sir Robert, laughing. "Why," said he, "I will only say this, that of all the powers above and under the earth, there seems to me to be no power so great as the gift of the gab."

SAMUEL SMILES.

[The following witticism of Stephenson has become famous. It was uttered while he was advocating steam-railways before a committee of Parliament. He had suggested a possible speed of twenty miles per hour, but was warned against such extravagant folly, and reduced his estimate of speed to ten miles.]

"But, assuming this speed," said a member of the committee, "suppose that a cow were to stray upon the line

and get in the way of the engine: would not that, think you, be a very awkward circumstance?" "Yes," replied the witness, with his strong Northumberland burr, and a merry twinkle in his eye,—“yes, varry awkward indeed *for the coo.*”

JOHN BULL.

JOHN ARBUTHNOT.

[Dr. John Arbuthnot (born in 1667, died in 1735) was a friend and associate humorist of Pope, Swift, Gay, and Prior, and was highly considered among the humorous writers of the early eighteenth century. The satirical “Memoirs of Martinus Scriblerus,” published in Pope’s works, were chiefly or wholly written by Arbuthnot. Others of his works are “Treatise concerning the Altercation or Scolding of the Ancients,” “The Art of Political Lying,” and the “History of John Bull,” his best-known production. We give some selections from the last-named work.]

CHARACTERS.—*John Bull* (the English), *Nic. Frog* (the Dutch), and *Hocus* (the Duke of Marlborough).

BULL, in the main, was an honest, plain-dealing fellow, choleric, bold, and of a very unconstant temper; he dreaded not old Lewis either at broadsword, single falchion, or cudgel-play; but then he was very apt to quarrel with his best friends, especially if they pretended to govern him; if you flattered him, you might lead him like a child. John’s temper depended very much upon the air; his spirits rose and fell with the weather-glass. John was quick, and understood his business very well; but no man alive was more careless in looking into his accompts, or more cheated by partners, apprentices, and servants. This was occasioned by his being a boon-companion, loving his

bottle and his diversion ; for, to say truth, no man kept a better house than John, nor spent his money more generously. By plain and fair dealing John had acquired some plums, and might have kept them, had it not been for his unhappy lawsuit.

Nic. Frog was a cunning, sly rogue, quite the reverse of John in many particulars ; covetous, frugal ; minded domestic affairs ; would pinch his belly to save his pocket ; never lost a farthing by careless servants or bad debtors. He did not care much for any sort of diversions, except tricks of high German artists, and legerdemain ; no man exceeded Nic. in these ; yet it must be owned that Nic. was a fair dealer, and in that way acquired immense riches.

Hocus was an old cunning attorney ; and, though this was the first considerable suit that ever he was engaged in, he showed himself superior in address to most of his profession ; he kept always good clerks ; he loved money, was smooth-tongued, gave good words, and seldom lost his temper ; he was not worse than an infidel, for he provided plentifully for his family ; but he loved himself better than them all : his neighbors reported that he was henpecked, which was impossible by such a mild-spirited woman as his wife was.*

[The humor of this is not of very high order, and we can well comprehend why Arbuthnot is now but little read. In the extract next given, the Scottish nation and church are satirized.]

John had a sister, a poor girl that had been starved at nurse ; anybody would have guessed Miss to have been bred up under the influence of a cruel step-dame and John to be the fondling of a tender mother. John looked ruddy

* The Duchess of Marlborough was in reality a termagant.

and plump, with a pair of cheeks like a trumpeter; Miss looked pale and wan, as if she had the green-sickness; and no wonder, for John was the darling; he had all the good bits, was crammed with good pullet, chicken, pig, goose, and capon, while Miss had only a little oatmeal and water, or a dry crust without butter. John had his golden pippins, peaches, and nectarines; poor Miss a crab-apple, a sloe, or a blackberry. Master lay in the best apartment, with his bedchamber towards the south sun; Miss lodged in a garret exposed to the north wind, which shrivelled her countenance. However, this usage, though it stunted the girl in her growth, gave her a hardy constitution; she had life and spirit in abundance, and knew when she was ill used: now and then she would seize upon John's commons, snatch a leg of pullet, or a bit of good beef, for which they were sure to go to fisticuffs. Master was indeed too strong for her; but Miss would not yield in the least point, but, even when Master had got her down, she would scratch and bite like a tiger; when he gave her a cuff on the ear, she would prick him with her knitting-needle. John brought a great chain one day to tie her to the bed-post, for which affront Miss aimed a penknife at his heart. In short, these quarrels grew up to rooted aversions; they gave one another nicknames; she called him Gundy-guts, and he called her Lousy Peg, though the girl was a tight clever wench as any was, and through her pale looks you might discern spirit and vivacity, which made her not, indeed, a perfect beauty, but something that was agreeable. It was barbarous in parents not to take notice of these early quarrels, and make them live better together, such domestic feuds proving afterwards the occasion of misfortunes to them both. Peg had, indeed, some odd humors and comical antipathy, for which John would jeer her. "What think you of my sister Peg," says

he, "that faints at the sound of an organ, and yet will dance and frisk at the noise of a bagpipe?" "What's that to you, Gundy-guts?" quoth Peg; "everybody's to choose their own music." Then Peg had taken a fancy not to say her paternoster, which made people imagine strange things of her. Of the three brothers that have made such a clutter in the world, Lord Peter, Martin, and Jack,* Jack had of late been her inclination: Lord Peter she detested; nor did Martin stand much better in her good graces; but Jack had found the way to her heart.

[Arbuthnot thus discourses on the celerity and duration of lies.]

As to the celerity of their motion, the author says it is almost incredible. He gives several instances of lies that have travelled faster than a man can ride post. Your terrifying lie travels at a prodigious rate, above ten miles an hour. Your whisper moves in a narrow vortex, but very swiftly. The author says it is impossible to explain several phenomena in relation to the celerity of lies, without the supposition of synchronism and combination. As to the duration of lies, he says they are of all sorts, from hours and days to ages; that there are some which, like insects, die and revive again in a different form; that good artists, like people who build upon a short lease, will calculate the duration of a lie surely to answer their purpose,—to last just as long, and no longer, than the turn is served. The properest contradiction to a lie is another lie. For example, if it should be reported that the Pretender was in London, one would not contradict it by saying that he never was in England; but you must prove by eye-witnesses that he came no further than Greenwich and then went back again.

* The Pope, Luther, and Calvin.

[One of Arbuthnot's best productions is the following.]

A LEARNED DISSERTATION ON DUMPLINGS.

The Romans, though our conquerors, found themselves much outdone in dumplings by our forefathers,—the Roman dumplings being no more to compare to those made by the Britons than a stone dumpling is to a marrow pudding; though indeed the British dumpling at that time was little better than what we call a stone dumpling, nothing else but flour and water. But, every generation growing wiser and wiser, the project was improved, and dumpling grew to be pudding. One projector found milk better than water; another introduced butter; some added marrow, others plums; and some found out the use of sugar: so that, to speak truth, we know not where to fix the genealogy or chronology of any of these pudding projectors, to the reproach of our historians, who eat so much pudding, yet have been so ungrateful to the first professors of the noble science as not to find them a place in history.

The invention of eggs was merely accidental. Two or three having casually rolled from off a shelf into a pudding which a good-wife was making, she found herself under the necessity either of throwing away her pudding or letting the eggs remain; but, concluding that the innocent quality of the eggs would do no hurt, if they did no good, she merely jumbled them all together after having carefully picked out the shells; the consequence is easily imagined, the pudding became a pudding of puddings, and the use of eggs from thence took its date. The woman was sent for to court to make puddings for King John, who then swayed the sceptre, and gained such favor that she was the making of the whole family.

From this time the English became so famous for pud-

dings they are called pudding-eaters all over the world to this day.

At her demise her son was taken into favor, and made the king's chief cook; and so great was his fame for puddings that he was called Jack Pudding all over the kingdom, though in truth his real name was John Brand. This Jack Pudding, I say, became yet a greater favorite than his mother, insomuch that he had the king's ear as well as his mouth at command, for the king, you must know, was a mighty lover of pudding, and Jack fitted him to a hair. But what raised our hero in the esteem of this pudding-eating monarch was his second edition of pudding, he being the first that ever invented the art of broiling puddings, which he did to such perfection and so much to the king's liking (who had a mortal aversion to cold pudding) that he thereupon instituted him Knight of the Gridiron, and gave him a gridiron of gold, the ensign of that order, which he always wore as a mark of his sovereign's favor.

HUDIBRAS.

SAMUEL BUTLER.

[The author of the celebrated poem of "Hudibras" was born in Worcestershire, England, about 1612, and died in London in 1680. As a burlesque epic "Hudibras" stands unmatched, and no poem ever rose more rapidly to reputation. Nor was this fame ephemeral, despite the fact that the poem was adapted to a period, and the wit of many of its passages has vanished through the lapse of time. Yet it is so overflowing with wit that it can still be read with enjoyment, and is likely long to survive, as a masterpiece of burlesque literature. We give some passages from the opening pages of the poem.]

WHEN civil dudgeon first grew high,
And men fell out, they knew not why;

When hard words, jealousies, and fears
Set folks together by the ears,
And made them fight, like mad or drunk,
For Dame Religion as for punk,
Whose honesty they all durst swear for,
Though not a man of them knew wherefore ;
When gospel-trumpeter, surrounded
With long-eared rout, to battle sounded,
And pulpit, drum ecclesiastic,
Was beat with fist, instead of a stick ;
Then did Sir Knight abandon dwelling,
And out he rode a-colonelling.

A wight he was whose very sight would
Entitle him mirror of knighthood,
That never bowed his stubborn knee
To anything but chivalry,
Nor put up blow, but that which laid
Right worshipful on shoulder blade ;
Chief of domestic knights and errant,
Either for chartel or for warrant ;
Great on the bench, great on the saddle,
That could as well bind o'er as swaddle :
Mighty he was at both of these,
And styled of war as well as peace
(So some rats of amphibious nature
Are either for the land or water).
But here our authors make a doubt,
Whether he were more wise or stout ;
Some hold the one, and some the other ;
But, howsoe'er they make a pother,
The difference was so small, his brain
Outweighed his rage but half a grain ;
Which made some take him for a tool
That knaves do work with, called a fool.

For't has been held by many that
As Montaigne, playing with his cat,
Complains she thought him but an ass,
Much more she would Sir Hudibras
(For that's the name our valiant knight
To all his challenges did write).
But they're mistaken very much ;
'Tis plain enough he was no such :
We grant, although he had much wit,
He was very shy of using it,
As being loath to wear it out,
And, therefore, bore it not about,
Unless on holidays or so,
As men their best apparel do ;
Besides, 'tis known he could speak Greek
As naturally as pigs squeak ;
That Latin was no more difficile
Than for a blackbird 'tis to whistle ;
Being rich in both, he never scanted
His bounty unto such as wanted. . . .
He was in logic a great critic,
Profoundly skilled in analytic ;
He could distinguish, and divide
A hair 'twixt south and southwest side ;
On either which he would dispute,
Confute, change hands, and still confute ;
He'd undertake to prove by force
Of argument, a man's no horse ;
He'd prove a buzzard is no fowl,
And that a lord may be an owl,
A calf an alderman, a goose a justice,
And rooks committee-men and trustees.
He'd run in debt by disputation,
And pay with ratiocination ;

All this by syllogism, true
In mood and figure, he would do.
For rhetoric, he could not ope
His mouth, but out there flew a trope;
And when he happened to break off
I' the middle of his speech, or cough,
He had hard words, ready to show why,
And tell what rules he did it by:
Else, when with greatest art he spoke,
You'd think he talked like other folk;
For all a rhetorician's rules
Teach nothing but to name his tools. . . .

For his religion, it was fit
To match his learning and his wit.
'Twas Presbyterian true blue;
For he was of that stubborn crew
Of errant saints,—whom all men grant
To be the true church militant;
Such as do build their faith upon
The holy text of pike and gun,
Decide all controversies by
Infallible artillery,
And prove their doctrine orthodox
By apostolic blows and knocks,
Call fire and sword and desolation
A godly thorough reformation,
Which always must be carried on,
And still be doing, never done,—
As if religion were intended
For nothing else but to be mended:
A sect whose chief devotion lies
In odd perverse antipathies;
In falling out with that and this,
And finding something still amiss;

More peevish, cross, and splenetic,
Than dog distraught or monkey sick ;
That with more care keep holiday
The wrong, than others the right way ;
Compound for sins they are inclined to,
By damning those they have no mind to :
Still so perverse and opposite,
As if they worshipped God for spite ;
The self-same thing they will abhor
One way, and long another for ;
Free-will they one way disavow,
Another nothing else allow ;
All piety consists therein
In them, in other men all sin ;
Rather than fail, they will defy
That which they love most tenderly ;
Quarrel with minced pies, and disparage
Their best and dearest friend, plum-porridge ;
Fat pig and goose itself oppose,
And blaspheme custard through the nose.

THE DRESS AND ARMOR OF HUDIBRAS.

His doublet was of sturdy buff,
And, though not sword, yet cudgel proof ;
Whereby 'twas fitter for his use,
Who feared no blows but such as bruise.

His breeches were of rugged woollen,
And had been at the siege of Bullen ;
To old King Harry so well known,
Some writers held they were his own ;
Though they were lined with many a piece
Of ammunition bread and cheese,
And fat black puddings, proper food
For warriors that delight in blood ;

For as we said, he always chose
 To carry victuals in his hose,
 That often tempted rats and mice
 Th' ammunition to surprise;
 And when he put a hand but in
 The one or t'other magazine,
 They stoutly on defence on't stood
 And from the wounded foe drew blood,
 And till they were stormed and beaten out,
 Ne'er left the fortified redoubt. . . .

His puissant sword unto his side,
 Near his undaunted heart, was tied,
 With basket hilt that would hold broth,
 And serve for fight and dinner both;
 In it he melted lead for bullets
 To shoot at foes, and sometimes pullets,
 To whom he bore so fell a grutch,
 He ne'er gave quarter t' any such.
 The trenchant blade, Toledo trusty,
 For want of fighting, was grown rusty,
 And ate into itself, for lack
 Of some body to hew and hack;
 The peaceful scabbard where it dwelt
 The rancor of its edge had felt;
 For of the lower end two handful
 It had devoured, it was so manful,
 And so much scorned to lurk in case
 As if it durst not show its face.
 In many desperate attempts
 Of warrants, exigents, contempts,
 It had appeared with courage bolder
 Than Serjeant Bum invading shoulder.
 Oft had it ta'en possession,
 And prisoners too, or made them run.

This sword a dagger had, his page,
That was but little for his age,
And therefore waited on him so
As dwarfs upon knights-errant do :
It was a serviceable dudgeon,
Either for fighting or for drudging ;
When it had stabbed or broke a head,
It would scrape trenchers, or chip bread ;
Toast cheese or bacon, though it were
To bait a mouse-trap, would not care ;
'Twould make clean shoes, and in the earth
Set leeks and onions, and so forth :
It had been prentice to a brewer,
Where this and more it did endure,
But left the trade, as many more
Have lately done on the same score.

MRS. POYSER'S OPINIONS.

MARIAN EVANS ("GEORGE ELIOT").

[The remarkable and strikingly original novels of George Eliot display in many places excellent powers of humor. Perhaps their best character from this point of view is Mrs. Poyser, in "Adam Bede," a voluble and witty good wife, quite able to hold her own in any verbal contest. The following dialogue is held between Mr. Bartle, the schoolmaster, Mr. Craig, the gardener, and Mr. and Mrs. Poyser.]

"WHAT," said Bartle, with an air of disgust, "was there a woman concerned? Then I give you up, Adam?"

"But it's a woman you've spoke well on, Bartle," said Mr. Poyser. "Come, now, you canna draw back; you said once as women wouldna' ha' been a bad invention if they'd all been like Dinah."

"I meant her voice, man,—I meant her voice, that was all," said Bartle. "I can bear to hear her speak without wanting to put wool in my ears. As for other things, I dare say she's like the rest o' the women,—thinks two and two'll come to five, if she cries and bothers enough about it."

"Ay, ay!" said Mrs. Poyser; "one 'ud think, an' hear some folk talk, as the men war 'cute enough to count the corns in a bag o' wheat wi' only smelling at it. They can see through a barn door, *they* can. Perhaps that's the reason they can see so little o' this side on't."

Martin Poyser shook with delighted laughter, and winked at Adam, as much as to say the schoolmaster was in for it now.

"Ah!" said Bartle, sneeringly, "the women are quick enough,—they're quick enough. They know the rights of a story before they hear it, and can tell a man what his thoughts are before he knows 'em himself."

"Like enough," said Mrs. Poyser; "for the men are mostly so slow their thoughts overrun 'em, an' they can only catch 'em by the tail. I can count a stocking-top while a man's getting 's tongue ready, an' when he out wi' his speech at last there's little broth to be made on't. It's your dead chicks take the longest hatchin'. Howiver, I'm not denyin' the women are foolish: God Almighty made 'em to match the men."

"Match!" said Bartle; "ay, as vinegar matches one's teeth. If a man says a word, his wife'll match it with a contradiction; if he's a mind for hot meat, his wife'll match it with cold bacon; if he laughs, she'll match him with whimpering. She's such a match as the horse-fly is to th' horse: she's got the right venom to sting him with,—the right venom to sting him with."

"Yes," said Mrs. Poyser, "I know what the men like,—

a poor soft, as 'ud simper at 'em like the pictur o' the sun, whether they did right or wrong, an' say thank you for a kick, an' pretend she didna know which end she stood uppermost, till her husband told her. That's what a man want's in a wife, mostly: he wants to make sure o' one fool as'll tell him he's wise. But there's some men can do wi'out that, they think so much o' themselves a'ready; an' that's how it is there's old bachelors."

"Come, Craig," said Mr. Poyser, joyfully, "you mun get married pretty quick, else you'll be set down for an old bachelor; an' you see what the women 'ull think on you."

"Well," said Mr. Craig, willing to conciliate Mrs. Poyser, and setting a high value on his own compliments, "*I* like a cleverish woman,—a woman o' sperrit,—a managing woman."

"You're out there, Craig," said Bartle, dryly; "you're out there. You judge o' your garden-stuff on a better plan than that; you pick the things for what they excel in,—for what they excel in. You don't value your peas for their roots, or your carrots for their flowers. Now, that's the way you should choose women; their cleverness 'll never come to much,—never come to much; but they make excellent simpletons, ripe and strong-flavored."

"What dost say to that?" said Mr. Poyser, throwing himself back and looking merrily at his wife.

"Say!" answered Mrs. Poyser, with dangerous fire kindling in her eye; "why, I say as some folk's tongues are like the clocks as run on strikin', not to tell you the time o' day, but because there's summat wrong i' their own inside."

[As for the Mr. Craig of this dialogue, Mrs. Poyser had before expressed her opinion of him in one of her wittiest remarks: "For my part, I think he's welly like a cock as think's the sun's rose o' purpose to hear him crow." Another recent English authoress holds forth

upon the irrepressibleness of woman and the docility of man in the following witty sketch, which is extracted from the "Lady Audley's Secret" of Miss Braddon.]

PETTICOAT GOVERNMENT.

What a wonderful solution of life's enigmas there is in petticoat government! Man might lie in the sunshine and eat lotuses, and fancy it always afternoon, if his wife would let him. But she won't, bless her impulsive heart and active mind! She knows better than that. Who ever heard of a woman taking life as it ought to be taken? Instead of supporting it as an unavoidable nuisance, only redeemable by its brevity, she goes through it as if it were a pageant or a procession. She dresses for it, and simpers, and grins, and gesticulates for it. She pushes her neighbors, and struggles for a good place in the dismal march; she elbows, and writhes, and tramples, and prances, to the one end of making the most of the misery. She gets up early, and sits up late, and is loud and restless and noisy and un pitying. She drags her husband on to the woolsack, or pushes him into Parliament. She drives him full butt at the dear, lazy machinery of government, and knocks and buffets him about the wheels and cranks, and screws and pulleys, until somebody, for quiet's sake, makes him something that she wanted him to be made. That's why incompetent men sometimes sit in high places and interpose their poor muddled intellects between the things to be done and the people that can do them, making universal confusion in the helpless innocence of well-placed incapacity. The square men in the round holes are pushed into them by their wives. The Eastern potentate who declared that women were at the bottom of all mischief should have gone a little further and seen why it is so. It is because women are *never lazy*. They don't know what it is to be

quiet. They are Semiramides, and Cleopatras, and Joan of Ares, Queen Elizabeths, and Catharine the Seconds, and they riot in battle, and murder, and clamor, and desperation. If they can't agitate the universe, and play at ball with hemispheres, they'll make mountains of warfare and vexations out of domestic mole-hills, and social storms in household teacups. Forbid them to hold forth upon the freedom of nations and the wrongs of mankind, and they'll quarrel with Mrs. Jones about the shape of a mantle or the character of a small maid-servant. To call them the weaker sex is to utter a hideous mockery. They are the stronger sex, the noisier, the more persevering, the most self-assertive sex. They want freedom of opinion, variety of occupation, do they? Let them have it. Let them be lawyers, doctors, preachers, teachers, soldiers, legislators!—anything they like,—but let them be quiet—if they can.

A BOOKSELLER'S VISIT TO THE CHINESE.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

[Goldsmith acquired fame alike in prose, poetry, and the drama, his "*Vicar of Wakefield*," "*Deserted Village*," and "*She Stoops to Conquer*" having all become English classics. He had a rich gift of humor, which is shown in many of his works. Perhaps his nearest approach to satire is shown in the following, from the "*Chinese Letters*," probably instigated by his own experience of the methods and morals of booksellers.]

As I was yesterday seated at breakfast over a pensive dish of tea, my meditations were interrupted by my old friend and companion, who introduced a stranger, dressed pretty much like himself. The gentleman made several apologies for his visit, begged of me to impute his intrusion

to the sincerity of his respect and the warmth of his curiosity.

As I am very suspicious of my company when I find them very civil without any apparent reason, I answered the stranger's caresses at first with reserve; which my friend perceiving, instantly let me into my visitor's trade and character, asking Mr. Fudge whether he had lately published anything new. I now conjectured that my guest was no other than a bookseller, and his answer confirmed my suspicions.

"Excuse me, sir," said he, "it is not the season; books have their time as well as cucumbers. I would no more bring out a new work in summer than I would sell pork in the dog-days. Nothing in my way goes off in summer, except very light goods indeed. A review, a magazine, or a sessions paper may amuse a summer reader; but all our stock of value we reserve for a spring and winter trade."—"I must confess, sir," says I, "a curiosity to know what you call a valuable stock, which can only bear a winter perusal."—"Sir," replied the bookseller, "it is not my way to cry up my own goods; but, without exaggeration, I will venture to show with any of the trade: my books, at least, have the peculiar advantage of being always new, and it is my way to clear off my old to the trunk-makers every season. I have ten new title-pages about me, which only want books to be added to make them the finest things in nature. Others may pretend to direct the vulgar, but that is not my way; I always let the vulgar direct me; wherever popular clamor arises I always echo the million. For instance, should the people in general say that such a man is a rogue, I instantly give orders to set him down in print a villain: thus every man buys the book, not to learn new sentiments, but to have the pleasure of seeing his own reflected."

"But, sir," interrupted I, "you speak as if you yourself wrote the books you publish. May I be so bold as to ask a sight of some of those intended publications which are shortly to surprise the world?"—"As to that, sir," replied the talkative bookseller, "I only draw out the plans myself, and, though I am very cautious of communicating them to any, yet, as in the end I have a favor to ask, you shall see a few of them. Here, sir, here they are, diamonds of the first water, I assure you. *Imprimis*, 'A Translation of several Medical Precepts for the use of such Physicians as do not understand Latin.' Item, 'The Young Clergyman's Art of Placing Patches regularly, with a Dissertation on the different manners of Smiling without Distorting the Face.' Item, 'The Whole Art of Love made perfectly easy;' by a broker of 'Change Alley. Item, 'The Proper Manner of cutting Black-Lead Pencils and making Crayons;' by the Right Hon. the Earl of . . . Item, 'The Muster-Master-General, or the Review of Reviews'——" "Sir," cried I, interrupting him, "my curiosity with regard to title-pages is satisfied; I should be glad to see some longer manuscript, a history or an epic poem."—"Bless me," cries the man of industry, "now you speak of an epic poem, you shall see an excellent farce. Here it is; dip into it where you will, it will be found replete with true modern humor. Strokes, sir! it is filled with strokes of wit and satire in every line."—"Do you call those dashes of the pen strokes?" replied I, "for I confess I see no other."—"And, pray, sir," returned he, "what do you call them? Do you see anything good nowadays that is not filled with strokes—and dashes? Sir, a well-placed dash makes half the wit of our writers of modern humor. I bought last winter a piece that had no other merit upon earth than nine hundred and ninety-five breaks, seventy-two ha! ha!'s, three good things, and a garter. And yet it

played off, and bounced and cracked, and made more sport than a firework.”—“I fancy, then, sir, you were a considerable gainer.”—“It must be owned the piece did pay; but, upon the whole, I cannot much boast of last winter’s success: I gained by two murders, but then I lost by an ill-timed charity sermon. I was a considerable sufferer by my ‘Direct Road to an Estate,’ but the ‘Infernal Guide’ brought me up again. Ah, sir, that was a piece touched off by the hand of a master, filled with good things from one end to the other. The author had nothing but the jest in view; no dull moral lurking beneath, nor ill-natured satire to sour the reader’s good humor; he wisely considered that moral and humor at the same time were quite overdoing the business.”—“To what purpose was the book, then, published?” cried I.—“Sir, the book was published in order to be sold, and no book sold better, except the criticisms upon it, which came out soon after; of all kinds of writing, that goes off best at present, and I generally fasten a criticism upon every selling book that is published.

“I once had an author who never left the least opening for the critics: close was the word, always very right, and very dull, ever on the safe side of an argument, yet, with all his qualifications, incapable of coming into favor. I soon perceived that his bent was for criticism, and, as he was good for nothing else, supplied him with pens and paper and planted him at the beginning of every month as a censor on the works of others. In short, I found him a treasure; no merit could escape him; but, what is most remarkable of all, he ever wrote best and bitterest when drunk.”

“But are there not some works,” interrupted I, “that from the very manner of their composition must be exempt from criticism, particularly such as profess to disregard its laws?”—“There is no work whatsoever but what

he can criticise," replied the bookseller: "even though you wrote in Chinese he would have a pluck at you. Suppose you should take it into your head to publish a book, let it be a volume of Chinese letters, for instance: write how you will, he shall show the world you could have written better. Should you, with the most local exactness, stick to the manners and customs of the country from whence you come, should you confine yourself to the narrow limits of Eastern knowledge, and be perfectly simple, and perfectly natural, he has then the strongest reason to exclaim. He may with a sneer send you back to China for readers. He may observe that, after the first or second letter, the iteration of the same simplicity is insupportably tedious; but the worst of all is, the public in such a case will anticipate his censures, and leave you with all your instructive simplicity to be mauled at discretion."

"Yes," cried I, "but, in order to avoid his indignation, and, what I should fear more, that of the public, I would, in such a case, write with all the knowledge I was master of. As I am not possessed of much learning, at least I would not suppress what little I had, nor would I appear more stupid than nature made me."

"Here, then," cries the bookseller, "we should have you entirely in our power; unnatural, uneastern, quite out of character, erroneously sensible, would be the whole cry; sir, we should then hunt you down like a rat."—"Head of my father!" said I, "sure there are but two ways: the door must either be shut or it must be open. I must either be natural or unnatural."—"Be what you will, we shall criticise you," returned the bookseller, "and prove you a dunce in spite of your teeth. But, sir, it is time that I should come to business. I have just now in the press a history of China; and if you will but put your name to it as the author, I shall repay the obligation with gratitude."—

"What, sir," replied I, "put my name to a work which I have not written! Never, while I retain a proper respect for the public and myself." The bluntness of my reply quite abated the ardor of the bookseller's conversation, and, after about half an hour's disagreeable reserve, he, with some ceremony, took his leave and withdrew.

[To the above we add an extract from Steele's contributions to the *Spectator*.]

CASTLES IN THE AIR.

A castle-builder is even just what he pleases, and as such I have grasped imaginary sceptres, and delivered uncontrollable edicts from a throne to which conquered nations yielded obeisance. I have made I know not how many inroads into France, and ravaged the very heart of that kingdom; I have dined in the Louvre, and drunk champagne at Versailles; and I would have you take notice I am not only able to vanquish a people already "cowed" and accustomed to flight, but I could, Almansor-like, drive the British general from the field, were I less a Protestant, or had ever been affronted by the confederates.

There is no art or profession whose most celebrated masters I have not eclipsed. Wherever I have afforded my salutary presence, fevers have ceased to burn and agues to shake the human fabric. When an eloquent fit has been upon me, an apt gesture and a proper cadence has animated each sentence, and gaping crowds have found their passions worked up into rage or soothed into a calm. I am short, and not very well made; yet upon sight of a fine woman I have stretched into proper stature and killed with a good air and mien. These are the gay phantoms that dance before my waking eyes and compose my day-dreams.

I should be the most contented, happy man alive, were the chimerical happiness which springs from the paintings of Fancy less fleeting and transitory. But, alas! it is with grief of mind I tell you, the least breath of wind has often demolished my magnificent edifices, swept away my groves, and left me no more trace of them than if they had never been. My exchequer has sunk and vanished by a rap upon my door; the salutation of a friend has cost me a whole continent; and in the same moment I have been pulled by the sleeve my crown has fallen from my head. The ill consequences of these reveries is inconceivably great, seeing the loss of imaginary possessions makes impressions of real woe. Besides, bad economy is visible and apparent in the builders of imaginary mansions. My tenants' advertisements of ruins and dilapidations often cast a damp over my spirits, even in the instant when the sun, in all his splendor, gilds my Eastern palaces.

SIR RICHARD STEELE.

[To complete the present Half-Hour reading we draw upon the "Recreations of Christopher North" for the realization of a day-dream of a different character from that of Steele.]

THE BOY'S FIRST FISH.

Yet there seems to be a natural course or progress in pastimes. We do not now speak of marbles, or knuckling down at taw, or trundling a hoop, or pall-lall, or pitch and toss, or any other of the games of the school playground. We restrict ourselves to what, somewhat inaccurately perhaps, are called field-sports. Thus, angling seems the earliest of them all in the order of nature. There the new-breeched urchin stands on the low bridge of the little bitburnie, and with crooked pin, baited with one un-

writhing ring of a dead worm, and attached to a yarn-thread,—for he has not yet got into hair, and is years off gut,—his rod of the mere willow or hazel wand, there will he stand during all his play-hours, as forgetful of his primer as if the weary art of printing had never been invented, day after day, week after week, month after month, in mute, deep, earnest, passionate, heart-mind-and-soul engrossing hope of some time or other catching a minnow or a beardie! A tug!—a tug! With face ten times flushed and pale by turns ere you could count ten, he at last has strength, in the agitation of his fear and joy, to pull away at the monster; and there he lies in his beauty among the gowans and the greensward, for he has whapped him right over his head and far away, a fish a quarter of an ounce in weight, and, at the very least, two inches long! Off he flies, on wings of wind, to his father, mother, and sisters, and brothers, and cousins, and all the neighborhood, holding the fish aloft in both hands, still fearful of its escape; and, like a genuine child of corruption, his eyes brighten at the first blush of cold blood on his small fummy fingers. He carries about with him, upstairs and down-stairs, his prey upon a plate; he will not wash his hands before dinner, for he exults in the silver scales adhering to the thumb-nail that scooped the pin out of the baggy's maw; and at night, "cabined, cribbed, confined," he is overheard murmuring in his sleep,—a thief, a robber, and a murderer, in his yet infant dreams!

From that hour angling is no more a mere delightful day-dream, haunted by the dim hopes of imaginary minnows, but a reality,—an art,—a science, of which the flaxen-headed school-boy feels himself to be master,—a mystery in which he has been initiated; and off he now goes all alone, in the power of successful passion, to the distant brook,—brook a mile off,—with fields, and hedges, and

single trees, and little groves, and a huge forest of six acres, between it and the house in which he is boarded or was born! There flows on the slender music of the shadowy shallows,—there pours the deeper din of the birch-tree waterfall. The scared water-pyret flies away from stone to stone, and, dipping, disappears among the airy bubbles, to him a new sight of joy and wonder. And, oh, how sweet the scent of the broom or furze, yellowing along the braes, where leap the lambs, less happy than he, on the knolls of sunshine! His grandfather has given him a half-crown rod in two pieces; yes, his line is of hair twisted, plaited by his own soon-instructed little fingers. By heavens, he is fishing with the fly! And the Fates, who, grim and grisly as they are painted to be by full-grown, ungrateful, lying poets, smile like angels on the paidler in the brook, winnowing the air with their wings into western breezes, while at the very first throw the yellow trout forsakes his fastness beneath the bog-wood, and with a lazy whallop, and then a sudden plunge, and then a race like lightning, changes at once the child into the boy, and shoots through his thrilling and aching heart the ecstacy of a new life expanding in that glorious pastime, even as a rainbow on a sudden brightens up the sky. *Fortuna favet fortibus*; and with one long pull, and strong pull, and pull all together, Johnny lands a twelve-incher on the soft, smooth, silvery sand of the only bay in all the burn where such an exploit was possible, and, dashing upon him like an osprey, soars up with him in his talons to the bank, breaking his line as he hurries off to a spot of safety twenty yards from the pool, and then, flinging him down on a heath-surrounded plat of sheep-nibbled verdure, lets him bounce about till he is tired and lies gasping with unfrequent and feeble motions, bright, and beautiful, and glorious with all his yellow light and

crimson lustre, spotted, speckled, and starred in his scaly splendor, beneath a sun that never shone before so daz-
zingly.

JOHN WILSON ("CHRISTOPHER NORTH").

HUMOR IN VERSE.

VARIOUS.

[To our present group of verses some of the most notable humorous poets of England have been induced, by power of the pen, to contribute. They have done their best, and they, not we, must be held responsible for the value of the results.]

MERRY ANDREW.

SLY Merry Andrew, the last Southwark fair
(At Barthol'mew he did not much appear:
So peevish was the edict of the mayor),—
At Southwark, therefore, as his tricks he showed,
To please our masters, and his friends the crowd,
A huge neat's tongue he in his right hand held;
His left was with a huge black pudding filled.
With a grave look in this odd equipage,
The clownish mimic traverses the stage:
"Why, how now, Andrew!" cries his brother droll,
"To-day's conceit, methinks, is somewhat dull:
Come on, sir, to our worthy friends explain,
What does your emblematic worship mean?"
Quoth Andrew, "Honest English let us speak:
Your emble—(what d'ye call 't) is heathen Greek.
To tongue or pudding thou hast no pretence:
Learning thy talent is, but mine is sense.
That busy fool I was, which thou art now;
Desirous to correct, not knowing how:

With very good design, but little wit,
Blaming or praising things, as I saw fit.
I for this conduct had what I deserved,
And, dealing honestly, was almost starved.
But, thanks to my indulgent stars, I eat,
Since I have found the secret to be great."
"Oh, dearest Andrew," says the humble droll,
"Henceforth may I obey, and thou control,
Provided thou impart thy useful skill."—
"Bow then," says Andrew; "and, for once, I will.—
Be of your patron's mind, whate'er he says;
Sleep very much; think little, and talk less;
Mind neither good nor bad, nor right nor wrong,
But eat your pudding, slave, and hold your tongue."

A reverend prelate stopped his coach-and-six,
To laugh a little at our Andrew's tricks;
But when he heard him give this golden rule,
"Drive on" (he cried); "this fellow is no fool."

MATTHEW PRIOR.

THE PROGRESS OF POETRY.

The farmer's goose, who in the stubble
Has fed without restraint or trouble,
Grown fat with corn and sitting still,
Can scarce get o'er the barn-door sill,
And hardly waddles forth to cool
Her belly in the neighboring pool,
Nor loudly cackles at the door,
For cackling shows the goose is poor.

But, when she must be turned to graze,
And round the barren common strays,
Hard exercise, and harder fare,
Soon make my dame grow lank and spare;

Her body light, she tries her wings,
And scorns the ground, and upward springs,
While all the parish, as she flies,
Hears sounds harmonious from the skies.

Such is the poet fresh in pay,
The third night's profits of his play ;
His morning draughts till noon can swill,
Among his brethren of the quill :
With good roast beef his belly full,
Grown lazy, foggy, fat, and dull,
Deep sunk in plenty and delight,
What poet e'er could take his flight ?
Or, stuffed with phlegm up to the throat,
What poet e'er could sing a note ?
Nor Pegasus could bear the load
Along the high celestial road ;
The steed, oppressed, would break his girth,
To raise the lumber from the earth.

But view him in another scene,
When all his drink is Hippocrene,
His money spent, his patrons fail,
His credit out for cheese and ale ;
His two-years' coat so smooth and bare,
Through every thread it lets in air ;
And like a jockey for a race,
His flesh brought down to flying case :
Now his exalted spirit loathes
Encumbrances of food and clothes,
And up he rises like a vapor,
Supported high on wings of paper ;
He singing flies, and flying sings,
While from below all Grub Street rings.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

THE PIG.

Jacob, I do not like to see thy nose
Turned up in scornful curve at yonder pig.
It would be well, my friend, if we, like him,
Were perfect in our kind! And why despise
The sow-born grunter? He is obstinate,
Thou answerest; ugly, and the filthiest beast
That banquets upon offal. Now, I pray you,
Hear the pig's counsel.

Is he obstinate?

We must not, Jacob, be deceived by words;
We must not take them as unheeding hands
Receive base money at the current worth,
But with a just suspicion try their sound,
And in the even balance weigh them well.
See now to what this obstinacy comes:
A poor, mistreated, democratic beast,
He knows that his unmerciful drivers seek
Their profit, and not his. He hath not learned
That pigs were made for man, born to be brawned
And baconized: that he must please to give
Just what his gracious masters please to take;
Perhaps his tusks, the weapons nature gave
For self-defence, the general privilege;
Perhaps,—bark, Jacob! dost thou hear that horn?
Woe to the young posterity of Pork!
Their enemy is at hand.

Again. Thou say'st

The pig is ugly. Jacob, look at him!
Those eyes have taught the lover flattery.
His face,—nay, Jacob! Jacob! were it fair
To judge a lady in her deshabelle?

Fancy it dressed, and with saltpetre rouged.
Behold his tail, my friend ; with curls like that
The wanton hop marries her stately spouse :
So crisp in beauty Amoretta's hair
Rings round her lover's soul the chains of love.
And what is beauty, but the aptitude
Of parts harmonious ? Give thy fancy scope,
And thou wilt find that no imagined change
Can beautify this beast. Place at his end
The starry glories of the peacock's pride,
Give him the swan's white breast ; for his horn hoofs
Shape such a foot and ankle as the waves
Crowded in eager rivalry to kiss
When Venus from the enamoured sea arose ;
Jacob, thou canst but make a monster of him !
All alteration man could think, would mar
His pig-perfection.

The last charge,—he lives
A dirty life. Here I could shelter him
With noble and right reverend precedents,
And show by sanction of authority
That 'tis a very honorable thing
To thrive by dirty ways. But let me rest
On better ground the unanswerable defence.
The pig is a philosopher, who knows
No prejudice. Dirt ? Jacob, what is dirt ?
If matter, why, the delicate dish that tempts
An o'ergorged epicure to the last morsel
That stuffs him to the throat-gates is no more.
If matter be not, but, as sages say,
Spirit is all, and all things visible
Are one, the infinitely modified,
Think, Jacob, what that pig is, and the mire
Wherein he stands knee-deep !

And there! the breeze
Pleads with me, and has won thee to a smile
That speaks conviction. O'er yon blossomed field
Of beans it came, and thoughts of bacon rise.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

CUPID.

Beauties, have ye seen this toy,
Calléd love, a little boy
Almost naked, wanton, blind,
Cruel now, and then as kind?
If he be amongst ye, say!
He is Venus' runaway.

He hath of marks about him plenty,
Ye shall know him among twenty:
All his body is a fire,
And his breath a flame entire,
That, being shot like lightning in,
Wounds the heart, but not the skin.

He doth bear a golden bow,
And a quiver, hanging low,
Full of arrows, that outbrave
Dian's shafts, where, if he have
Any head more sharp than other,
With that first he strikes his mother.

Trust him not: his words, though sweet,
Seldom with his heart do meet:
All his practice is deceit,
Every gift is but a bait:
Not a kiss but poison bears,
And most treason in his tears.

If by these ye please to know him,
Beauties, be not nice, but show him.
Though ye had a will to hide him,
Now, we hope, ye'll not abide him,
Since ye hear his falser play,
And that he's Venus' runaway.

BEN JONSON.

WRITTEN AFTER SWIMMING THE HELLESPONT.

If, in the month of dark December,
Leander, who was nightly wont
(What maid will not the tale remember?)
To cross thy stream, broad Hellespont,—

If, when the wintry tempest roared,
He sped to Hero, nothing loath,
And thus of old thy current poured,—
Fair Venus! how I pity both!

For *me*, degenerate, modern wretch,
Though in the genial month of May,
My dripping limbs I faintly stretch,
And think I've done a feat to-day.

But since he crossed the rapid tide,
According to the doubtful story,
To woo—and—Lord knows what beside,
And swam for Love, as I for Glory,

'Twere hard to say who fared the best:
Sad mortals! thus the gods still plague you!
He lost his labor, I my jest;
For he was drowned, and I've the ague.

LORD BYRON.

SALAD.

To make this condiment, your poet begs
The pounded yellow of two hard-boiled eggs ;
Two boiled potatoes, passed through kitchen-sieve,
Smoothness and softness to the salad give ;
Let onion atoms lurk within the bowl,
And, half suspected, animate the whole.
Of mordant mustard add a single spoon,
Distrust the condiment that bites too soon ;
But deem it not, thou man of herbs, a fault
To add a double quantity of salt.
And, lastly, o'er the flavored compound toss
A magic soup-spoon of anchovy sauce.
Oh, green and glorious! Oh, herbaceous treat !
'Twould tempt the dying anchorite to eat ;
Back to the world he'd turn his fleeting soul,
And plunge his fingers in the salad bowl!
Serenely full, the epicure would say,
Fate cannot harm me, I have dined to-day!

SYDNEY SMITH.

SORROWS OF WERTHER.

Werther had a love for Charlotte
Such as words could never utter :
Would you know how first he met her?
She was cutting bread-and-butter.

Charlotte was a married lady,
And a moral man was Werther,
And for all the wealth of Indies
Would do nothing for to hurt her.

So he sighed and pined and ogled,
 And his passion boiled and bubbled,
 Till he blew his silly brains out,
 And no more by it was troubled.

Charlotte, having seen his body
 Borne before her on a shutter,
 Like a well-conducted person,
 Went on cutting bread-and-butter.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

NONGTONGPAW.

John Bull for pastime took a prance,
 Some time ago, to peep at France,
 To talk of sciences and arts,
 And knowledge gained in foreign parts.
 Monsieur, obsequious, heard him speak,
 And answered John in heathen Greek :
 To all he asked 'bout all he saw,
 'Twas, "*Monsieur, je vous n'entends pas.*"

John to the Palais Royal come,
 Its splendor almost struck him dumb :
 "I say, whose house is that there here?"
 "House! *Je vous n'entends pas, monsieur.*"
 "What, Nongtongpaw again!" cries John ;
 "This fellow is some mighty Don :
 No doubt he's plenty for the maw :
 I'll breakfast with this Nongtongpaw."

John saw Versailles from Marle's height,
 And cried, astonished at the sight,
 "Whose fine estate is that there here?"
 "State! *Je vous n'entends pas, monsieur.*"

“His? What! the land and houses too?
The fellow’s richer than a Jew:
On *everything* he lays his claw:
I’d like to dine with Nongtongpaw.”

Next tripping came a courtly fair.
John cried, enchanted with her air,
“What lovely wench is that there here?”
“Ventch! *Je vous n’entends pas, monsieur.*”
“What, he again? Upon my life,
A palace, lands, and then a wife
Sir Joshua might delight to draw!
I’d like to sup with Nongtongpaw.

“But hold! whose funeral’s that?” cries John.
“*Je vous n’entends pas.*”—“What! is he gone?
Wealth, fame, and beauty could not save
Poor Nongtongpaw, then, from the grave!
His race is run, his game is up.
I’d with him breakfast, dine, and sup,
But, since he chooses to withdraw,
Good-night t’ye, Mounseer Nongtongpaw.”

CHARLES DIBDIN.

MOTHERHOOD.

She laid it where the sunbeams fall
Unscanned upon the broken wall.
Without a tear, without a groan,
She laid it near a mighty stone,
Which some rude swain had haply cast
Thither in sport, long ages past,
And Time with mosses had o’erlaid,
And fenced with many a tall grass-blade,

And all about bid roses bloom
And violets shed their sweet perfume.
There, in its cool and quiet bed,
She set her burden down and fled,
Nor flung, all eager to escape,
One glance upon the perfect shape
That lay, still warm and fresh and fair,
But motionless and soundless there.

No human eye had marked her pass
Across the linden-shadowed grass
Ere yet the minster clock struck seven :
Only the innocent birds of heaven,—
The magpie, and the rook whose nest
Swings as the elm-tree waves his crest,—
And the lithe cricket, and the hoar
And huge-limbed hound that guards the door,
Looked on when, as a summer wind
That, passing, leaves no trace behind,
All unapparelled, barefoot all,
She ran to that old ruined wall,
To leave upon the chill dark earth
(For, ah ! she never knew its worth),
'Mid hemlock rank, and fern, and ling,
And dews of night, that precious thing !

And there it might have lain forlorn
From morn till eve, from eve to morn,
But that, by some wild impulse led,
The mother, ere she turned and fled,
One moment stood erect and high,
Then poured into the silent sky
A cry so jubilant, so strange,
That Alice—as she strove to range

Her rebel ringlets at the glass—
Sprang up and gazed across the grass,
Shook back those curls so fair to see,
Clapped her soft hands in childish glee,
And shrieked,—her sweet face all aglow,
Her very limbs with rapture shaking,—
“My hen has laid an egg, I know;
And only hear the noise she’s making!”

CHARLES S. CALVERLEY

MOSES AT THE FAIR.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

[“The Vicar of Wakefield,” though a work of serious interest, is not without its amusing passages, as in the episode given below, which has been much commended as an example of English humor. It must be premised that the vicar’s family have made some new acquaintances in high life, and, to put on a better appearance, have decided, against the vicar’s wish, to sell their colt and buy a horse. Moses is sent to the fair for this purpose.]

As the fair happened on the following day, I had intentions of going myself; but my wife persuaded me that I had got a cold, and nothing could prevail upon her to permit me from home. *

“No, my dear,” said she, “our son Moses is a discreet boy, and can buy and sell to very good advantage; you know all our great bargains are of his purchasing. He always stands out and higgles, and actually tires them till he gets a bargain.”

As I had some opinion of my son’s prudence, I was willing enough to intrust him with this commission; and

the next morning I perceived his sisters mighty busy in fitting out Moses for the fair,—trimming his hair, brushing his buckles, and cocking his hat with pins. The business of the toilet being over, we had at last the satisfaction of seeing him mounted upon the colt, with a deal box before him to bring home groceries in. He had on a coat of that cloth called thunder-and-lightning, which, though grown too short, was much too good to be thrown away. His waistcoat was of gosling green, and his sisters had tied his hair with a broad black ribbon. We all followed him several paces from the door, bawling after him, “Good luck! good luck!” till we could see him no longer.

He was scarcely gone, when Mr. Thornhill’s butler came to congratulate us upon our good fortune, saying that he heard his young master mention our names with great commendation.

Good fortune seemed resolved not to come alone. Another footman from the same family followed, with a card for my daughters, importing that the two ladies had received such pleasing accounts from Mr. Thornhill of us all that, after a few previous inquiries, they hoped to be perfectly satisfied.

“Ay,” cried my wife, “I now see it is no easy matter to get into one of the families of the great; but when once one gets in, then, as Moses says, one may go to sleep.”

[As nightfall approached, the vicar began to wonder what kept Moses so long at the fair.]

“Never mind our son,” cried my wife: “depend upon it, he knows what he is about. I warrant we’ll never see him sell his hen of a rainy day. I have seen him buy such bargains as would amaze you. I’ll tell you a good story about that, that will make you split your sides with

laughing. But, as I live, yonder comes Moses, without a horse, and the box at his back."

As she spoke, Moses came slowly on foot, and sweating under the deal box, which he had strapped round his shoulders like a peddler.

"Welcome! welcome, Moses! Well, my boy, what have you brought us from the fair?"

"I have brought you myself," cried Moses, with a sly look, and resting his box on the dresser.

"Ah, Moses," cried my wife, "that we know; but where is the horse?"

"I have sold him," cried Moses, "for three pounds, five shillings, and twopence."

"Well done, my good boy," returned she: "I knew you would touch them off. Between ourselves, three pounds, five shillings, and twopence is no bad day's work. Come, let us have it, then."

"I have brought back no money," cried Moses again: "I have laid it all out in a bargain, and here it is,"—pulling out a bundle from his breast; "here they are; a gross of green spectacles, with silver rims and shagreen cases."

"A gross of green spectacles!" repeated my wife, in a faint voice. "And you have parted with the colt, and brought us back nothing but a gross of green, paltry spectacles?"

"Dear mother," cried the boy, "why won't you listen to reason? I had them a dead bargain, or I should not have bought them. The silver rims alone will sell for double the money."

"A fig for the silver rims!" cried my wife, in a passion. "I dare swear they won't sell for above half the money at the rate of broken silver, four shillings an ounce."

"You need be under no uneasiness," cried I, "about

selling the rims, for they are not worth sixpence, for I perceive they are only copper silvered over."

"What!" cried my wife, "not silver! the rims not silver!"

"No," cried I, "no more silver than your saucepan."

"And so," returned she, "we have parted with the colt, and have only got a gross of green spectacles, with copper rims and shagreen cases! A murrain take such trumpery! The blockhead has been imposed upon, and should have known his company better!"

"There, my dear," cried I, "you are wrong: he should not have known them at all."

"Marry, hang the idiot!" returned she, "to bring me such stuff. If I had them I would throw them in the fire."

"There again you are wrong, my dear," cried I; "for, though they be copper, we will keep them by us, as copper spectacles, you know, are better than nothing."

By this time the unfortunate Moses was undeceived. He now saw that he had been imposed upon by a prowling sharper, who, observing his figure, had marked him for an easy prey. I therefore asked him the circumstances of his deception. He sold the horse, it seems, and walked the fair in search of another. A reverend-looking man brought him to a tent, under pretence of having one to sell. "Here," continued Moses, "we met another man, very well dressed, who desired to borrow twenty pounds upon these, saying that he wanted money, and would dispose of them for a third of their value. The first gentleman, who pretended to be my friend, whispered me to buy them, and cautioned me not to let so good an opportunity pass. I sent for Mr. Flamborough, and they talked him up as finely as they did me; and so at last we were persuaded to buy the two gross between us."

Our family had now made several attempts to be fine;

but some unforeseen disaster demolished each as soon as projected. I endeavored to take advantage of every disappointment to improve their good sense, in proportion as they were frustrated in ambition.

"You see, my children," cried I, "how little is to be got by attempts to impose upon the world in coping with our betters. Such as are poor, and will associate with none but the rich, are hated by those they avoid, and despised by those they follow. Unequal combinations are always disadvantageous to the weaker side,—the rich having the pleasure, the poor the inconveniences, that result from them. But come, Dick, my boy, and repeat the fable you were reading to-day, for the good of the company."

"Once upon a time," cried the child, "a giant and a dwarf were friends and kept together. They made a bargain that they would never forsake each other, but go seek adventures. The first battle they fought was with two Saracens; and the dwarf, who was very courageous, dealt one of the champions a most angry blow. It did the Saracen but very little injury, who, lifting up his sword fairly struck off the poor dwarf's arm. He was now in a woful plight; but the giant, coming to his assistance, in a short time left the two Saracens dead on the plain, and the dwarf cut off the dead man's head out of spite. They then travelled on to another adventure. This was against three bloody-minded satyrs, who were carrying away a damsel in distress. The dwarf was not quite so fierce now as before, but for all that struck the first blow, which was returned by another that knocked out his eye; but the giant was soon up with them, and, had they not fled, would certainly have killed them every one. They were all very joyful for this victory, and the damsel who was relieved fell in love with the giant and married him. They now travelled far, and farther than I can tell, till they

met with a company of robbers. The giant for the first time, was foremost now, but the dwarf was not far behind. The battle was stout and long. Wherever the giant came, all fell before him; but the dwarf had like to have been killed more than once. At last the victory declared for the two adventurers; but the dwarf lost his leg. The dwarf was now without a leg, an arm, and an eye, while the giant was without a single wound. Upon which he cried out to his little companion, 'My little hero, this is glorious sport: let us get one victory more, and then we shall have honor forever.' 'No,' cries the dwarf, who was by this time grown wiser, 'no; I declare off; I'll fight no more, for I find, in every battle, that you get all the honors and rewards, but all the blows fall on me.' "

THE DEVIL'S WALK ON EARTH.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

[Robert Southey (born at Bristol in 1774, died in 1843) was among the most prolific of English authors, both in prose and in poetry. His prose works comprise some fifteen volumes of history, biography, etc., written in a style which is greatly praised by critics; while his epic, dramatic, and other poems are voluminous, though not highly esteemed. Among his shorter poems are several humorous ones, of which we give a well-known and popular example. The same subject has been treated by later poets, though with no marked improvement on the original.]

FROM his brimstone bed at break of day
A-walking the devil is gone,
To look at his snug little farm of the World
And see how his stock went on.

Over the hill and over the dale,
And he went over the plain ;
And backward and forward he swished his tail,
As a gentleman swishes a cane.

How, then, was the devil dressed ?
Oh, he was in his Sunday's best.
His coat was red, and his breeches were blue,
And there was a hole where his tail came through.

A lady drove by in her pride,
In whose face an expression he spied
For which he could have kissed her ;
Such a flourishing, fine, clever woman was she,
With an eye as wicked as wicked can be,
"I should take her for my aunt," thought he,
"If my dam had had a sister."

He met a lord of high degree,—
No matter what was his name,—
Whose face with his own when he came to compare
The expression, the look, and the air,
And the character, too, as it seemed to a hair,
Such a twin likeness there was in the pair
That it made the devil start and stare,
For he thought there was surely a looking-glass there,
But he could not see the frame.

He saw a lawyer killing a viper
On a dung-hill beside his stable ;
"Ha !" quoth he, "thou put'st me in mind
Of the story of Cain and Abel."

An apothecary on a white horse
Rode by, on his vocation ;
And the devil thought of his old friend
Death in the Revelation.

He passed a cottage with a double coach-house,
A cottage of gentility,
And he owned with a grin
That his favorite sin
Is pride that apes humility.

He saw a pig rapidly
Down a river float :
The pig swam well, but every stroke
Was cutting his own throat ;

And Satan gave thereat his tail
A twirl of admiration ;
For he thought of his daughter War,
And her suckling babe Taxation. . . .

He entered a thriving bookseller's shop ;
Quoth he, " We are both of one college,
For I myself sat like a cormorant once
Upon the Tree of Knowledge."

As he passed through Cold-Bath Fields, he looked
At a solitary cell ;
And he was well pleased, for it gave him a hint
For improving the prisons of hell.

He saw a turnkey tie a thief's hands
With a cordial tug and jerk ;
" Nimble," quoth he, " a man's fingers move
When his heart is in his work."

He saw the same turnkey unfettering a man
 With little expedition;
And he chuckled to think of his dear slave-trade,
And the long debates and delays that were made
 Concerning its abolition.

He met one of his favorite daughters
 By an Evangelical meeting;
And forgetting himself for joy at her sight,
He would have accosted her outright
 And given her a fatherly greeting.

But she tipped him the wink, drew back, and cried,
 “Avaunt! my name’s Religion!”
And then she turned to the preacher,
 And leered like a love-sick pigeon.

* * * * * *

At this good news, so great
 The devil’s pleasure grew,
That with a joyful swish he rent
 The hole where his tail came through.

His countenance fell for a moment
 When he felt the stitches go;
“Ah!” thought he, “there’s a job now
 That I’ve made for my tailor below.”

“Great news! bloody news!” cried a newsman;
 The devil said, “Stop, let me see!”
“Great news! bloody news!” thought the devil,
 “The bloodier the better for me.”

So he bought the newspaper, and no news
At all for his money he had.
"Lying varlet," thought he, "thus to take in Old Nick!
But it's some satisfaction, my lad,
To know thou art paid beforehand for the trick,
For the sixpence I gave thee is bad." . . .

He went to a coffee-house to dine,
And there he had soy in his dish,
Having ordered some soles for his dinner,
Because he was fond of flat fish.

They are much to my palate, thought he,
And now guess the reason who can,
Why no bait should be better than place
When I fish for a Parliament-man.

But the soles in the bill were ten shillings:
"Tell your master," quoth he, "what I say:
If he charges at this rate for all things,
He must be in a pretty good way.

But mark ye," said he to the waiter,
"I'm a dealer myself in this line,
And his business, between you and me,
Nothing like so extensive as mine.

"Now soles are exceedingly cheap,—
Which he will not attempt to deny
When I see him at my fish-market,
I'll warrant him, by and by." . . .

Now the morning air was cold for him,
Who was used to a warm abode;
And yet he did not immediately wish
To set out on his homeward road.

For he had some morning calls to make
Before he went back to hell ;
"So," thought he, "I'll step into a gaming-house,
And that will do as well ;"
But just before he could get to the door
A wonderful chance befell.

For all on a sudden, in a dark place,
He came upon General ——'s burning face,
And it struck him with such consternation
That home in a hurry his way he did take,
Because he thought, by a slight mistake,
'Twas the general conflagration.

THE LISBON PACKET.

LORD BYRON.

[George Gordon Noel Byron (born in London in 1788, died in 1824) holds a high rank among the poets of Great Britain, alike for his facile power of telling a story in verse, his emotional intensity, his excellent taste and felicity in the use of words, and the many choice additions he has made to the classical poetry of the English language. Though often sharply satirical, he produced little of the distinctively humorous, one of his efforts in this direction being the following more realistic than refined specimen, whose truth to nature all will recognize who have had the misfortune to cross the English Channel in a chopping sea.]

HUZZA! Hodgson, we are going!
Our embargo's off at last ;
Favorable breezes blowing
Bend the canvas o'er the mast.

From aloft the signal's streaming;
Hark! the farewell gun is fired;
Women screeching, tars blaspheming,
Tell us that our time's expired.
Here's a rascal
Come to task all
Prying from the custom-house,
Trunks unpacking,
Cases cracking;
Not a corner for a mouse
'Scapes unsearched amid the racket
Ere we sail on board the Packet.

Now our boatmen quit their mooring,
And all hands must ply the oar;
Baggage from the quay is lowering,
We're impatient,—push from shore.
“Have a care! that case holds liquor!—
Stop the boat!—I'm sick!—O Lord!”
“Sick, ma'am! damme, you'll be sicker
Ere you've been an hour on board.”
Thus are screaming
Men and women,
Gemmen, ladies, servants, Jacks;
Here entangling,
All are wrangling,
Stuck together close as wax.—
Such the general noise and racket
Ere we reach the Lisbon Packet.

Now we've reached her, lo! the captain,
Gallant Kid, commands the crew;
Passengers their berths are clapped in,
Some to grumble, some to spew.

"Hey-day! call you that a cabin?
Why, 'tis hardly three feet square;
Not enough to stow Queen Mab in:
Who the deuce can harbor there?"
 "Who, sir? plenty;
 Nobles twenty
Did at once my vessel fill."—
 "Did they? Jesus!
 How you squeeze us!
Would to God they did so still!
Then I'd 'scape the heat and racket
Of the good ship Lisbon Packet."

Fletcher! Murray! Bob! where are you?
 Stretched along the decks like logs;
Bear a hand, you jolly tar, you!
 Here's a rope's end for the dogs.
Hobhouse, muttering fearful curses,
 As the hatchway down he rolls,
Now his breakfast, now his verses,
 Vomits forth,—and damns our souls.
 "Here's a stanza
 On Braganza—
Help!"—"A couplet?"—"No, a cup
 Of warm water—"—
 "What's the matter?"
 "Zounds! my liver's coming up!
I shall not survive the racket
Of this brutal Lisbon Packet."

Now at length we're off for Turkey;
 Lord knows when we shall come back!
Breezes foul and tempests murky
 May unship us in a crack.

But, since life at most a jest is,
 As philosophers allow,
 Still to laugh by far the best is,
 Then laugh on,—as I do now.
 Laugh at all things,
 Great and small things,
 Sick or well, at sea or shore;
 While we're quaffing,
 Let's have laughing,—
 Who the devil cares for more?—
 Some good wine! and who would lack it,
 Even on board the Lisbon Packet?

THE BOX TUNNEL.

CHARLES READE.

[Charles Reade, one of the most popular of recent English novelists, was born in 1814, and died in 1884. His novels were numerous, very dramatic, and intense in their interest. Their names are too well known to need repetition. Instead of quoting from any of them, we select a short story, of the proper length for our pages.]

THE 10.15 train glided from Paddington, May 7, 1847. In the left compartment of a certain first-class carriage were four passengers; of these two were worth description. The lady had a smooth, white, delicate brow, strongly-marked eyebrows, long lashes, eyes that seemed to change color, and a good-sized delicious mouth, with teeth as white as milk. A man could not see her nose for her eyes and mouth; her own sex could and would have told us some nonsense about it. She wore an unpretending grayish

dress buttoned to the throat with lozenge-shaped buttons, and a Scottish shawl that agreeably evaded color. She was like a duck, so tightly her plain feathers fitted her, and there she sat, smooth, snug, and delicious, with a book in her hand, and a *soupeçon* of her wrist just visible as she held it. Her opposite neighbor was what I call a good style of man,—the more to his credit, since he belonged to a corporation that frequently turns out the worst imaginable style of young man. He was a cavalry officer, aged twenty-five. He had a moustache, but not a very repulsive one,—none of those sub-nasal pigtailed on which soup is suspended like dew on a shrub; it was short, thick, and black as a coal. His teeth had not yet been turned by tobacco-smoke to the color of juice, his clothes did not stick to nor hang to him; he had an engaging smile, and, what I liked the dog for, his vanity, which was inordinate, was in its proper place,—his heart, not in his face, jostling mine and other people's who have none: in a word, he was what one oftener hears of than meets,—a young gentleman. He was conversing in an animated whisper with a companion, a fellow-officer; they were talking about what it is far better not to,—women. Our friend clearly did not wish to be overheard; for he cast ever and anon a furtive glance at his *vis-à-vis* and lowered his voice. She seemed completely absorbed in her book, and that reassured him. At last the two soldiers came down to a whisper (the truth must be told): the one who got down at Slough, and was lost to posterity, bet ten pounds to three that he who was going down with us to Bath and immortality would not kiss either of the ladies opposite upon the road. "Done! done!" Now, I am sorry a man I have hitherto praised should have lent himself, even in a whisper, to such a speculation; "but nobody is wise at all hours," not even when the clock is striking five-and-twenty; and

you are to consider his profession, his good looks, and the temptation,—ten to three.

After Slough the party was reduced to three; at Twyford one lady dropped her handkerchief; Captain Dolignan fell on it like a lamb; two or three words were interchanged on this occasion. At Reading the Marlborough of our tale made one of the safe investments of that day, he bought a "Times" and "Punch," the latter full of steel-pen thrusts and wood-cuts. Valor and beauty deigned to laugh at some inflamed humbug or other punctured by "Punch." Now, laughing together thaws our human ice: long before Swindon it was a talking-match; at Swindon who so devoted as Captain Dolignan?—he handed them out,—he souped them,—he tough-chickened them,—he brandied and cochinealed one, and he brandied and burnt-sugared the other; on their return to the carriage, one lady passed into the inner compartment to inspect a certain gentleman's seat on that side of the line.

Reader, had it been you or I, the beauty would have been the deserter; the average one would have stayed with us till all was blue, ourselves included; not more surely does our slice of bread-and-butter, when it escapes from our hand, revolve it ever so often, alight face downward on the carpet. But this was a bit of a fop, Adonis, dragoon: so Venus remained in *tête-à-tête* with him. You have seen a dog meet an unknown female of his species; how handsome, how *empresé*, how expressive he becomes,—such was Dolignan after Swindon; and, to do the dog justice, he got handsomer and handsomer; and you have seen a cat conscious of approaching cream,—such was Miss Haythorn; she became demurer and demurer. Presently our captain looked out of the window and laughed; this elicited an inquiring look from Miss Haythorn.

"We are only a mile from the Box Tunnel."

"Do you always laugh a mile from the Box Tunnel?" said the lady.

"Invariably."

"What for?"

"Why, hem! it is a gentleman's joke."

Captain Dolignan then recounted to Miss Haythorn the following:

"A lady and her husband sat together going through the Box Tunnel; there was one gentleman opposite; it was pitch dark: after the tunnel the lady said, 'George, how absurd of you to salute me going through the tunnel?'—'I did no such thing.'—'You didn't?'—'No! why?'—'Because somehow I thought you did!'"

Here Captain Dolignan laughed and endeavored to lead his companion to laugh, but it was not to be done. The train entered the tunnel.

Miss Haythorn. Ah!

Dolignan. What is the matter?

Miss Haythorn. I am frightened.

Dolignan. (Moving to her side.) Pray, do not be alarmed; I am near you.

Miss Haythorn. You are near me,—very near me indeed, Captain Dolignan.

Dolignan. You know my name?

Miss Haythorn. I heard you mention it. I wish we were out of this dark place.

Dolignan. I could be content to spend hours here, reassuring you, my dear lady.

Miss Haythorn. Nonsense!

Dolignan. Pweep! (Grave reader, do not put your lips to the next pretty creature you meet, or you will understand what this means.)

Miss Haythorn. Ee! Ee!

Friend. What is the matter?

Miss Haythorn. Open the door! Open the door!

There was a sound of hurried whispers, the door was shut, and the blind pulled down with hostile sharpness.

If any critic falls on me for putting inarticulate sounds in a dialogue as above, I answer with all the insolence I can command at present. "Hit boys as big as yourself,"—bigger, perhaps, such as Sophocles, Euripides, and Aristophanes; they began it, and I learned it of them, sore against my will.

Miss Haythorn's scream lost some of its effect because the engine whistled forty thousand murders at the same moment; and fictitious grief makes itself heard where real cannot.

Between the tunnel and Bath our young friend had time to ask himself whether his conduct had been marked by that delicate reserve which is supposed to distinguish the perfect gentleman.

With a long face, real or feigned, he held open the door. His late friends attempted to escape on the other side; impossible! they must pass him. She whom he had insulted (Latin for kissed) deposited somewhere at his feet a look of gentle, blushing reproach; the other, whom he had not insulted, darted red-hot daggers at him from her eyes; and so they parted.

It was, perhaps, fortunate for Dolignan that he had the grace to be a friend of Major Hoskyns of his regiment, a veteran laughed at by the youngsters, for the major was too apt to look coldly upon billiard-balls and cigars; he had seen cannon-balls and linstocks. He had also, to tell the truth, swallowed a good bit of the mess-room poker, which made it as impossible for Major Hoskyns to descend to an ungentlemanlike word or action as to brush his own trousers below the knee.

Captain Dolignan told this gentleman his story in gleeful

accents; but Major Hoskyns heard him coldly, and as coldly answered that he had known a man to lose his life for the same thing.

"That is nothing," continued the major, "but, unfortunately, he deserved to lose it."

At this, blood mounted to the younger man's temples; and his senior added, "I mean to say he was thirty-five; you, I presume, are twenty-one."

"Twenty-five."

"That is much the same thing. Will you be advised by me?"

"If you will advise me."

"Speak to no one of this, and send White the three pounds, that he may think you have lost the bet."

"That is hard, when I won it."

"Do it, for all that, sir."

Let the disbelievers in human perfectibility know that this dragoon capable of a blush did this virtuous action, albeit with violent reluctance; and this was his first damper. A week after these events he was at a ball. He was in that state of factitious discontent which belongs to us amiable English. He was looking in vain for a lady equal in personal attraction to the idea he had formed of George Dolignan as a man, when suddenly there glided past him a most delightful vision!—a lady whose beauty and symmetry took him by the eyes. Another look: "It can't be! Yes, it is!" Miss Haythorn! (not that he knew her by name); but what an apotheosis!

The duck had become a peahen: radiant, dazzling, she looked twice as beautiful and almost twice as large as before. He lost sight of her. He found her again. She was so lovely she made him ill; and he, alone, must not dance with her, speak to her. If he had been content to begin her acquaintance the usual way, it might have ended

in kissing: it must end in nothing. As she danced, sparks of beauty fell from her on all around, but him; she did not see him; it was clear she never would see him. One gentleman was particularly assiduous; she smiled on his assiduity; he was ugly, but she smiled on him. Dolignan was surprised at his success, his ill taste, his ugliness, his impertinence. Dolignan at last found himself injured; "who was this man? and what right had he to go on so? He never kissed her, I suppose," said Dolle. Dolignan could not prove it, but he felt that somehow the rights of property were invaded. He went home and dreamed of Miss Haythorn, and hated all the ugly successful. He spent a fortnight trying to find out who his beauty was: he never could encounter her again. At last he heard of her in this way: a lawyer's clerk paid him a little visit and commenced an action against him in the name of Miss Haythorn, for insulting her in a railway-train.

The young gentleman was shocked; endeavored to soften the lawyer's clerk: that machine did not thoroughly comprehend the meaning of the term. The lady's name, however, was at last revealed by this untoward incident; from her name to her address was but a short step; and the same day our crestfallen hero lay in wait at her door, and many a succeeding day, without effect. But one fine afternoon she issued forth quite naturally, as if she did it every day, and walked briskly on the parade. Dolignan did the same, met and passed her many times on the parade, and searched for pity in her eyes, but found neither look nor recognition, nor any other sentiment. For all this she walked and walked, till all the other promenaders were tired and gone; then her culprit summoned resolution, and, taking off his hat, with a voice for the first time tremulous, besought permission to address her. She stopped, blushed, and neither acknowledged nor

disowned his acquaintance. He blushed, stammered out how ashamed he was, how he deserved to be punished, how little she knew how unhappy he was, and concluded by begging her not to let all the world know the disgrace of a man who was already mortified enough by the loss of her acquaintance. She asked an explanation; he told her of the action that had been commenced in her name; she gently shrugged her shoulders and said, "How stupid they are!" Emboldened by this, he begged to know whether or not a life of distant, unpretending devotion would, after a lapse of years, erase the memory of his madness,—his crime!

"She did not know!"

"She must now bid him adieu, as she had some preparations to make for a ball in the Crescent, where everybody was to be."

They parted, and Dolignan determined to be at the ball, where everybody was to be. He was there, and after some time he obtained an introduction to Miss Haythorn, and he danced with her. Her manner was gracious. With the wonderful tact of her sex, she seemed to have commenced the acquaintance that evening. That night, for the first time, Dolignan was in love. I will spare the reader all a lover's arts, by which he succeeded in dining where she dined, in dancing where she danced, in overtaking her by accident when she rode. His devotion followed her to church, and the dragoon was rewarded by learning there is a world where they neither polk nor smoke,—the two capital abominations of this one.

He made an acquaintance with her uncle, who liked him, and he saw at last with joy that her eye loved to dwell upon him, when she thought he did not observe her. It was three months after the Box Tunnel that Captain Dolignan called one day upon Captain Haythorn, R.N.,

whom he had met twice in his life and slightly propitiated by violently listening to a cutting-out expedition; he called, and in the usual way asked permission to pay his addresses to his daughter. The worthy captain straightway began doing quarter-deck, when suddenly he was summoned from the apartment by a mysterious message. On his return he announced, with a total change of voice, that "it was all right, and his visitor might run alongside as soon as he chose." My reader has divined the truth: this nautical commander, terrible to the foe, was in complete and happy subjugation to his daughter, our heroine.

As he was taking leave, Dolignan saw his divinity glide into the drawing-room. He followed her, observed a sweet consciousness deepen into confusion: she tried to laugh, and cried instead, and then she smiled again: when he kissed her hand at the door it was "George" and "Marian" instead of "Captain" this and "Miss" the other.

A reasonable time after this (for my tale is merciful and skips formalities and torturing delays) these two were very happy; they were once more upon the railroad, going to enjoy their honeymoon all by themselves. Marian Dolignan was dressed just as before,—duck-like and delicious, all bright except her clothes; but George sat beside her this time instead of opposite; and she drank him in gently from her long eyelashes.

"Marian," said George, "married people should tell each other all. Will you ever forgive me if I own to you —no——"

"Yes! yes!"

"Well, then, you remember the Box Tunnel." (This was the first allusion he had ventured to it.) "I am ashamed to say I had three pounds to ten pounds with White I would kiss one of you two ladies." And George, pathetic externally, chuckled within.

"I know that, George: I overheard you," was the demure reply.

"Oh! you overheard me! Impossible!"

"And did you not hear me whisper to my companion? I made a bet with her."

"You made a bet! how singular! What was it?"

"Only a pair of gloves, George."

"Yes, I know; but what was it about?"

"That if you did you should be my husband, dearest."

"Oh! but stay; then you could not have been so very angry with me, love. Why, dearest, then brought you that action against me?"

Mrs. Dolignan looked down.

"I was afraid you were forgetting me! George, you will never forgive me!"

"Sweet angel! Why, here is the Box Tunnel!"

Now, reader, fie! no! no such thing! you can't expect to be indulged in this way every time we come to a dark place. Besides, it is not the thing. Consider, two sensible married people! No such phenomenon, I assure you, took place. No scream in hopeless rivalry of the engine, this time!

POPULAR FALLACIES.

CHARLES LAMB.

[We have already given Lamb's most popular humorous sketch. The present selection includes extracts from his amusing travesty of proverbial sayings. His philosophical views, as will be seen, are at variance with those of popular proverbs.]

THAT WE SHOULD RISE WITH THE LARK.

AT what precise minute that little airy musician doffs his night-gear, and prepares to tune up his unseasonable

matins, we are not naturalists enough to determine. But for a mere human gentleman—that has no orchestra business to call him from his warm bed to such preposterous exercises—we take ten, or half after ten (eleven, of course, during this Christmas solstice), to be the very earliest hour at which he can begin to think of abandoning his pillow. To think of it, we say; for to do it in earnest requires another half-hour's good consideration. Not but that there are pretty sunrisings, as we are told, and such-like gauds, abroad in the world, in summer-time especially, some hours before what we have assigned, which a gentleman may see, as they say, only for getting up. But having been tempted, once or twice, in earlier life, to assist at those ceremonies, we confess our curiosity abated. We are no longer ambitious of being the sun's courtiers, to attend at his morning levees. We hold the good hours of the dawn too sacred to waste them upon such observances, which have in them, besides, something Pagan and Persic. . . .

Therefore, while the busy part of mankind are fast huddling on their clothes, are already up and about their occupations, content to have swallowed their dreams by wholesale, we choose to linger abed and digest our dreams. It is the very time to recombine the wandering images which night in a confused mass presented; to snatch them from forgetfulness; to shape and mould them. Some people have no good of their dreams. Like fast feeders, they gulp them too grossly to taste them curiously. We love to chew the cud of a foregone vision; to collect the scattered rays of a brighter phantasm, or act over again, with firmer nerves, the sadder nocturnal tragedies; to drag into daylight a struggling and half-vanishing nightmare; to handle and examine the terrors, or the airy solaces. We have too much respect for these spiritual communications

to let them go so lightly. . . . We have shaken hands with the world's business ; we have done with it ; we have discharged ourself of it. . . . The sun has no purposes of ours to light us to. Why should we get up?

THAT WE SHOULD LIE DOWN WITH THE LAMB.

We could never quite understand the philosophy of this arrangement, or the wisdom of our ancestors in sending us for instruction to those woolly bedfellows. A sheep, when it is dark, has nothing to do but to shut his silly eyes, and sleep if he can. Man found out long sixes.—Hail, candle-light ! without disparagement to sun or moon, the kindest luminary of the three,—if we may not rather style thee their radiant deputy, mild viceroy of the moon!—We love to read, talk, sit silent, eat, drink, sleep, by candle-light. They are everybody's sun and moon. This is our peculiar and household planet. Wanting it, what savage unsocial nights must our ancestors have spent, wintering in caves and unilluminated fastnesses ! They must have lain about and grumbled at one another in the dark. What repartees could have passed, when you must have felt about for a smile, and handled a neighbor's cheek to be sure that he understood it ? This accounts for the seriousness of the elder poetry. It has a sombre cast (try Hesiod or Ossian), derived from the tradition of these unlanterned nights. Jokes came in with candles. We wonder how they saw to pick up a pin, if they had any. How did they sup ? what a *mélange* of chance carving they must have made of it !—here one had got a leg of a goat, when he wanted a horse's shoulder, there another had dipped his scooped palm in a kid-skin of wild honey, when he meditated right mare's milk. There is neither good eating nor drinking in fresco. Who, even in these civilized times, has never experienced this,

when at some economic table he has commenced dining after dusk, and waited for the flavor till the lights came? The senses absolutely give and take reciprocally. Can you tell pork from veal in the dark? or distinguish Sherris from pure Malaga? Take away the candle from the smoking man; by the glimmer of the left ashes he knows that he is still smoking, but he knows it only by an inference, till the restored light, coming in aid of the olfactories, reveals to both senses the full aroma. Then how he redoubles his puffs! how he burnishes!—There is absolutely no such thing as reading but by a candle. We have tried the affectation of a book at noonday in gardens, and in sultry arbors; but it was labor thrown away. Those gay motes in the beam come about you, hovering and teasing, like so many coquettes, that will have you all to their self, and are jealous of your abstractions. By the midnight taper the writer digests his meditations. By the same light we must approach to their perusal, if we would catch the flame, the odor. It is a mockery, all that is reported of the influential Phœbus. No true poem ever owed its birth to the sun's light. They are abstracted works,—

Things that were born when none but the still night,
And his dumb candle, saw his pinching throes.

Marry, daylight!—daylight might furnish the images, the crude material, but for the fine shapings, the true turning and filing (as mine author bath it), they must be content to hold their inspiration of the candle. The mild internal light that reveals them, like fires on the domestic hearth, goes out in the sunshine. Night and silence call out the starry fancies. Milton's Morning Hymn in Paradise, we would hold a good wager, was penned at midnight; and Taylor's rich description of a sunrise smells decidedly of

the taper. Even ourself, in these our humbler lucubrations, tune our best-measured cadences (Prose has her cadences) not unfrequently to the charm of the drowsier watchman, "blessing the doors," or the wild sweep of winds at midnight. Even now a loftier speculation than we have yet attempted courts our endeavors. We would indite something about the Solar System.—*Betty, bring the candles.*

THAT A MAN MUST NOT LAUGH AT HIS OWN JEST.

The severest exaction, surely, ever invented upon the self-denial of poor human nature! This is to expect a gentleman to give a treat without partaking of it; to sit esurient at his own table, and commend the flavor of his venison upon the absurd strength of his never touching it himself. On the contrary, we love to see a wag *taste* his own joke to his party,—to watch a quirk or a merry conceit flickering upon the lips some seconds before the tongue is delivered of it. If it be good, fresh, and racy, begotten of the occasion, if he that utters it never thought of it before, he is naturally the first to be tickled with it; and any suppression of such complacence we hold to be churlish and insulting. What does it seem to imply, but that your company is weak or foolish enough to be moved by an image or a fancy that shall stir you not at all, or but faintly? This is exactly the humor of the fine gentleman in Mandeville, who, while he dazzles his guests with the display of some costly toy, affects himself to see nothing considerable in it."

THAT THE WORST PUNS ARE THE BEST.

If by worst be only meant the most far-fetched and startling, we agree to it. A pun is not bound by the laws

that limit nicer wit. It is a pistol let off at the ear, not a feather to tickle the intellect. It is an antic which does not stand upon manners, but comes bounding into the presence, and does not show the less comic for being dragged in sometimes by the head and shoulders. What though it limp a little, or prove defective in one leg?—all the better. A pun may easily be too curious and artificial. Who has not at one time or another been at a party of professors (himself perhaps an old offender in that line), where, after ringing a round of the most ingenious conceits, every man contributing his shot, and some there the most expert shooters of the day; after making a poor *word* run the gauntlet till it is ready to drop, after hunting and winding it through all the possible ambages of similar sounds, after squeezing and hauling and tugging at it till the very milk of it will not yield a drop further, suddenly some obscure, unthought-of fellow in a corner, who was never 'prentice to the trade, whom the company for very pity passed over, as we do by a known poor man when a money-subscription is going round, no one calling upon him for his quota, has all at once come out with something so whimsical, yet so pertinent, so brazen in its pretensions, yet so impossible to be denied, so exquisitely good, and so deplorably bad, at the same time, that it has proved a Robin Hood's shot; anything ulterior to that is despaired of; and the party breaks up, unanimously voting it to be the very worst (that is, best) pun of the evening.

This species of wit is the better for not being perfect in all its parts. What it gains in completeness it loses in naturalness. The more exactly it satisfies the critical, the less hold it has upon some other faculties. The puns which are most entertaining are those which will least bear an analysis.

ENTERTAINING A MILLIONAIRE.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

[“The Book of Snobs” is well named: it impales snobs multitudinous, of every quality and condition, in society high and low, at home and abroad. In place, however, of selecting any of these snob-executions, we take from it a delicious picture of unostentatious home-life outside the borders of Snobdom. We may premise that the Mrs. Gray of our story had snob connections, and that she utterly threw herself away in marrying a briefless barrister and going “to live in a very tiny mansion in a very queer small square in the airy neighborhood of Gray’s Inn.” Yet, though lost to society almost beyond recognition, Mrs. Gray showed no proper sense of her deprivation.]

Mr. and Mrs. Gray live in Gray’s Inn Lane, aforesaid, with a maid-servant and a nurse, whose hands are very full, and in a most provoking and unnatural state of happiness. They have never once thought of crying about their dinner, but, on the contrary, accept such humble victuals as fate awards them with a most perfect and thankful good grace,—nay, actually have a portion for a hungry friend at times, as the present writer can gratefully testify.

I was mentioning these dinners, and some admirable lemon puddings which Mrs. Gray makes, to our mutual friend the great Mr. Goldmore, the East India Director, when that gentleman’s face assumed an expression of almost apoplectic terror, and he gasped out, “What! Do they give dinners?” He seemed to think it a crime and a wonder that such humble people should dine at all, and that it was their custom to huddle round their kitchen fire over a bone and a crust. Whenever he meets them in society it is a matter of wonder to him (and he always expresses his surprise very loud) how the lady can appear

decently dressed, and the man have an unpatched coat on his back. I have heard him enlarge upon this poverty before the whole room at the Conflagrative Club, to which he and I and Gray have the honor to belong. . . .

Of course I am much too good-natured a friend of both parties not to tell Gray of Goldmore's opinion regarding him, and the nabob's astonishment at the idea of the briefless barrister having any dinner at all. Indeed, Goldmore's saying became a joke against Gray amongst us wags at the Club, and we used to ask him when he tasted meat last; whether we should bring him home something from dinner; and cut a thousand other mad pranks with him in our facetious way.

One day, then, coming home from the Club, Mr. Gray conveyed to his wife the astounding information that he had asked Goldmore to dinner.

"My love," says Mrs. Gray, in a tremor, "how could you be so cruel? Why, the dining-room won't hold Mrs. Goldmore."

"Make your mind easy, Mrs. Gray; her ladyship is in Paris. It is only Cræsus that's coming, and we are going to the play afterwards,—to Sadler's Wells. Goldmore said at the Club that he thought Shakespeare was a great dramatic poet, and ought to be patronized; whereupon, fired with enthusiasm, I invited him to our banquet."

"Goodness gracious! what *can* we give him for dinner? He has two French cooks; you know Mrs. Goldmore is always telling us about them; and he dines with aldermen every day."

"A plain leg of mutton, my Lucy,
I prythee get ready at three;
Have it tender, and smoking, and juicy,
And what better meat can there be?"

says Gray, quoting my favorite poet.

"But the cook is ill; and you know that horrible Patty-pan, the pastry-cook's."

"Silence, Frau!" says Gray, in a deep tragedy tone. "I will have the ordering of this repast. Do all things as I bid thee. Invite our friend Snob, here, to partake of the feast. Be mine the task of procuring it."

"Don't be expensive, Raymond," says his wife.

"Peace, thou timid partner of the briefless one. Goldmore's dinner shall be suited to our narrow means. Only do thou in all things my commands." And, seeing by the peculiar expression of the rogue's countenance that some mad waggy was in preparation, I awaited the morrow with anxiety.

Punctual to the hour (by the way, I cannot omit here to mark down my hatred, scorn, and indignation towards those miserable Snobs who come to dinner at nine, when they are asked at eight, in order to make a sensation in the company. May the loathing of honest folks, the back-biting of others, the curses of cooks, pursue those wretches, and avenge the society on which they trample!)—punctual, I say, to the hour of five, which Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Gray had appointed, a youth of an elegant appearance, in a neat evening dress, whose trim whiskers indicated neatness, whose light step denoted activity (for in sooth he was hungry, and always is at the dinner-hour, whatsoever that hour may be), and whose rich golden hair, curling down his shoulders, was set off by a perfectly new four-and-ninepenny silk hat, was seen wending his way down Bittlestone Street, Bittlestone Square, Gray's Inn. The person in question, I need not say, was Mr. Snob. *He* is never late when invited to dine. But to proceed with my narrative:

Although Mr. Snob may have flattered himself that he made a sensation as he strutted down Bittlestone Street

with his richly-gilt-knobbed cane (and indeed I vow I saw heads looking at me from Miss Squillsby's, the brass-plated milliner opposite Raymond Gray's, who has three silver-paper bonnets and two fly-blown French prints of fashion in the window), yet what was the emotion produced by my arrival compared to that with which the little street thrilled when at five minutes past five the floss-wigged coachman, the yellow hammer-cloth and flunkies, the black horses and blazing silver harness of Mr. Goldmore whirled down the street! It is a very little street, of very little houses, most of them with very large brass plates like Miss Squillsby's. Coal-merchants, architects, and surveyors, two surgeons, a solicitor, a dancing-master, and of course several house agents, occupy the houses,—little two-storied edifices with little stucco porticos. Goldmore's carriage overtopped the roofs almost; the first floors might shake hands with Cræsus as he lolled inside. All the windows of those first floors thronged with children and women in a twinkling. There was Mrs. Hammerly in curl papers; Mrs. Saxby with her front awry; Mr. Wiggles peering through the gauze curtains, holding the while his hot glass of rum-and-water; in fine, a tremendous commotion in Bittlestone Street, as the Goldmore carriage drove up to Mr. Raymond Gray's door.

"How kind of him it is to come with *both* the footmen!" says little Mrs. Gray, peeping at the vehicle too. The huge domestic, descending from his perch, gave a rap at the door which almost drove in the building. All the heads were out; the sun was shining; the very organ-boy paused; the footman, the coach, and Goldmore's red face and white waistcoat were blazing in splendor. The herculean plushed one went back to open the carriage door.

Raymond Gray opened his,—in his shirt-sleeves.

He ran up to the carriage. "Come in, Goldmore," says he; "just in time, my boy. Open the door. Whatdyecallum, and let your master out." And Whatdyecallum obeyed mechanically, with a face of wonder and horror, only to be equalled by the look of stupefied astonishment which ornamented the purple countenance of his master.

"Wawt taim will you please have the *cage*, sir?" says Whatdyecallum, in that peculiar, unspellable, inimitable flunkified pronunciation which forms one of the chief charms of existence.

"Best have it at the theatre, at night," Gray exclaims: "it is but a step from here to the Wells, and we can walk there. I've got tickets for all. Be at Sadler's Wells at eleven."

"Yes, at eleven," exclaims Goldmore, perturbedly, and walks with a flurried step into the house, as if he were going to execution (as indeed he was, with that wicked Gray as a Jack Ketch over him). The carriage drove away, followed by numberless eyes from door-steps and balconies: its appearance is still a wonder in Bittlestone Street.

"Go in there, and amuse yourself with Snob," says Gray, opening the little drawing-room door. "I'll call out as soon as the chops are ready. Fanny's below, seeing to the pudding."

"Gracious mercy!" says Goldmore to me, quite confidentially, "how could he ask us? I really had no idea of this—this utter destitution!"

"Dinner! dinner!" roars out Gray from the dining-room, whence issued a great smoking and frying; and, entering that apartment, we find Mrs. Gray ready to receive us, and looking perfectly like a princess who, by some accident, had a bowl of potatoes in her hand, which vegetables she placed on the table. Her husband was

meanwhile cooking mutton-chops on a gridiron over the fire.

"Fanny has made the roly-poly pudding," says he; "the chops are my part. Here's a fine one; try this, Goldmore." And he popped a fizzing cutlet on that gentleman's plate. What words, what notes of exclamation, can describe the nabob's astonishment?

The table-cloth was a very old one, darned in a score of places. There was mustard in a teacup, a silver fork for Goldmore,—all ours were iron.

"I wasn't born with a silver spoon in my mouth," says Gray, gravely. "That fork is the only one we have. Fanny has it generally."

"Raymond!" cries Mrs. Gray, in an imploring tone.

"She was used to better things, you know; and I hope one day to get her a dinner-service. I'm told the electro-plate is uncommonly good. Where the deuce is that boy with the beer? And now," said he, springing up, "I'll be a gentleman." And so he put on his coat, and sat down quite gravely, with four fresh mutton-chops which he had by this time broiled.

"We don't have meat every day, Mr. Goldmore," he continued, "and it's a treat to me to get a dinner like this. You little know, you gentlemen of England, who live at home at ease, what hardships briefless barristers endure."

"Gracious mercy!" says Mr. Goldmore.

"Where's the half-and-half? Fanny, go over to the 'Keys' and get the beer. Here's sixpence." And what was our astonishment when Fanny got up as if to go!

"Gracious mercy! let *me*," cries Goldmore.

"Not for worlds, my dear sir. She's used to it. They wouldn't serve you as well as they serve her. Leave her alone. Law bless you!" Raymond said, with astonishing composure. And Mrs. Gray left the room, and actually

came back with a tray on which there was a pewter flagon of beer. Little Polly (to whom, at her christening, I had the honor of presenting a silver mug, *ex officio*) followed with a couple of tobacco-pipes, and the queerest roguish look in her round little chubby face.

"Did you speak to Tapling about the gin, Fanny, my dear?" Gray asked, after bidding Polly put the pipes on the chimney-piece, which that little person had some difficulty in reaching. "The last was turpentine; and even your brewing didn't make good punch of it."

"You would hardly suspect, Goldmore, that my wife, a Harley Baker, would ever make gin punch. I think my mother-in-law would commit suicide if she saw her."

"Don't be always laughing at mamma, Raymond," says Mrs. Gray.

"Well, well, she wouldn't die, and I *don't* wish she would. And you don't make gin punch, and you don't like it either, and——Goldmore, do you drink your beer out of the glass, or out of the pewter?"

"Gracious mercy!" ejaculates Cræsus once more, as little Polly, taking the pot with both her little bunches of hands, offers it, smiling, to that astonished Director.

And so, in a word, the dinner commenced, and was presently ended in a similar fashion. Gray pursued his unfortunate guest with the most queer and outrageous description of his struggles, misery, and poverty. He described how he cleaned the knives when they were first married, and how he used to drag the children in a little cart; how his wife could toss pancakes; and what parts of his dress she made. He told Tibbets, his clerk (who was in fact the functionary who had brought the beer from the public house, which Mrs. Fanny had fetched from the neighboring apartment), to fetch "the bottle of port wine," when the dinner was over, and told Goldmore

as wonderful a history about the way in which that bottle of wine had come into his hands, as any of his former stories had been. When the repast was all over, and it was near time to move to the play, and Mrs. Gray had retired, and we were sitting ruminating rather silently over the last glasses of the port, Gray suddenly breaks the silence by slapping Goldmore on the shoulder, and saying, "Now, Goldmore, tell me something."

"What?" asks Cræsus.

"Haven't you had a good dinner?"

Goldmore started, as if a sudden truth had just dawned upon him. He *had* had a good dinner, and didn't know it until then. The three mutton-chops consumed by him were best of the mutton kind; the potatoes were perfect of their order; as for the roly-poly, it was too good. The porter was frothy and cool, and the port wine was worthy of the gills of a bishop. I speak with ulterior views; for there is more in Gray's cellar.

"Well," says Goldmore, after a pause, during which he took time to consider the momentous question Gray put to him, "'pon my word—now you say so—I—I have—I really have had a mons'ous good dinnah,—mons'ous good, upon my ward! Here's your health, Gray, my boy, and your amiable lady; and when Mrs. Goldmore comes back, I hope we shall see you more in Portland Place." And with this the time came for the play; and we went to see Mr. Phelps at Sadler's Wells.

The best of this story (for the truth of every word of which I pledge my honor) is that after this banquet, which Goldmore enjoyed so, the honest fellow felt a prodigious compassion and regard for the starving and miserable giver of the feast, and determined to help him in his profession. And, being a Director of the newly-established Antibilious Life Assurance Company, he has had Gray

appointed Standing Counsel, with a pretty annual fee; and only yesterday, in an appeal from Bombay (Buckmuckjee Bobbachee *v.* Ramchowder Bahawder) in the Privy Council, Lord Brougham complimented Mr. Gray, who was in the case, on his curious and exact knowledge of the Sanscrit language.

Whether he knows Sanscrit or not, I can't say; but Goldmore got him the business; and so I can't help having a lurking regard for that pompous old Bigwig.

THE BABY'S DÉBUT.

(In imitation of Wordsworth.)

JAMES SMITH.

[The "Rejected Addresses" of James and Horace Smith, composed on the opening of the new theatre of Drury Lane, the committee of which had offered a prize for the best address, are the choicest things of their kind in the language. They comprise humorous imitations of Coleridge, Byron, Crabbe, Wordsworth, Scott, and other prominent writers of the time, and met with the most brilliant success. James Smith used to dwell with pleasure on the criticism of a Leicestershire clergyman: "I do not see why they should have been rejected; I think some of them very good." This, he said, "is almost as good as the avowal of the Irish bishop, that there were some things in 'Gulliver's Travels' which he could not believe." We give James Smith's imitation of Wordsworth in those affectations of childish simplicity in which he is particularly open to ridicule.]

Spoken in the character of Nancy Lake, a girl eight years of age, who is drawn upon the stage in a child's chaise by Samuel Hughes, her uncle's porter.

MY brother Jack was nine in May,
And I was eight on New-Year's day;
So in Kate Wilson's shop

Papa (he's my papa and Jack's)
Bought me, last week, a doll of wax,
And brother Jack a top.

Jack's in the pouts, and this it is:
He thinks mine came to more than his;
So to my drawer he goes,
Takes out the doll, and, oh, my stars!
He pokes her head between the bars,
And melts off half her nose.

Quite cross, a bit of string I beg,
And tie it to his peg-top's peg,
And bang, with might and main,
Its head against the parlor door:
Off flies the head, and hits the floor,
And breaks a window-pane.

This made him cry with rage and spite:
Well, let him cry,—it serves him right.
A pretty thing, forsooth,
If he's to melt, all scalding hot,
Half my doll's nose, and I am not
To draw his peg-top's tooth!

Aunt Hannah heard the window break,
And cried, "Oh, naughty Nancy Lake,
Thus to distress your aunt!
No Drury Lane for you to-day!"
And while papa said, "Pooh, she may!"
Mamma said, "No, she shan't!"

Well, after many a sad reproach,
They got into a hackney-coach
And trotted down the street.

I saw them go: one horse was blind,
The tails of both hung down behind,
Their shoes were on their feet.

The chaise in which poor brother Bill
Used to be drawn to Pentonville
Stood in the lumber-room:
I wiped the dust from off the top,
While Molly mopped it with a mop
And brushed it with a broom.

My uncle's porter, Samuel Hughes,
Came in at six to black the shoes
(I always talk to Sam):
So what does he, but takes, and drags
Me in the chaise along the flags,
And leaves me where I am.

My father's walls are made of brick,
But not so tall and not so thick
As these; and, goodness me!
My father's beams are made of wood,
But never, never half so good
As those that now I see.

What a large floor! 'tis like a town!
The carpet, when they lay it down,
Won't hide it, I'll be bound;
And there's a row of lamps!—my eye!
How they do blaze! I wonder why
They keep them on the ground.

At first I caught hold of the wing,
And kept away; but Mr. Thing-
umbob, the prompter man,

Gave with his hand my chaise a shove,
 And said, "Go on, my pretty love ;
 Speak to 'em, little Nan.

"You've only got to courtesy, whisper,
 hold your chin up, laugh, and lisp,
 And then you're sure to take :
 I've known the day when brats, not quite
 Thirteen, got fifty pounds a night ;
 Then why not Nancy Lake ?"

But, while I'm speaking, where's papa ?
 And where's my aunt ? and where's mamma ?
 Where's Jack ? Oh, there they sit !
 They smile, they nod ; I'll go my ways,
 And order round poor Billy's chaise,
 To join them in the pit.

And now, good gentlefolks, I go
 To join mamma and see the show :
 So, bidding you adieu,
 I courtesy like a pretty miss,
 And if you'll blow to me a kiss
 I'll blow a kiss to you.

[Blows a kiss, and exit.

[It is not easy to conceive that Wordsworth could have written anything quite so "juvenile" as this, but doubters can satisfy themselves by an examination of his works. The "Rejected Addresses" examples of Horace Smith are somewhat too long for our purpose, and we give instead two others of his humorous poems.]

THE GOUTY MERCHANT AND THE STRANGER.

In Broad Street Buildings, on a winter night,
 Snug by his parlor fire, a gouty wight

Sat all alone, with one hand rubbing
His leg, wrapped up in fleecy hose,
While t'other held beneath his nose
The Public Ledger, in whose columns, grubbing,
He noted all the sales of hops,
Ships, shops, and slops,
Gums, galls, and groceries, ginger, gin,
Tar, tallow, turmeric, turpentine, and tin.

When, lo! a decent personage in black
Entered, and most politely said,
"Your footman, sir, has gone his nightly track
To the King's Head,
And left your door ajar, which I
Observed in passing by,
And thought it neighborly to give you notice."

"Ten thousand thanks! how very few get,
In time of danger,
Such kind attentions from a stranger.
Assuredly that fellow's throat is
Doomed to a final drop at Newgate.
He knows, too, the unconscionable elf!
That there's no soul at home except myself."

"Indeed!" replied the stranger, looking grave;
"Then he's a double knave.
He knows that rogues and thieves by scores
Nightly beset unguarded doors:
And see how easily might one
Of these domestic foes,
Even beneath your very nose,

Perform his knavish tricks,
 Enter your room as I have done,
 Blow out your candles,—*thus*, and *thus*,—
 Pocket your silver candlesticks,
 And walk off, *thus* !”

So said, so done: he made no more remark,
 Nor waited for replies,
 But marched off with his prize,
 Leaving the gouty merchant in the dark.

HORACE SMITH.

THE FARMER'S WIFE AND THE GASCON.

At Neufchatel, in France, where they prepare
 Cheeses that set us longing to be mites,
 There dwelt a farmer's wife, famed for her rare
 Skill in these small, quadrangular delights.
 Where they were made they sold for the immense
 Price of three sous apiece ;
 But, as salt water made their charms increase,
 In England the fixed rate was eighteen pence.

This good-wife had, to help her in the farm,
 To milk her cows and feed her hogs,
 A Gascon peasant, with a sturdy arm
 For digging or for carrying logs,
 But in his noddle weak as any baby,—
 In fact, a gaby,—
 And such a glutton, when you came to feed him,
 That Wantley's dragon, who “ate barns and churches
 As if they were geese and turkeys”
 (*Vide* the ballad), scarcely could exceed him.

One morn she had prepared a monstrous bowl
Of cream, like nectar,
And wouldn't go to church—good, careful soul—
Till she had left it safe with a protector:
So she gave strict injunctions to the Gascon
To watch it while his mistress was to mass gone.

Watch it he did; he never took his eyes off,
But licked his upper, then his under, lip,
And doubled up his fist to drive the flies off,
Begrudging them the smallest sip,
Which if they got,
Like my lord Salisbury, he heaved a sigh,
And cried, "Oh, happy, happy fly!
How I do envy you your lot!"

Each moment did his appetite grow stronger;
His bowels yearned.
At length he could not bear it any longer,
But on all sides his looks he turned,
And, finding that the coast was clear, he quaffed
The whole up at a draught.
Scudding from church, the farmer's wife
Flew to the dairy,
But stood aghast, and could not, for her life,
One sentence utter,
Until she summoned breath enough to mutter,
"Holy St. Mary!"

And shortly, with a face of scarlet,
The vixen—for she *was* a vixen—flew
Upon the varlet,
Asking the when, and where, and how, and who

Had gulped her cream, nor left an atom :

To which he gave not separate replies,

But, with a look of excellent digestion,

One answer made to every question :

“The flies.”

“The flies, you rogue! the flies, you guzzling rogue!

Behold, your whiskers still are covered thickly.

Thief! liar! villain! gormandizer! hog!

I'll make you tell another story quickly.”

So out she bounced, and brought, with loud alarms,

Two stout *gens-d'armes*,

Who bore him to the judge,—a little prig,

With angry, bottle nose

Like a red cabbage rose,

While lots of white ones flourished on his wig.

Looking at once both stern and wise,

He turned to the delinquent,

And 'gan to question him, and catechise

As to which way the drink went.

Still the same dogged answers rise :

“The flies, my lord! the flies, the flies!”

“Pshaw!” quoth the judge, half peevish and half pompous,

“Why, you're *non compos* ;

You should have watched the bowl, as she desired,

And killed the flies, you stupid clown.”

“What! is it lawful, then,” the dolt inquired,

“To kill the flies in this here town?”

“The man's an ass! a pretty question this!

Lawful, you booby! To be sure it is!

You've my authority, whene'er you meet 'em,
To kill the rogues, and, if you like it, eat 'em."
"Zooks!" cried the rustic, "I'm right glad to hear it.

Constable, catch that thief! May I go hang,
If yonder bluebottle—I know his face—

Isn't the very leader of the gang
That stole the cream! Let me come near it!"
This said, he started from his place,
And, aiming one of his sledge-hammer blows
At a large fly upon the judge's nose,
The luckless bluebottle he smashed,
And gratified a double grudge;
For the same catapult completely mashed
The bottle nose belonging to the judge.

HORACE SMITH.

BRIGHTON FAIR.

ALFRED H. FORRESTER ("A. CROWQUILL").

[Alfred Henry Forrester, an English artist and comic writer of considerable celebrity, was born in London in 1806. Under the pen-name of "Alfred Crowquill" he took part with Hook and others in contributing the "Humorist Papers" to *Colburn's Magazine*, in addition to which he published several volumes of humorous productions. He was the first illustrator of *Punch*. He died in 1872. We give an interesting description of a highly-popular character in the lower circles of English life.]

I MUST confess a vagabond inclination for the vulgar pleasures of a fair. The mingled sounds of the mimic penny-trumpet, the rattle, and the toy drum, the grinding of the barrel-organs, the clashing of cymbals, and the whole miscellaneous concert of discordant music, is al-

ways very exhilarating, and never more so than when it breaks in upon the monotonous routine of a fashionable watering-place.

About eight o'clock on a fine warm September's evening I quitted my temporary residence on the Marine Parade, and, crossing the Steyne, mingled in the parti-colored stream of boys and girls, and children of a larger growth, which was flowing on towards "Ireland's Gardens," where the fair was held.

The road, like a grocer's shop on a July day, was swarming with *flies*. All the beaux were unbent, and the belles bending to beaux, as they greeted each other on the way, ridiculing the idea of going to a fair, and yet all pushing forward to the scene of the annual Saturnalia. The countenances of the many fashionable females I recognized in the crowd encouraged me in the pursuit. "Sweet creatures!" thought I, "they at least will not censure my predilection in favor of such a pastime. Indeed, it would be sheer ingratitude in them to condemn my devotion to the fair!"

I entered the gardens. On two sides of the spacious green the cake- and toy-booths and the shows were ranged, forming an angle. The children who had parents or pence were admiring the spice-nuts and gilt-gingerbread and the fragile and many-colored allurements of the former; while a well-ordered mob were listening and laughing at the stentorian invitations of the bawling proprietors of the latter places of scenic, dramatic, and intellectual entertainment. Every booth, with its neat white cloth, looked like the aproned lap of a capacious grandmamma, filled with nice things for distribution among her children's children. The laughing looks and the exclamations of the sunburnt little rogues filled my heart with pleasure, and emptied my pockets of the coppers wherewith I had stored them for the occasion.

As the twilight faded, the smaller part of the joyous multitude gradually disappeared from the festive scene, and the number of servant-maids, smart shopmen, sailors, and fishermen almost imperceptibly increased. The colored lamps burned brighter, and gave the place the appearance of the jewel-bearing trees in the fruit-gardens of Aladdin. A party commenced a country-dance on the green, which was soon lengthened by new-comers; and even some of the genteeler people, inspired by the scene, contrived to get up a quadrille without the aid of a Master of the Ceremonies. Although admiring the freedom and good humor with which they entered into the prevailing spirit of the hour, my dancing days were long since past, and I therefore moved on, and mingled with the motley mob before the principal show.

Here Mr. Merryman, having performed a *preludio* upon the salt-box with a rolling-pin, with all the *con spirito* and force which the compass of that favorite instrument allows, had just placed the box under his left arm, and was extending the rolling-pin *à la* truncheon in his right, when the proprietor of the adjoining booth, dressed in a white hat and red coat, extended his body over the show, in order to catch the attention of Mr. Merryman's customers, and bawled out,—

“This is the show!”

“And this is the substance!” exclaimed Mr. Merryman. “Ladies and gentlemen! that man's a Radical: look at his hat!” A roar of laughter followed this allusion. “The only sign of good sense he has shown is his endeavor to thrust himself into our splendid and incomparable Thespian establishment! The only animal worth seeing is himself; for, as you observe, he is a kind of amphibious nondescript, being half beaver and half donkey, which is the cause of his exposing himself!”

Another peal of laughter followed this spirited expression of party feeling on the part of the indignant Mr. Merryman.

"Only tuppence, and children half-price!" emphatically exclaimed the rival.

"If you pay your money there," said Mr. Merryman, "you will most certainly be—let in. Here, here is the place where all the money you lay out will produce a profit! We have travelled the country far and wide to gather materials for your amusement; and you will find, and must confess, that we have progressed with the march of intellect. We fearlessly challenge competition; and if any individual, ignorantly blind to our superior merit, shall declare he is dissatisfied and that we have made a fool of him, we will refund his money! Walk up, ladies and gentlemen, and you will find a feast of wit here where you may not only feed, but carry away scraps enough to entertain your friends for the next twelve months. Only threepence!—four a shilling! Why, it's as cheap as mackerel, and much more nourishing; for every one may 'laugh and grow fat,' if he *choose*, without the trouble of mastication. Walk up, ladies and gentlemen! walk up!"

The wit and drollery of Mr. Merryman won upon his auditory, and they began to mount the wide-extended steps from three to six abreast; and, having paid their money for admission, the platform was soon left clear of the performers, whose services were wanted on the stage, giving an opportunity to the "Radical," who had so unwarrantably ventured on the precincts of his neighbor, to "explain," and win over an audience from the crowd.

When I again approached the Thespian establishment, a "delighted and overflowing" audience were coming out.

"Now, my merry customers all," exclaimed the unwearied clown, "walk up, walk up, and we will rejoice

the very cockles of your hearts for the small cost of three-pence! Is it not worth double the money, father?" exclaimed he, addressing a broad-shouldered Sussex farmer.

The rustic grinned at being addressed; and I heard the words "Deep as Garrick!"

"Not equalled since the days of Garrick, he says!" said the unblushing Mr. Merryman. The farmer grinned again, and descended with the crowd, leaving a "clear stage" for the antics of the outside performers.

The clown then proceeded to accompany a sort of six-handed reel, performed by his gorgeously-spangled brother-comedians, upon his favorite instrument. At the conclusion of the serpentine evolutions, Mr. Merryman began eating fire amid the loud applause of his ruder audience.

"Now, doesn't that beat snap-dragon," cried he, "all to tinder? Don't be alarmed, young ladies: my heart's already in a flame with your charms, and this is the way I feed the combustion. Though no posture-master, I can put my *tow* in my mouth as cleverly as the best of 'em!"

After this *feat* with his *tow*, he turned to a berouged gentleman with a hat and feathers, a black velvet fly jacket, white pantaloons, and yellow boots, with a riding-whip in his hand.

"I say, Mister Master," said he.

"Well, Mr. Merryman, and what—do—you—say?" said the other.

"Why did the dun cow not know her tail when she saw it in the pond?"

"Don't—know—Mr.—Merryman."

"Why, 'cause she had never seen it—*before*,—to be sure," replied the clown.

A laugh of course followed the solution of the query.

"Now, here's a puzzler," continued he. "Why is a cab-

bage run to seed like a lover? Give it up? Because it has lost its heart."

Another encouraging shout from the rustics succeeded.

"What were the last words of the trumpeter when he was gored by the parson's bull? Why, 'Blow the horns!' to be sure; for that was in his vocation. I say, Gaffer," said he, addressing a "joskin" in the crowd, whose mouth was extended from ear to ear with an awful grin of approbation, "if you've cut your teeth of wisdom, canst tell me what are the three domestic delights of a poor man on a cold day?"

"Noa," replied the party. "What be they, ey?"

"Why, a 'nagging' wife, the toothache, and no chips to boil the pot withal."

"Bravo, Mr. Merryman!" exclaimed the Master: "you shall have a bowl of gooseberry fool."

"One fool at a time, if you please," cried Mr. Merryman. "Pray, can any other fool tell another fool what is the height of luxury? You?—or you?—or you? None! Then I'll elucidate your ponderosity, and dazzle the eyes of your intellectuality with the brightness of my intelligence. Know, then, that the height of luxury is—a tight boot on a July day, with a sharp peg in the heel of it. Now, mend that boot if ye can, ye cobblers of conundrums!"

And he commenced capering among the dancers in the most agile and ludicrous manner, accompanied by the roars of his auditory. He certainly was a fellow of infinite humor, and I regret that my treacherous memory has let slip many bright specimens of his glittering nonsense.

At the conclusion of his Terpsichorean efforts he again presented himself, assuming and caricaturing the character of a candidate at an election.

"Men of Sussex," said he, oratorically sawing the air

with his extended arms. "a dissolution of the house having just taken place, I again have the honor of appearing before you to solicit the favor of your suffrages; and I firmly trust that the manner in which I performed my arduous duties on the last occasion I had the honor of serving you will have sufficiently testified my heart-felt zeal for your welfare and approbation. My principles are too well known to require me to pledge myself to the performance of my duties; and yet, should you require it, behold! I am ready to be 'put up the spout' for your benefit; although, in tenderness, I ought to resist such a request, because you would never be able to redeem me; for, without vanity, I may say there's no *duplicate* of your humble servant. Gallant men of Sussex, I call upon you to support the *fair*.

"Ladies of Sussex, 'tis your cause I advocate, and I deserve some support at your hands in gratitude, for all my life I have endeavored to uphold the interests of the *fair*. Then come to the poll. Remember, a fair is like a lady's ear-ring, there being only *one* in a *year*; and now's your only chance. Walk up! walk up! threepence is a qualification. Here's reform and liberality! why, 'tis nothing less than universal suffrage! Come, then, and lay down your half-crowns, your shillings, and your sixpences, and you shall have all the *change* you desire. Yes, you shall find us Radicals in our promises, and true Tories in our performances."

I felt that the "show" deserved patronage, and yet must confess I had no inclination to mount the stage: I was, however, determined that the concern should not be a loser by my *mauvaise honte*, and had no difficulty in finding a representation of four deputies among the urchins in the crowd. I am happy to say that my example was liberally followed by many of the "genteeler folk."

I now lounged along the range of cake- and toy-booths, anxious for the repetition of the merry tricks and quips and quirks of our motley hero.

I had just yielded to the pressing instance of a smart *pâtissière* to purchase a bag of the "best spice-nuts," which she was "putting up" for me, when the sound of a gong suddenly startled me, and, turning hastily about, I observed that the performances were just over. I hurriedly threw down half a crown, and, seizing my "fair-ing," turned my steps eagerly to the chosen spot, fearful of losing a particle of Mr. Merryman's quaint and laughter-moving speech.

A young serving-lass was pushing, and anxiously endeavoring to penetrate the mob, evidently in pursuit of some object.

"Seeking for a lover, my dear?" asked Mr. Merryman.

"No: I've lost my shoe," pettishly replied the girl.

"A shoe!" said the clown; "it must be a slipper,—and a very shabby one, too, to desert such a pretty foot. Yes, really 'tis barbarous—nay, shocking!—to slip from such a fair—and well-darned stocking!"

Mr. Merryman now began to "hunt the slipper," which he soon found, and presented to the blushing damsel. The platform was speedily cleared again, and the same evolutions were recommenced by the untiring company to the boisterous clang of cymbals, drums, and trumpets.

"This is what I call life!" exclaimed Mr. Merryman. "Cutting and shuffling is the order of the day! There they go! in and out, like so many wriggling eels in a fish-basket; and that's the way to make your way in the world, nowadays! Your straightforward fool only runs his head against a post, and comes to a stand-still! Commend me to a knave! Knaves are sharp *blades*, and honest men their *handles*!"

"And pray, Mis-ter Merry-man—what—are—you!" demanded the master, laying an emphasis upon every syllable and word.

"A fool!" replied Mr. Merryman; "and every fool is an honest man, and every honest man a fool: that's my philosophy!"

"And pray, Mr. Merryman—what—am—I?" demanded the other.

"You're another."

"Call me a fool?"

"To be sure," replied Mr. Merryman; "for, if you were a wise man, you'd 'know yourself,' and have no occasion to ask questions." Hereupon, spinning round upon one leg, *à la pirouette*, he snatched up a hoop bound with red cloth, and began twisting himself through it, throwing it over his arms, legs, and head with the most dexterous rapidity.

"That's what I call a 'round game,'" said he, breathless with his exertions, and offering it to his master: "would you like to take a 'hand'?"

"No: go on."

"Thank ye," replied he; "but, if I go on, I shall go off for want of breath."

"Disobey me, and I'll discharge you directly, sirrah," said the master, with mock authority.

"That's just what I want, Mister Master."

"What! to be *discharged*?"

"Yes; that is to say, *let off*.—which is one and the same thing to a fool and a duck-gun."

Here the indefatigable fellow again began capering among the *corps dramatique*, and at the conclusion immediately commenced the following invitation to the crowd:

"Now, my merry masters and mistresses all, walk up, and taste of the delightful banquet we have catered for your amusement! Here tragedy, comedy, and farce are

combined to move you to tears and win your smiles! Here the thin may grow fat with laughter, and the fat sup full of horrors and dwindle to the size of a Kentish hop-pole! Come, then, and down with your dust! only threepence. The only legitimate drama in the whole fair! All the rest are mere 'by-blows,' and fathered by fools! Here you will find not only the gold and glitter, but the gingerbread, good, spicy, and substantial. Allow me, sir, to lend you a hand," continued he, stooping to a wooden-legged sailor who was stumping up the steps: "I would willingly lend you a leg to boot, had I one to spare. Walk up, ladies! the front row is still vacant; and there you may not only see, but be seen. Now, farmers of Sussex, ye first of corn-cutters, put your best legs foremost. It always delights my heart to welcome the agricultural interest: they are all sharp and good-tempered blades. Raisers of crops and crops of razors! walk up, walk up! the room and the 'company' are both extensive."

The booth was speedily filled, and I again sauntered from the spot, when one of those sudden showers so frequent in Brighton drove me from the scene of noise, bustle, and rude merriment, and, hailing the first "fly," I drove home to my lodging, perfectly delighted with my evening's entertainment.

On the morning after the conclusion of the fair, I turned my steps towards the gardens. Most of the booths were dismantled, and many of the show-people had packed up and departed. The Thespian establishment, too, had nearly completed its travelling-arrangements. A long cart covered with the scenery and paraphernalia of the drama alone remained, with its horseless shafts extended along the ground, like a couple of bony arms, waiting to embrace the lean ribs of the "hack" to transport it to the place of its next destination.

Several trunks were scattered over the path and green, and a man with sandy hair, deeply pitted with the small-pox, was issuing his orders to his assistants, diligently applying his hammer, to secure the "properties." He was in his shirt-sleeves, wore a pair of large-corded, light-colored inexpressibles, dirty white cotton stockings, and high-low, heavy-nailed boots. He appeared the master of the concern, for he was ordering about him, and certainly in no very good humor.

"I hope," said I, "that you have made a good harvest."

"Pretty well, sir, I thank you, considering the times," said he; "but fairs are not what they used to be: the people fancy themselves so clever that we find it difficult to please them nowadays. The merest clown now sets up for a critic, and fancies, because he can read, he has brains, and feels much more pleasure in finding fault with what he don't understand than in being pleased with what he does."

"Well, I am sure your 'clown' gave universal satisfaction," said I; "for my part, I must confess I was infinitely amused by his exertions."

"I'm sure I'm much obliged to you," said he; "for the praise of the judicious few compensates us for many disagreeables. You are not, perhaps, aware, sir, that you are now speaking to that 'gifted individual'?" continued he, smiling.

I was certainly what the old woman called "thunder-struck" at this intelligence; and no doubt my stare of astonishment tickled the "clown," for he burst into a loud fit of laughter.

"Ah, sir," said he, "it's a wonder what a difference a little whitewashing makes in a man."

When my amazement had abated, I continued the conversation, and found, upon inquiry, that he was the real

and sole proprietor of the "show." Though no beauty, I certainly discovered that he was no "ordinary" man, and, proffering him a gratuity for the pleasure he afforded me, I took my leave, delighted with my strange encounter with the First Fool of Brighton Fair.

UNCLE TOBY'S COURTSHIP.

LAURENCE STERNE.

[*"Tristram Shandy"* is a work of humor from preface to conclusion, yet of such involved, fantastic, and frequently non-transcribable humor that it is by no means easy, out of its multitude of oddities and improprieties, to select a passage sufficiently connected and clean for our purpose. We give the story of the Widow Wadman's assault upon the susceptible heart of Uncle Toby, as, in critical opinion, the best example of humor in the book. Sterne was born at Clonmel, Ireland, in 1713, and died in 1768. Like his contemporary humorist, Dean Swift, he was a clergyman by profession, a profession marvellously ill suited to the character of either.]

THE Fates, who certainly all foreknew of these amours of Widow Wadman and my uncle Toby, had, from the first creation of matter and motion (and with more courtesy than they usually do things of this kind), established such a chain of causes and effects hanging so fast to one another that it was scarce possible for my uncle Toby to have dwelt in any other house in the world or to have occupied any other garden in Christendom but the very house and garden which joined and lay parallel to Mrs. Wadman's: this, with the advantage of a thicket arbor in Mrs. Wadman's garden, but planted in the hedge-row of my uncle Toby's, put all the occasions into her hands which love-militancy wanted: she could observe my uncle Toby's motions, and was mistress likewise of his

councils of war ; and as his unsuspecting heart had given leave to the corporal, through the mediation of Bridget, to make her a wicker-gate of communication to enlarge her walks, it enabled her to carry on her approaches to the very door of the sentry-box, and sometimes, out of gratitude, to make an attack and endeavor to blow my uncle Toby up in the very sentry-box itself.

It is a great pity, but 'tis certain, from every day's observation of man, that he may be set on fire, like a candle, at either end, provided there is a sufficient wick ; if there is not, there's an end of the affair ; and if there is, by lighting it at the bottom, as the flame in that case has the misfortune generally to put out itself, there's an end of the affair again.

For my part, could I always have the ordering of it which way I would be burnt myself, for I cannot bear the thoughts of being burnt like a beast. I would oblige a housewife constantly to light me at the top ; for then I should burn down decently to the socket. . . . And so, to make sure of both systems, Mrs. Wadman predetermined to light my uncle Toby neither at this end nor that, but, like a prodigal's candle, to light him, if possible, at both ends at once.

[We omit the assaults made by the widow on uncle Toby's fingers and feet, and pass on to the method in which she lighted his candle of love at the top.]

Let woman alone for this. Mrs. Wadman had scarce opened the wicker-gate, when her genius sported with the change of circumstances.

She formed a new attack in a moment.

"I am half-distracted, Captain Shandy," said Mrs. Wadman, holding up her cambric handkerchief to her left eye, as she approached the door of my uncle Toby's sentry-

box; "a mote, or sand, or something, I know not what, has got into this eye of mine; do look into it: it is not in the white."

In saying which, Mrs. Wadman edged herself close in beside my uncle Toby, and, squeezing herself down upon the corner of his bench, she gave him an opportunity of doing it without rising up: "Do look into it," said she.

Honest soul! thou didst look into it with as much innocency of heart as ever child looked into a raree show-box; and 'twere as much a sin to have hurt thee.

If a man will be peeping of his own accord into things of that nature, I've nothing to say to it.

My uncle Toby never did; and I will answer for him that he would have sat quietly upon a sofa from June to January (which you know takes in both the hot and cold months) with an eye as fine as the Thracian Rhodope's beside him, without being able to tell whether it was a black or a blue one.

The difficulty was to get my uncle Toby to look at one at all.

'Tis surmounted. And

I see him yonder, with his pipe pendulous in his hand, and the ashes falling out of it, looking, and looking, then rubbing his eyes, and looking again, with twice the good nature that ever Galileo looked for a spot in the sun.

In vain! for, by all the powers which animate the organ, Widow Wadman's left eye shines this moment as lucid as her right; there is neither mote, nor sand, nor dust, nor chaff, nor speck, nor particle of opaque matter floating in it. There is nothing, my dear paternal uncle, but one lambent, delicious fire, furtively shooting out from every part of it in all directions into thine.

If thou lookest, my uncle Toby, in search of this mote one moment longer, thou art undone.

An eye is, for all the world, exactly like a cannon, in this respect, that it is not so much the eye or the cannon in themselves, as it is the carriage of the eye, and the carriage of the cannon; by which both the one and the other are enabled to do so much execution. I don't think the comparison a bad one: however, as 'tis made, and placed at the head of the chapter, as much for use as ornament, all I desire in return is, that whenever I speak of Mrs. Wadman's eyes (except once in the next period), that you keep it in your fancy.

"I protest, madam," said my uncle Toby, "I can see nothing whatever in your eye."

"It is not in the white," said Mrs. Wadman. My uncle Toby looked with might and main into the pupil.

Now, of all the eyes which ever were created, from your own, madam, up to those of Venus herself, which certainly were as venereal a pair of eyes as ever stood in a head, there never was an eye of them all so fitted to rob my uncle Toby of his repose as the very eye at which he was looking; it was not, madam, a rolling eye, a romping, or a wanton one; nor was it an eye sparkling, petulant, or imperious, of high claims and terrifying exactions, which would have curdled at once that milk of human nature of which my uncle Toby was made up; but 'twas an eye full of gentle salutations and soft responses, speaking, not like the trumpet-stop of some ill-made organ, in which many an eye I talk to holds coarse converse, but whispering soft, like the last low accents of an expiring saint, "How can you live comfortless, Captain Shandy, and alone, without a bosom to lean your head on or trust your cares to?"

It was an eye——

But I shall be in love with it myself if I say another word about it.

It did my uncle Toby's business. . . .

My uncle Toby took it like a lamb, sat still, and let the poison work in his veins without resistance; in the sharpest exacerbations of his wound he never dropt one fretful or discontented word, he blamed neither heaven nor earth, nor thought nor spoke an injurious thing of anybody, or any part of it; he sat solitary and pensive with his pipe, looking at his lame leg, then whiffing out a sentimental heigh-ho! which, mixing with the smoke, incommoded no one mortal.

He took it like a lamb, I say.

The world is ashamed of being virtuous. My uncle Toby knew little of the world; and therefore, when he felt he was in love with Widow Wadman, he had no conception that the thing was any more to be made a mystery of than if Mrs. Wadman had given him a cut with a gaped knife across his finger. Had it been otherwise—yet, as he looked upon Trim as a humble friend, and saw fresh reasons every day of his life to treat him as such, it would have made no variation in the manner in which he informed him of the affair.

“I am in love, corporal,” quoth my uncle Toby.

“In love!” said the corporal; “your honor was very well the day before yesterday, when I was telling your honor the story of the King of Bohemia.”

“Bohemia!” said my uncle Toby, musing a long time. “What became of that story, Trim?”

“We lost it, an’t please your honor, somehow betwixt us; but your honor was as free from love then as I am.”

“’Twas just while thou went’st off with the wheelbarrow, with Mrs. Wadman,” quoth my uncle Toby. “She has left a ball here,” added my uncle Toby, pointing to his breast.

“She can no more, an’ please your honor, stand a siege than she can fly,” cried the corporal.

"But as we are neighbors, Trim, the best way, I think, is to let her know it civilly first," quoth my uncle Toby.

"Now, if I might presume," said the corporal, "to differ from your honor."

"Why else do I talk to thee, Trim?" said my uncle Toby, mildly.

"Then I would begin, an it please your honor, with making a good thundering attack upon her in return, and telling her civilly afterwards; for if she knows anything of your honor's being in love beforehand, Lord help her!"

"She knows no more at present of it, Trim," said my uncle Toby, "than the child unborn."

Precious souls!

Mrs. Wadman had told it, with all its circumstances, to Mrs. Bridget, twenty-four hours before, and was, at that very moment, sitting in council with her touching some slight misgivings with regard to the issue of the affair, which the devil, who never lies dead in a ditch, had put into her head before he would allow her half time to get quietly through her *Te Deum*. . . .

"Your honor's two razors shall be new set, and I will get my Montero cap furbished up, and put on poor Lieutenant La Fevre's regimental coat, which your honor gave me to wear for his sake; and as soon as your honor is clean shaved, and has got your clean shirt on, with your blue-and-gold or your fine scarlet, sometimes one and sometimes t'other, and everything is ready for the attack, we'll march up boldly, as if 'twas to the face of a bastion; and whilst your honor engages Mrs. Wadman in the parlor to the right, I'll attack Mrs. Bridget in the kitchen to the left; and, having seized that pass, I'll answer for it," said the corporal, snapping his fingers over his head, "that the day is our own."

"I wish I may but manage it right," said my uncle

Toby ; " but I declare, corporal, I had rather march up to the very edge of a trench."

" A woman's quite a different thing," said the corporal.

" I suppose so," quoth my uncle Toby.

A SWAGGERING BULLY.

WILLIAM CONGREVE.

[From "The Old Bachelor" of Congreve we make the following short selection, introducing one of the notable braggarts of the drama. Congreve was born in 1670, and died in 1729. He was a dramatist of excellent ability, his plays excelling in witty dialogue and lively incident, but being unfitted, from their licentiousness, for the modern stage. The second selection given is from "The Double-Dealer."]

SIR JOSEPH WITTOL—SHARPER—CAPTAIN BLUFF.

Sir Joseph. Oh, here he comes. Ay, my Hector of Troy ; welcome, my bully, my back ; egad, my heart has gone pit-a-pat for thee.

Bluff. How now, my young knight ? Not for fear, I hope ? He that knows me must be a stranger to fear.

Sir Jos. Nay, egad, I hate fear ever since I had like to have died of fright. But——

Bluff. But ! Look you here, boy ; here's your antidote ; here's your Jesuit's Powder for a shaking fit. But who hast thou got with ye ? Is he of mettle ?

Sir Jos. Ay, bully, a smart fellow, and will fight like a cock.

Bluff. Say you so ? Then I'll honor him. But has he been abroad ? for every cock will fight upon his own dunghill.

Sir Jos. I don't know; but I'll present you.

Bluff. I'll recommend myself. Sir, I honor you; I understand you love fighting. I reverence a man that loves fighting. Sir, I kiss your hilts.

Sharper. Sir, your servant, but you are misinformed; for, unless it be to serve my particular friend, as Sir Joseph here, my country, or my religion, or in some very justifiable cause, I am not for it.

Bluff. Oh, I beg your pardon, sir; I find you are not of my palate; you can't relish a dish of fighting without some sauce. Now, I think fighting for fighting's sake is sufficient cause. Fighting to me is religion and the laws.

Sir Jos. Ah, well said, my hero! Was not that great, sir? By the Lord Harry, he says true; fighting is meat, drink, and clothes to him. But, Back, this gentleman is one of the best friends I have in the world, and saved my life last night. You know I told you.

Bluff. Ay, then I honor him again. Sir, may I crave your name?

Shar. Ay, sir, my name's Sharper.

Sir Jos. Pray, Mr. Sharper, embrace my Back; very well. By the Lord Harry, Mr. Sharper, he is as brave a fellow as Cannibal: are you not, Bully-Back?

Shar. Hannibal, I believe you mean, Sir Joseph?

Bluff. Undoubtedly he did, sir. Faith, Hannibal was a very pretty fellow; but, Sir Joseph, comparisons are odious. Hannibal was a very pretty fellow in those days, it must be granted. But alas, sir, were he alive now, he would be nothing,—nothing in the earth.

Shar. How, sir? I make a doubt if there be at this day a greater general breathing.

Bluff. Oh, excuse me, sir; have you served abroad, sir.

Shar. Not I, really, sir.

Bluff. Oh, I thought so. Why, then, you can know

nothing, sir. I am afraid you scarce know the history of the late war in Flanders, with all its particulars.

Shar. Not I, sir; no more than public papers or Gazettes tell us.

Bluff. Gazettes! Why, there again, now. Why, sir, there are not three words of truth, the year round, put into the Gazette. I'll tell you a strange thing, now, as to that. You must know, sir, I was resident in Flanders the last campaign, had a small post there; but no matter for that. Perhaps, sir, there was scarce anything of moment done but a humble servant of yours that shall be nameless was an eye-witness of,—I won't say had the greatest share in't—though I might say that too, since I name nobody, you know. Well, Mr. Sharper,—would you think it?—in all this time, as I hope for a truncheon, that rascally Gazette-writer never so much as once mentioned me. Not once, by the wars! Took no more notice than as if Noll Bluff had not been in the land of the living.

Shar. Strange!

Sir Jos. Yet, by the Lord Harry, 'tis true, Mr. Sharper; for I went every day to coffee-houses to read the Gazette myself.

Bluff. Ay, ay, no matter. You see, Mr. Sharper, after all, I am content to retire,—live a private person. Scipio and others have done so.

Shar. Impudent rogue!

[*Aside.*

Sir Jos. Ay, this modesty of yours. Egad, if he would put in for't, he might be made general himself yet.

Bluff. Oh, fie! no, Sir Joseph; you know I hate this.

Sir Jos. Let me but tell Mr. Sharper a little, how you ate fire once out of the mouth of a cannon; egad, he did; those impenetrable whiskers of his have confronted flames.

Bluff. Death! What do you mean, Sir Joseph?

Sir Jos. Look you, now, I tell you he is so modest, he'll own nothing.

Bluff. Pish! you have put me out: I have forgot what I was about. Pray, hold your tongue, and give me leave——
[*Angrily.*

Sir Jos. I am dumb.

Bluff. This sword I think I was telling you of, Mr. Sharper. This sword I'll maintain to be the best divine, anatomist, lawyer, or casuist in Europe: it shall decide a controversy or split a cause.

Sir Jos. Nay, now, I must speak; it will split a hair; by the Lord Harry, I have seen it!

Bluff. Zounds! sir, it is a lie; you have not seen it, nor shan't see it: sir, I say you can't see. What d'ye say to that, now?

Sir Jos. I am blind.

Bluff. Death! had any other man interrupted me!

Sir Jos. Good Mr. Sharper, speak to him: I dare not look that way.

Shar. Captain, Sir Joseph's penitent.

Bluff. Oh, I am calm, sir.—calm as a discharged culverin. But 'twas indiscreet, when you know what will provoke me. Nay, come, Sir Joseph; you know my heat's soon over.

Sir Jos. Well, I am a fool sometimes, but I'm sorry.

Bluff. Enough.

Sir Jos. Come, we'll go take a glass to drown animosities.

POETESS AND CRITIC.

CYNTHIA—LORD and LADY FROTH—BRISK.

Lady Froth. Then you think that episode between Susan the dairy-maid and our coachman is not amiss. You

know, I may suppose, the dairy in town, as well as in the country.

Brisk. Incomparable, let me perish ! But, then, being an heroic poem, had not you better call him a charioteer ? Charioteer sounds great. Besides, your ladyship's coachman having a red face, and you comparing him to the sun, —and you know the sun is called "heaven's charioteer."

Lady F. Oh, infinitely better ; I am extremely beholden to you for the hint. Stay ; we'll read over those half a score lines again. [*Pulls out a paper.*] Let me see here ; you know what goes before,—the comparison you know. [*Reads.*]

For as the sun shines every day,
So of our coachman I may say.

Brisk. I am afraid that simile won't do in wet weather, because you say the sun shines *every* day.

Lady F. No ; for the sun it won't, but it will do for the coachman ; for you know there's most occasion for a coach in wet weather.

Brisk. Right, right ; that saves all.

Lady F. Then I don't say the sun shines all the day, but that he peeps now and then ; yet he does shine all the day, too, you know, though we don't see him.

Brisk. Right ; but the vulgar will never comprehend that.

Lady F. Well, you shall hear. Let me see :

For as the sun shines every day,
So of our coachman I may say,
He shows his drunken fiery face
Just as the sun does, more or less.

Brisk. That's right ; all's well, all's well. *More or less.*

Lady F. [*Reads.*]

And when at night his labor's done,
Then, too, like heaven's charioteer, the sun,—

Ay, charioteer does better,—

Into the dairy he descends,
And there his whipping and his driving ends;
There he's secure from danger of a bilk;
His fare is paid him, and he sets in milk.

For Susan, you know, is Thetis, and so——

Brisk. Incomparable well and proper, egad! But I have one exception to make: don't you think *bilk* (I know it's a good rhyme)—but don't you think *bilk* and *fare* too like a hackney-coachman?

Lady F. I swear and vow I'm afraid so. And yet our John was a hackney-coachman when my lord took him.

Brisk. Was he? I'm answered, if John was a hackney-coachman. You may put that in the marginal notes; though, to prevent criticism, only mark it with a small asterisk, and say, "John was formerly a hackney-coachman."

Lady F. I will; you'll oblige me extremely to write notes to the whole poem.

Brisk. With all my heart and soul, and proud of the vast honor, let me perish!

Lord F. Hee, hee, hee! My dear, have you done? Won't you join with us? We were laughing at my Lady Whister and Mr. Sneer.

Lady F. Ay, my dear, were you? Mr. Sneer; he's a most fulsamie fop. Foh! He spent two days together in going about Covent Garden to suit the lining of his coach with his complexion.

Lord F. Oh, silly! Yet his aunt is as fond of him as if she had brought the ape into the world herself.

Brisk. Who? My Lady Toothless? Oh, she's a mortifying spectacle. . . .

Cynthia [*aside*]. Well, I find there are no fools so considerable in themselves but they can render other people contemptible by exposing their infirmities.

Lady F. Then that t'other great strapping lady,—I can't hit of her name,—the old fat fool that paints so exorbitantly.

Brisk. I know whom you mean. But, deuce take me, I can't hit of her name either. Paints, d'ye say? Why, she lays it on with a trowel. . . .

Lady F. Oh! you made a song upon her, Mr. Brisk.

Brisk. Her, egad! so I did. My lord can sing it.

Cynthia. Oh, good, my lord; let us hear it.

Brisk. 'Tis not a song, neither. It's a sort of epigram, or rather an epigrammatic sonnet. I don't know what to call it, but it's satire. Sing it, my lord.

Lord F. [*Sings.*]

Ancient Phyllis has young graces;
'Tis a strange thing, but a true one;
Shall I tell you how?
She herself makes her own faces,
And each morning makes a new one,
Where's the wonder now?

Brisk. Short, but there's salt in it. My way of writing, egad!

EPITAPHS.

[The tomb is a grave subject for wit to exercise itself upon, but it has by no means escaped the shafts of ridicule, many of those who are past defending themselves having been held up to the derision of the world by the wit of foes or the absurdity of friends, while certain

epitaphs to the memory of the living rank among the most trenchant of epigrammatic verses. We append a few examples of absurd and satirical epitaphs.]

THE last great debt is paid,—poor Tom's no more.
Last debt! Tom never paid a debt before.

From a gravestone in Luton church-yard.

Reader, I have left a world in which
I had a world to do,
Sweating and fretting to be rich,—
Just such a fool as you.

Lord Brougham is said to have written the following epitaph on himself:

Here, reader, turn your weeping eyes,
My fate a useful moral teaches:
The hole in which my body lies
Would not contain one-half my speeches.

One of the wittiest of epitaphs is that perpetrated by Rochester upon Charles II.:

Here lies our sovereign lord and king,
Whose word no man relied on,
Who never said a foolish thing,
And never did a wise one.

More complimentary is the epitaph on Sir Francis Vere:

When Vere sought death, armed with his sword and
shield,
Death was afraid to meet him in the field;
But when his weapons he had laid aside,
Death, like a coward, struck him, and he died.

On Foote, the comedian :

Foote from his earthly stage, alas ! is hurled ;
Death took off him who had taken off the world.

Robert Burns perpetrated several literary epitaphs, of which we give a brace of examples :

Stop, thief ! dame Nature cried to Death,
As Willie drew his latest breath ;
You have my choicest model ta'en ;
How shall I make a fool again ?

ON A SUICIDE.

Earthed up here lies an imp o' hell,
Planted by Satan's dibble ;
Poor silly wretch, he's damned himsel'
To save the Lord the trouble.

The church-yard at Langton, England, has the following :

Life's like an inn where travellers stay ;
Some only breakfast and away,
Others to dinner stay and are full fed,
The oldest only sup and go to bed ;
Long is his bill who lingers out the day,
Who goes the soonest has the least to pay.

Deptford church-yard, England, is responsible for a similarly witty epitaph :

Though young she was, her youth could not withstand
Nor her protect from death's impartial hand :
Life's but a cobweb, be we e'er so gay,
And death's the broom that sweeps us all away.

Shields, the Irish orator, has been honored with a genuine Irish epitaph :

Here lie I at rest, and my spirit at aise is,
With the tip of my nose, and the ends of my toes,
Turned up 'gainst the roots of the daisies.

The following deals none too fairly with the eloquence of the fair sex :

Beneath this stone, a lump of clay,
Lies Isabella Young,
Who on the twenty-fourth of May
Began to hold her tongue.

Of absurd epitaphs the name is legion. We must be content with a few choice specimens, of which the first and best is the following apparently honest inscription from the church-yard at Pewsey, Wiltshire, England :

Here lies the body of Lady O'Looney, great-niece of Burke, commonly called the Sublime. She was bland, passionate, and deeply religious ; also she painted in water-colors, and sent several pictures to the exhibition. She was first-cousin to Lady Jones ; and of such is the kingdom of heaven.

Also she had a sublime fool to write her epitaph, which said writer forgot to add. Less honest in purpose, perhaps, is this, said to be inscribed on a tombstone in East Tennessee :

She lived a life of virtue, and died of the cholera morbus, caused by eating green fruit, in the full hope of a glorious immortality, at the early age of twenty-four. Reader, go thou and do likewise.

From Chidwald church-yard, England :

Here lies me and my three daughters,
Brought here by using seidlitz waters :
If we had stuck to Epsom salts
We wouldn't have been in these here vaults.

From Nettlebed church-yard, Oxfordshire :

Here lies father, mother, sister, and I ;
We all died within the space of one short year ;
They all be buried at Wimble, except I,
And I be buried here.

In Linton church-yard :

Remember, man, that passeth by,
As thou is now, so once was I ;
And as I is, so thou must be ;
Prepare thyself to follow me.

Under which some wag wrote,—

To follow you's not my intent,
Unless I know which way you went.

An American graveyard, in East Hartford, Connecticut, is credited with the following deliciously absurd metaphor :

Hark ! she bids all her friends adieu ;
An angel calls her to the spheres ;
Our eyes the radiant saint pursue
Through liquid telescopes of tears.

Other amusing examples are the following :

Here lies the body of Jonathan Pound,
Who was lost at sea and never found.

Beneath these stones repose the bones
Of Theodosius Grim :
He took his beer from year to year,
And then the bier took him.

Here lies the body of W. W.,
Who never more will trouble you, trouble you.

Here lies one whose wit
Without wounding hit,
And green grow the grass that's above her !
Having sent every beau
To the regions below,
She's gone down herself for a lover.

Here lies the body of Mary McGryn,
Who was so very pure within
She broke the outward shell of sin
And hatched herself a cherubim.

Here I lie at the chancel door,
Here I lie because I'm poor ;
The further in, the more the pay ;
But here I lie as warm as they.

A Scottish tombstone is said to bear the following curious epitaph :

Here lies the body of Alexander Macpherson,
Who was a very extraordinary person ;
He was two yards high in his stocking feet,
And kept his accoutrements clean and neat.
He was slew
At the battle of Waterloo,
Plump through
The gullet ; it went in at his throat
And came out at the back of his coat.

The following is Franklin's famous epitaph, written by himself upon himself, and preserved as a literary curiosity :

The Body
of
BENJAMIN FRANKLIN,
Printer,
(Like the cover of an old book,
Its contents torn out,
And stript of its lettering and gilding,)
Lies here, food for worms.
Yet the work itself shall not be lost,
For it will, as he believed, appear once more,
In a new
And more beautiful edition,
Corrected and amended
By
The Author.

This has been frequently imitated, the best imitation being the following, by a colonial author. It was very popular in the last century.

EPITAPH ON A WATCHMAKER.
Here lies, in a horizontal position,
The Outside Case of
PETER PENDULUM, WATCHMAKER,
Whose abilities in that line were an honor
To his Profession.
Integrity was his main-spring,
And prudence the regulator
Of all the actions of his life.
Humane, generous, and liberal,
His hand never stopped
Till he had relieved distress.
So nicely regulated were all his motions
That he never went wrong,

Except when set going
By people
Who did not know
His key.
Even then he was easily
Set right again.
He had the art of disposing his time
So well
That his hours glided away
In one continued round
Of pleasure and delight,
Till an unlucky minute put a period to
His existence.
He departed this life,
Wound up,
In hopes of being taken in hand
By his Maker,
And of being thoroughly cleaned, repaired,
And set a-going
In the World to Come.

THE MONTHLY NURSE.

LEIGH HUNT.

[James Henry Leigh Hunt, well known for his versatile literary genius and brilliancy as a poet and essayist, was born at Southgate, near London, in 1784, and died in 1859. His works are very numerous, and highly varied in subject and method, including many humorous sketches. Of these we have already given one instance, and here present another.]

THE Monthly Nurse—taking the class in the lump, without such exceptions as will be noticed before we conclude

—is a middle-aged, motherly sort of a gossiping, hushing, flattering, dictatorial, knowing, ignorant, not very delicate, comfortable, uneasy, slip-slop kind of a blinking individual, between asleep and awake, whose business it is—under Providence and the doctor—to see that a child be not ushered with too little officiousness into the world, nor brought up with too much good sense during the first month of its existence. All grown people, with her (excepting her own family), consist of wives who are brought to bed and husbands who are bound to be extremely sensible of the supremacy of that event; and all the rising generation are infants in laced caps, not five weeks old, with incessant thirst, screaming faces, thumpable backs, and red little minikin hands tipped with hints of nails. She is the only maker of caudle in the world. She takes snuff ostentatiously, drams advisedly, tea incessantly, advice indignantly, a nap when she can get it, cold whenever there is a creak in the door, and the remainder of whatsoever her mistress leaves to eat or drink, provided it is what somebody else would like to have. But she drinks rather than eats. She has not the relish for a “bit o’ dinner” that the servant-maid has; though nobody but the washerwoman beats her at a “dish o’ tea,” or that which “keeps cold out of the stomach” and puts weakness into it. If she is thin, she is generally straight as a stick, being of a condition of body that not even drams will tumefy. If she is fat, she is one of the fubsiest of the cosey, though rheumatic withal, and requiring a complexional good nature to settle the irritabilities of her position and turn the balance in favor of comfort or hope. She is the victim of watching; the arbitress of her superiors; the servant, yet rival, of doctors; the opposer of innovations; the regretter of all old household religions as to pap-boats, cradles, and swatches; the inhabitant of a hundred bedrooms; the

Juno Lucina of the ancients, or goddess of childbirth, in the likeness of a cook-maid. Her greatest consolation under a death (next to the corner-cupboard and the not having had her advice taken about a piece of flannel) is the handsomeness of the corpse; and her greatest pleasure in life is when lady and baby are both gone to sleep, the fire bright, the kettle boiling, and her corns quiescent. She then first takes a pinch of snuff, by way of pungent anticipation of bliss, or as a sort of concentrated essence of satisfaction; then a glass of spirits; then puts the water in the teapot; then takes another glass of spirits (the last having been a small one, and the coming tea affording a "counteraction"); then smooths down her apron, adjusts herself in her arm-chair, pours out the first cup of tea, and sits for a minute or two staring at the fire, with the solid complacency of an owl,—perhaps not without something of his snore, between wheeze and snuff-box.

Good and ill nature, as in the case of every one else, make the great difference between the endurability, or otherwise, of this personage in your house; and the same qualities in the master and mistress, together with the amount of their good sense, or the want of it, have a like reaction. The good or ill, therefore, that is here said of the class in general becomes applicable to the individual accordingly. But as all people will get what power they can, the pleasant by pleasant means, and the unpleasant by the reverse, so the office of the Monthly Nurse, be her temper and nature what it will, is one that emphatically exposes her to temptation that way: and her first endeavor when she comes into a house is to see how far she can establish an undisputed authority on all points. In proportion to her success or otherwise in this object she looks upon the lady as a charming, reasonable, fine, weak, cheatable creature, whose husband (as she tells him) "can

never be too grateful for her bearing such troubles on his account," or as a Frenchified conceited madam, who will turn out a deplorable match for the poor gentleman, and assuredly be the death of the baby with her tantrums about "natural living," and her blasphemies against rum, pieces of fat, and Daffy's Elixir. The gentleman in like manner—or "master" as the humbler ones call him—is, according as he behaves himself and receives her revelations for gospel, a "sweet good man,"—"quite a gentleman,"—"just the very model of a husband for mistress," etc., etc.; or, on the other hand, he is a "very strange gentleman,"—"quite an oddity,"—one that is "not to be taught his own good,"—that will "neither be led nor *draw*,"—that will "be the death of mistress, with his constant *judge-fudge* in and out of the room,"—and his making her "laugh in that dreadful manner," and so forth; and as to his "pretending to hold the baby, it is like a cow with a candlestick." "Holding the baby," indeed, is a science which she reckons to belong exclusively to herself; she makes it the greatest favor to visitor or servant to let them venture upon a trial of it; and affable intimations are given to the oldest mothers of families, who come to see her mistress, how they will do well to receive a little instruction on that head, and not venture to substitute their fine-spun theories for her solid practice; for your Monthly Nurse (next to a positive grandson) is the greatest teacher of your grandmother how to suck eggs, in the world; and you may have been forty years in the habit of sticking a pin and find your competency come to nothing before the explanatory pity of her information.

Respecting the "doctor," her thoughts cannot be so bold, or even so patronizing. She is confessedly second to him, while he is present; and when he has left the room, a spell remains upon her from his superior knowledge. Yet she

has her hearty likes or dislikes of him too, and on the same grounds of self-reference. If she likes him, there "*never was such a beautiful doctor,*" except perhaps Sir William, or Doctor Buttermouth (both dead), and always excepting the one that recommended herself. He is a "*fine man,*"—so patient,—so without pride,—and yet "*so firm like;*" nobody comes near him for a difficult case,—for a fever case,—for the management of a "*violent lady.*" If she dislikes him, he is "*queer,*"—"odd,"—"stubborn,"—has the "*new ways,*"—very proper, she has no doubt, but not what she has been used to, or seen practised by the doctors about court. And, whether she likes him or not, she has always a saving grace for herself, of superiority to all other nurses in point of experience and good luck. She has always seen a case of more difficulty than the one in hand, and knows what was done for it; and Dr. Gripps, who is "*always*" called in to such cases, and who is a very pleasant though rough sort of gentleman, calls her his "*other right hand,*" and "*the jewel that rhymes to gruel.*"

The babies are always kings and queens, loves, darlings, jewels, and poppets. Beauties also, be sure; and as all babies are beautiful, and the last always more beautiful than the one before it, and "*the child is father to the man,*" mankind, according to Nurse, ought to be nothing but a multitude of Venuses and Adonises; aldermen should be mere Cupids full-grown, and the passengers in Fleet Street, male and female, slay one another, as they go, with the unbearableness of their respective charms. But she has also modes of speech simply pathetic or judicious. If the lady, when her health is inquired after, is in low spirits, she is described as "*taking on so;*" if doing well, it must not be too well, for the honor of the importance of the case and the general dignity of ailment, and hence the famous answer, "*as well as can be expected.*"

By the time the baby arrives at the robustness of a fortnight old, and appears to begin to smack its lips, it is manifestly the most ill used of infant elegancies if a series of random hits are not made at its mouth and cheeks with a piece of the fat of pig; and when it is sleepy and yet will "not go to sleep" (which is a phenomenon usually developed about the time that Nurse wants her tea), or when it is "fractionous" for not having had *enough* pig, or from something else which has been counteracted, or anything but the sly sup of gin lately given it, or the pin which is now running into its back, it is equally clear that if Daffy, or Godfrey, or rocking the chair will not do, a perpetual thumping of the back and jolting of its very soul out will; and, accordingly, there lies the future lord or lady of the creation prostrate across the nurse's knees, a lump in a laced cap and interminable clothes, getting redder and redder in the face, ejaculating such agonies between grunt and shout as each simultaneous thump will permit, and secretly saluted by its holder with "brats," and "drat it," and "was there ever such an 'obstropulous' little devil!" while her lips are loud in deprecation of the "naughty milk," or the "naughty cat" (which is to be beaten for its ill behavior), and "Dordie" (Georgy) is told to "go" to a mysterious place, called "Bye-Bye;" or the whole catechism of nursery interrogation is gone through, from the past tenses of the amenities of "Was it a poppet, then?" and "Did it break its pretty heart?" up to the future glories of "Shall it be a king, then?" "Shall it be a King Pepin?" "Shall it be a princy-winey?" a "countess?" a "duchess?" "Shall it break the fine gentlemen's hearts with those beautiful blue eyes?" In the midst of tragi-comic burlesque of this sort have risen upon the world its future Marses and Apollos, its Napoleons, its Platos, and its Shakespeares.

Alas that it should be made a question (ridiculed indeed

by the shallow, the nurse among them, but very seriously mooted by philosophers) whether in that first and tenderest month of existence the little bundle of already made organs, sensations, and passions does not receive impressions from this frivolous elderly "nobody" which may affect the temper and disposition of the future man or woman! whether the "beautiful fury,"—though we confess we never saw such a phenomenon,—whether the crash in the china-closet, or the sacrifice of a daughter's happiness to a father's will and obstinacy, had not its first seeds sown in the lap of this poppet-dandling simpleton. Not its "first," we apprehend. Those, we take it, are of far earlier origin, the little creature being much older than is generally supposed, when it comes under the influence of this its third and most transitory and not always most foolish modifier. But we have no doubt that she contributes her portion of effect. This is, however, what she herself can by no means comprehend. "As if any treatment" (she thinks) "except in the article of rum and sugar, and the mode of holding, can be of consequence to one so young!" She is nevertheless very diligent in looking for "marks" about his body, and tracing them to influences on the mother's mind; and yet she cannot see that the *then* impressible little creature is still impressible. Heaven and earth are to come together if the piece of fat is not supplied or the clothes are not of the proper fashion; but the sudden affrightment, the secret blow, the deadening jolt to sleep, or the giving way to nothing but the last rage,—these are to be of no importance. She has no doubt, nevertheless, that its brothers and sisters are all impressible, whatever the infant may be; and accordingly, with her usual instinct of the love of power, she generally contrives to do as much inconsiderate harm to them as possible, and lays the seeds of jealousy in their minds—if none be there already—by

telling them that they must now cease to look upon themselves as the only important persons in the family, for that "a little stranger has come to put their noses out of joint." Pleasing and picturesque introduction to the fraternal affections!

[To Hunt's essay on the monthly nurse it may be well to add a picture drawn by another hand, of a nurse who has already become a celebrity and promises to become an immortal. In "Mrs. Gamp" the virtues of the nurse are reduced to a minimum, the faults developed to a maximum. "Martin Chuzzlewit" is the source of our selection.]

MRS. GAMP.

Mr. Pecksniff had been to the undertaker, and was now on his way to another officer in the train of mourning,—a female functionary, a nurse, a watcher, and performer of nameless offices about the persons of the dead. Her name, as Mr. Pecksniff gathered from a scrap of writing in his hand, was Gamp; her residence in Kingsgate Street, High Holborn. So Mr. Pecksniff, in a hackney-cab, was rattling over Holborn stones in quest of Mrs. Gamp.

This lady lodged at a bird-fancier's, next door but one to the celebrated mutton-pie shop, and directly opposite to the original cats'-meat warehouse; the renown of which establishments was duly heralded on their respective fronts. It was a little house, and this was the more convenient; for Mrs. Gamp, being in her highest walk of art a monthly nurse, or, as her sign-board boldly had it, "Midwife," and lodging in the first-floor front, was easily assailable at night by pebbles, walking-sticks, and fragments of tobacco-pipe: all much more efficacious than the street-door knocker, which was so constructed as to wake the street with ease, and even spread alarms of fire in Holborn, without making the smallest impression on the premises to which it was addressed.

[Passing over Mr. Pecksniff's difficulties in arousing the nurse, which were by no means light, we proceed to the description of their journey and conversation in the cab.]

Mrs. Gamp had a large bundle with her, a pair of pattens, and a species of gig umbrella,—the latter article in color like a faded leaf, except where a circular patch of a lively blue had been dexterously let in at the top. She was much flurried by the haste she had made, and labored under the most erroneous views of cabriolets, which she appeared to confound with mail-coaches or stage-wagons, inasmuch as she was constantly endeavoring for the first half-mile to force her luggage through the little front window and clamoring to the driver to "put it in the boot." When she was disabused of this idea, her whole being resolved itself into an absorbing anxiety about her pattens, with which she played innumerable games at quoits on Mr. Pecksniff's legs. It was not until they were close upon the house of mourning that she had enough composure to observe,—

"And so the gentleman's dead, sir. Ah! The more's the pity." She didn't even know his name. "But it's what we must all come to. It's as certain as being born, except that we can't make our calculations as exact. Ah! Poor dear!"

She was a fat old woman, this Mrs. Gamp, with a husky voice and a moist eye, which she had a remarkable power of turning up and only showing the white of it. Having very little neck, it cost her some trouble to look over herself, if one may say so, at those to whom she talked. She wore a very rusty black gown, rather the worse for snuff, and a shawl and bonnet to correspond. In these dilapidated articles of dress she had, on principle, arrayed herself, time out of mind, on such occasions as the present; for this at once expressed a decent amount of veneration

for the deceased, and invited the next of kin to present her with a fresher suit of weeds,—an appeal so frequently successful that the very fetch and ghost of Mrs. Gamp, bonnet and all, might be seen hanging up, any hour in the day, in at least a dozen of the second-hand clothes-shops about Holborn. The face of Mrs. Gamp—the nose in particular—was somewhat red and swollen, and it was difficult to enjoy her society without becoming conscious of a smell of spirits. Like most persons who have attained to great eminence in their profession, she took to hers very kindly, insomuch that, setting aside her natural predilections as a woman, she went to a lying-in or a laying-out with equal zest and relish.

“Ah!” repeated Mrs. Gamp; for it was always a safe sentiment in cases of mourning. “Ah, dear! When Gamp was summoned to his long home, and I see him a-lying in Guy’s Hospital with a penny-piece on each eye, and his wooden leg under his left arm, I thought I should have fainted away. But I bore up.”

If certain whispers current in the Kingsgate Street circles had any truth in them, she had indeed borne up surprisingly, and had exerted such uncommon fortitude as to dispose of Mr. Gamp’s remains for the benefit of science. But it should be added, in fairness, that this had happened twenty years before, and that Mr. and Mrs. Gamp had long been separated, on the ground of incompatibility of temper in their drink.

“You have become indifferent since then, I suppose,” said Mr. Pecksniff. “Use is second nature, Mrs. Gamp.”

“You may well say second nater, sir,” returned that lady. “One’s first ways is to find sich things a trial to the feelings, and so is one’s lasting custom. If it wasn’t for the nerve a little sip of liquor gives me (I never was able to do more than taste it), I never could go through

with what I sometimes has to do. ‘Mrs. Harris,’ I says, at the very last case as ever I acted in, which it was but a young person,—‘Mrs. Harris,’ I says, ‘leave the bottle on the chimley-piece, and don’t ask me to take none, but let me put my lips to it when I am so disposed, and then I will do what I am engaged to do, according to the best of my ability.’ ‘Mrs. Gamp,’ she says, in answer, ‘if ever there was a sober creetur to be got at eighteenpence a day fer working-people and three-and-six for gentlefolks,—night watching,’” said Mrs. Gamp, with emphasis, “‘being a extra charge,—you are that inwallable person.’ ‘Mrs. Harris,’ I says to her, ‘don’t name the charge, fer if I could afford to lay all my feller-creeturs out for nothink I would gladly do it, sich is the love I bears ’em. But what I always says to them as has the management of matters, Mrs. Harris,’” here she kept her eye on Mr. Pecksniff, “‘be they gents or be they ladies, is, don’t ask me whether I won’t take none, but leave the bottle on the chimley-piece, and let me put my lips to it when I am so disposed.’”

[The Mrs. Harris here referred to was a sealed mystery to Mrs. Gamp’s friends. All had heard of her, none had seen her, and serious doubts were entertained as to her actual existence. At length, in a moment of anger between Mrs. Gamp and Betsey Prig, one of her fraternity, the opinion of the world was spoken, Mrs. Gamp dumfounded, and Mrs. Harris annihilated.]

The best among us have our failings, and it must be conceded of Mrs. Prig that, if there was a blemish in the goodness of her disposition, it was a habit she had of not bestowing all its sharp and acid properties upon her patients, but of keeping a considerable remainder for the service of her friends. . . . It is certain that her countenance became about this time derisive and defiant, and that she sat with

her arms folded, and one eye shut up, in a somewhat offensive, because obtrusively intelligent, manner.

Mrs. Gamp, observing this, felt it the more necessary that Mrs. Prig should know her place, and be made sensible of her exact station in society, as well as of her obligations to herself. . . .

"Mr. Chuffey's friends [she remarked] has made proposals for his being took care of, and has said to me, 'Mrs. Gamp, *will* you undertake it? We couldn't think,' they says, 'of trusting him to nobody but you, for, Sairey, you are gold as has passed the furnace. Will you undertake it at your own price, day and night, and by your own self?' 'No,' I says, 'I will not. Do not reckon on it. There is,' I says, 'but one creetur in the world as I would undertake on sich terms, and her name is Harris. But,' says I, 'I am acquainted with a friend, whose name is Betsey Prig, that I can recommend, and will assist me. Betsey,' I says, 'is always to be trusted, under me, and will be guided as I could desire.' "

Here Mrs. Prig, without any abatement of her offensive manner, again counterfeited abstraction of mind, and stretched out her hand to the teapot [which then contained a stronger beverage than tea]. It was more than Mrs. Gamp could bear. She stopped the hand of Mrs. Prig with her own, and said, with great feeling,—

"No, Betsey! Drink fair, wotever you do!"

Mrs. Prig, thus baffled, threw herself back in her chair, and, closing the same eye more emphatically, and folding her arms tighter, suffered her head to roll slowly from side to side, while she surveyed her friend with a contemptuous smile.

Mrs. Gamp resumed,—

"Mrs. Harris, Betsey——"

"Bother Mrs. Harris!" said Betsey Prig.

Mrs. Gamp looked at her with amazement, incredulity, and indignation; when Mrs. Prig, shutting her eye still closer, and folding her arms still tighter, uttered these memorable and tremendous words:

"I don't believe there's no sich a person!"

After the utterance of which expression, she leaned forward, and snapped her fingers once, twice, thrice,—each time nearer to the face of Mrs. Gamp, and then rose to put on her bonnet, as one who felt that there was now a gulf between them which nothing could ever bridge across.

The shock of this blow was so violent and sudden that Mrs. Gamp sat staring at nothing with uplifted eyes, and her mouth open as if she were gasping for breath, until Betsey Prig had put on her bonnet and shawl and was gathering the latter about her throat. Then Mrs. Gamp rose—morally and physically rose—and denounced her.

"What!" said Mrs. Gamp, "you bage creetur, have I knowed Mrs. Harris five-and-thirty year, to be told at last that there ain't no sich a person livin'! Have I stood her friend in all her troubles, great and small, for it to come at last to sich a end as this, which her own sweet pictur hanging up afore you all the time, to shame your bragian words! But well you mayn't believe there's no sich a creetur, for she wouldn't demean herself to look at you, and often has she said, when I have made mention of your name, which, to my sinful sorrow, I have done, 'What, Sairey Gamp, debage yourself to *her*!' Go along with you!"

"I'm a-goin', ma'am, ain't I?" said Mrs. Prig.

"You had better, ma'am," said Mrs. Gamp.

[And so the intangible Mrs. Harris passed on and out, Mrs. Gamp thus mourning her demise to some persons whom her controversy with Mrs. Prig brought into the apartment.]

"Oh, Mr. Sweedlepipes, which Mr. Westlock also, if my eyes do not deceive, and a friend not having the pleasure of being bekknown, wot I have took from Betsey Prig this blessed night, no mortal creetur knows. If she had abuged me, bein' in liquor, which I thought I smelt her wen she come, but could not so believe, not bein' used myself,"—Mrs. Gamp, by the way, was pretty far gone, and the fragrance of the teapot was strong in the room,—
"I could have bore it with a thankful 'art. But the words she spoke of Mrs. Harris, lambs could not forgive. No, Betsey!" said Mrs. Gamp, in a violent burst of feeling, "nor worms forget."

CHARLES DICKENS.

MY AUNT'S POLICE-CASE.

FRANCIS COWLEY BURNAND.

[Burnand, the editor of *Punch* since 1874, and at the present time one of the most popular humorists of England, was born in London in 1837. He is the author of about one hundred dramatic pieces, and of "Happy Thoughts" and other works of humor. We give the concluding portion of one of his stories, in which he indicates the short, sharp, and decisive method of conducting business in a London police-court. "My Aunt" is summoned by a cabman whom she had refused to pay an overcharge. The magistrate is sick, and one has to be summoned from another court. He enters in a great hurry.]

MR. SHARPLY, I notice, has a quick eye, and a surprised head of hair, which gives one the idea of his having been interrupted in the process of being brushed by machinery.

He has a brisk, crisp manner, and is evidently inclined to be what people call "short" with every one present,—specially the clerks and the solicitors.

He stands up with the air of a man who is not to be

badgered or put down, and places his hands upon the table-desk in such a springy and elastic way as to suggest that, on the slightest provocation, he will vault over, dash in amongst the papers and inkstands on the solicitors' table, "scatter his enemies, and make them fall."

Everybody's breath is quite taken away by his sudden and unexpected appearance. We are all, so to speak, staggered.

While animation, as it were, is being restored, Mr. Sharply observes, rapidly, "Gentlemen, I regret the accident that brings me here. I have a great deal of business in the other court, which I haven't got through, and to which I must return. Therefore I am sure I may rely upon *you*, gentlemen, to assist in pushing on *the* business *here* as quickly as possible. Now, what is it?"

This sudden interrogation is addressed to a solicitor who has risen in front of the magistrate.

The solicitor will not, he says, detain the magistrate one second longer than he can help.

Here Mr. Sharply cuts him short with, "Well, well, what is it? What's the case?"

"The fact is," says the solicitor, evidently not accustomed to this way of doing business, "the fact is"—here he puts on his spectacles—"that I have an application to make to you, sir." Here he produces some papers, and Mr. Sharply, who has been leaning forward upon his elbows, as if to give him every attention, now sets himself bolt upright again, as if determined to do nothing of the sort.

The solicitor continues: "It arises, sir, out of an ejectment——"

This word sets Mr. Sharply off.

"We really haven't any time for this. It must go to another court. Call the next case."

A wavering policeman, whose duty it is to call the next case, looks from the solicitor to the magistrate, helplessly.

The solicitor persists. "An assault, sir, arising out of an ejectionment." The word "assault" catches Mr. Sharply's ear, and, with considerable asperity, he says, "Well, where is he?"

"He?" says the solicitor, astonished.

"Yes," replies the magistrate; "where is he?—the complainant? Now, my dear sir, *do* make haste!"

The solicitor explains that the complainant is a "she."

"Well," says the irascible Mr. Sharply, in a tone that means anything but "well," "where is she? *Do* get on." And here he looks at his watch.

Mrs. Somebody is thereupon called, and comes into the witness-box. She is rather vague, to commence with, on the subject of her name, but, having succeeded in making the clerk understand it (Mr. Sharply, to expedite matters, positively invents a name, which the complainant repudiates), she waits to be asked a question.

The solicitor commences: "You were, I believe, in——"

"Now," interrupts Mr. Sharply, "*do* let her tell her own story. We *must* get on."

This, however, turns out to be about the worst way of "getting on" that could have been hit upon, as the complainant's story is chiefly about what somebody else said (which the magistrate won't hear), and what she told somebody else to tell a third person not present (which the magistrate won't receive as evidence).

"I really can't listen to this," says Mr. Sharply, frowning at the solicitor, as much as to say, "You ought to know better." Then to the policeman, "Call the next case."

The unfortunate complainant leaves the box and disappears, utterly bewildered. The wavering policeman is about to call the next case, when the next case, as it

seems, calls itself, for a short man advances between the dock and the solicitor's bench with a bagful of papers, and addresses his worship.

The magistrate places himself on his elbows, and bends towards him with both hands up to his ears.

"Now, then, sir," he says, as briskly as ever (always on a sort of "one down t'other come on" principle), "who are you? What do you want? Go on, sir."

The gentleman with the bag commences. It appears that he wants a great deal. It also appears that he has been before that court several times before, and has an application to make. The word "application" settles *his* business at once.

"I really can't take up the public time," said Mr. Sharply, "with applications. Stand down, sir."

But the man with a bag hasn't come there to stand down. He insists upon the magistrate hearing him.

"A case, sir," the man with the bag goes on persistently, while Mr. Sharply stands aghast at his audacity, and looks round the court at the people and police with the kind of air with which Henry must have said of Archbishop Thomas à Becket, "Have I no one who will rid me of this utter bore?" I think the wavering policeman has some passing idea of removing the man with a bag, but he can't make up his mind to any decisive step.

The man proceeds: "A case, sir, has arisen out of a matter of trespass——" Mr. Sharply frowns and resumes his attitude of attention, as much as to intimate that he'll just give him one more chance, and see what he's driving at—"of trespass, which is of great immediate interest to the person concerned, and to the public in general,"—movement of impatience on the part of Mr. Sharply,— "and I should say that in this case"—Mr. Sharply refers to his watch—"I am the complainant and the solicitor."

Mr. Sharply all attention again. Man with bag continues, evidently aware that the thread of his discourse may be snipped at any moment: "The ground landlord of Number Two, Fuller's Gardens, received the sum of ten shillings and sixpence previous to his bankruptcy, and"—here he warms with his subject, and addresses the magistrate with that air of forcible conviction which should characterize a man who has thoroughly mastered the dates and facts of his case—"on the second of June, in the year eighteen hundred and sixty-seven——"

"Oh, can't listen to this," exclaims Mr. Sharply, shaking his head as energetically as if he had just come up again after a dive. "Call the next case."

"But, sir," says the man with the bag, appealingly. Mr. Sharply is down on him furiously. "Don't bawl at me, sir. Good gracious! it is to be a question whether you are to be heard or I! No, sir," seeing the man beginning again, "I won't have it. Go away, sir. Here!" (to wavering policeman) "Remove that person. Now, call the next case."

The "person" doesn't wait to be removed, but removes himself, bag and all, and retires, explaining his case to the wavering policeman, who evidently does his best to comfort him, without committing himself to any view which may compromise him in his official character.

A vagrant, all dirt, rags, and tatters, has stepped into the dock.

"Poor fellow!" says my aunt.

They are the first words she has uttered since the advent of Mr. Sharply, whose abrupt manner has utterly disarranged all her ideas. She is gradually recovering herself. But I perceive that she is more or less hysterical, and I begin to prepare myself for a scene.

A policeman is in the witness-box, and takes his oath on a Testament with the greatest ease.

"Now, then," says Mr. Sharply.

The policeman deposes that he was on duty, etc., etc., and he saw, etc., etc., and warned, etc., etc. And it all rolls off his tongue as pleasantly as possible, and the vagrant is asked if he has anything to say to Mr. Sharply on the subject; and, it appearing that the vagrant has nothing to say to *him*, after giving him one second to think it over, he (Mr. Sharply) has something to say to the vagrant, which is, that he is committed for a month with hard labor; and this being all done, settled, and dismissed at high steam pressure, the vagrant is taken away by a policeman, and, justice being satisfied, Mr. Sharply darts a look at his watch, and calls for "the next case."

[The next case is one of a stout and a thin man, whom Mr. Sharply quickly rolls together in a state of conjoined imbecility and dismisses unheard.]

The next case is my aunt's.

Thomas Muddock, the cabman, is called. He steps into the witness-box, looking very respectable, and totally unlike the drunken man who couldn't drive my aunt on the memorable night of her visit to my cottage.

Thomas Muddock takes his oath, and tells his story. He drove the lady from Jummin Street to the Hole, Squedgely, ten miles out of town, where he waited for her five hours, and he claims thirty-two shillings.

Which is all clear enough.

So far the cabman has it entirely his own way. My aunt has come out of the pew, and is clutching me by the elbow. "Where shall I go?" she asks, shaking all over.

I am hot and excited. I beg of her to keep cool. She is called. The clerk says, "Henrietta," and then adds the surname.

Mr. Sharply only catches half, and asks, abruptly,—

"Where is he? Where is Henry? Why doesn't he——"

My aunt is beckoned by the clerk. She has heard of people "being accommodated with a seat on the bench," and she thinks she is to go and sit by the magistrate, out of consideration for her sex, and tell her plain unvarnished tale confidentially. She is shaking her head, and explaining in dumb show, with her parasol, to the clerk, that she doesn't see how to get there, without climbing over the solicitor's bench and crossing the table, when——

"Now, then," said the magistrate, impatiently, "where is Henry——" he can't catch the other name. "I can't wait. We must call the next case."

And the "next case" would have been called there and then, but for my aunt trying to get into the dock, from which she is taken by a policeman, who informs her that she can stand behind the solicitors.

She has a sort of reticule on her left arm, she has given me her parasol to hold, and she places her right hand on the back of the seat.

Seeing this figure before him, the magistrate arrives at the conclusion that Henry is a surname, and addresses her with,—

"Now, Miss Henry, what have you got to say to this?"

Up to this moment she had had a great deal to say, but it appears to have suddenly gone from her, like King Nebuchadnezzar's dream, and she can only admit that Thomas Muddock *did* drive her, *did* wait for her about five hours, and that she had *not* paid him.

"Why not?" asks Mr. Sharply. Then, while my aunt is looking piteously at me (I studiously avoid catching her eye, not wishing to appear before I am absolutely required), he turns to the cabman.

"Did you agree for a certain sum for the job?"

The cabman reflects.

Did you or did you not?" asks Mr. Sharply, who can't wait for thoughts.

"Yes," says the cabman, with such an air of uncertainty as to the statement that Mr. Sharply eyes him distrustfully, and then wants to know, "How much?"

"Well," answers Mr. Thomas Muddock, recovering himself a little, "the lady said fifteen shillings."

"For the job?" says Mr. Sharply, suggestively.

"For the job," replies the cabman, not clearly seeing what the result of his answer may be.

"But," said my aunt, now beginning to be quite at home, "I said distinctly he might have to wait."

"Not five hours," says Mr. Thomas Muddock.

Mr. Sharply looks from one to the other.

"Yes," said my aunt. "I said it might be one hour or five."

"Did you agree as to the time?" asks Mr. Sharply of the cabman.

"No," says the cabman, "I didn't,—that is—in a way—yes."

"I don't believe a word you're saying," says Mr. Sharply; whereat my aunt, plucking up and addressing the magistrate, says, "I didn't pay him, your worship" (she is very near saying "my lord"), "because when I wanted him at night he was so intoxicated that he couldn't drive me."

Mr. Sharply looks fiercely at the cabman, and wishes to know what he has to say to *that*.

Mr. Thomas Muddock has not much to say to *that*, but he is understood to deny the charge in an undertone. The magistrate eyes him suspiciously, and is about to make an observation, when my aunt lugs me into it.

"Here is my nephew, sir, a barrister, saw him: he'll tell you, sir." Whereat I feel that the eyes of Europe

(specially unwashed Europe) are on me, and become very hot and uncomfortable in consequence.

"Oh!" says Mr. Sharply; "there are witnesses. Now, sir!"—to me. . . .

I detail the facts of the cabman's being unable to find the road, and attempt some pathos about my fear for my aunt's safety. Having finished my facts, and got quite pleasant with Mr. Sharply, I should now like to romance a little, and introduce a joke or two, just by way of lightening the entertainment. I have a sort of latent idea that Mr. Sharply will ask me to step into his private room, or send me, by a policeman, an invitation to dinner that night. I fancy that with the second bottle of port, or the first cigar, he would say, "And now, old fellow, what *was* the truth about that cabman, eh? I suppose he really *was* drunk, eh?" But this is an ideal Sharply at home, and not Sharply the real on the bench.

This occurs to me in the few seconds that Mr. Sharply takes to consider the case, and he interrupts my reflections with—

"What do you consider the right fare to your house?"

I answer, boldly, "Eight shillings," this being rather a fancy price of my own, than what I am obliged to give when I take a cab from town to my cottage near a wood, known as "The Hole," near Squedgely, Middlesex.

"Twelve shillings there and back you would consider quite sufficient?" asks Mr. Sharply, giving the finishing-touches to the case. I reply that this sum would be, in my opinion, munificent. (What a row there would have been at my gate had I ever offered a cabman this sum as his fare "there" from town, let alone "and back.")

Mr. Sharply decides in a rapid, off-hand manner. "You'll" (to my aunt) "pay him twelve shillings. Cabman pay his own costs. Now, then, call the next case."

[And so ends "my aunt's" great case, which she had expected would be tried before bewigged justices, with dread ceremony and solemnity, and set all Europe ringing with its details. Mr. Sharply, a pug-dog of the bench, simply barked it out of his way, as he barked fifty others daily.]

On mature reflection, it occurs to me that Mr. Sharply is *the* right man in the right place, and his brisk method of sifting the wheat from the intolerable amount of chaff is, on the whole, beneficial to the public.

The following day my aunt comes down to see me. She brings with her all the day's newspapers. The Case has not been reported in any one of them. She is in consequence very much disappointed. "If," she says, "I had lost it, you may depend upon it all London would have been reading about it now."

PROLOGUE TO THE SATIRES.

ALEXANDER POPE.

[Pope, the greatest of English satirists, and a poet remarkable for skill in versification and epigrammatic brilliancy, was born in London in 1688, and died in 1744. Of his poems in which humor and wit are elements, may be named the mock-heroic "Rape of the Lock," which has been greatly admired, and the "Dunciad," in which he impaled the minor rhymesters of his day, and gave some of them an immortality which they of themselves could never have achieved. The selection here given is from the prologue to the "Satires," in the form of an address to Dr. Arbuthnot.]

P. SHUT up the door, good John! fatigued, I said,
Tie up the knocker; say I'm sick, I'm dead.
The dog-star rages! nay, 'tis past a doubt
All Bedlam or Parnassus is let out:

Fire in each eye, and papers in each hand,
They rave, recite, and madden round the land.

What walls can guard me, or what shades can hide?
They pierce my thickets, through my grot they glide.
By land, by water, they renew the charge;
They stop the chariot, and they board the barge.
No place is sacred, not the church is free,
Even Sunday shines no Sabbath day to me;
Then from the Mint * walks forth the man of rhyme,
Happy to catch me just at dinner-time.

Is there a parson much bemused in beer,
A maudlin poetess, a rhyming peer,
A clerk, foredoomed his father's soul to cross,
Who pens a stanza when he should engross?
Is there, who, locked from ink and paper, scrawls
With desperate charcoal round his darkened walls?
All fly to Twic'nam, and in humble strain
Apply to me, to keep them mad or vain. . . .

Who shames a scribbler? Break one cobweb through,
He spins the slight, self-pleasing thread anew:
Destroy his fib or sophistry: in vain!
The creature's at his dirty work again. . . .

One dedicates in high heroic prose,
And ridicules beyond a hundred foes;
One from all Grub Street will my fame defend,
And, more abusive, calls himself my friend;
This prints my letters, that expects a bribe,
And others roar aloud, "Subscribe, subscribe!"

There are, who to my person pay their court:
I cough like Horace, and, though lean, am short.
Amnon's great son one shoulder had too high,
Such Ovid's nose, and, "Sir, you have an eye!"

* The Mint in Southwark was a sanctuary for insolvent debtors.

Go on, obliging creatures, make me see
All that disgraced my betters, met in me.
Say for my comfort, languishing in bed,
"Just so immortal Maro held his head ;"
And when I die, be sure you let me know
Great Homer died three thousand years ago.

Why did I write? what sin to me unknown
Dipped me in ink?—my parents', or my own?
As yet a child, nor yet a fool to fame,
I lisped in numbers, for the numbers came.
I left no calling for this idle trade,
No duty broke, no father disobeyed;
The muse but served to ease some friend, not wife;
To help me through this long disease, my life;
To second, Arbuthnot, thy art and care,
And teach the being you preserved, to bear. . . .

A man's true merit 'tis not hard to find;
But each man's secret standard in his mind,
The casting-weight pride adds to emptiness,
This, who can gratify? for who can guess?
The bard whom pilfered pastorals renown,
Who turns a Persian tale for half a crown,
Just writes to make his barrenness appear,
And strains from hard-bound brains eight lines a year;*
He who, still wanting, though he lives on theft,
Steals much, spends little, yet has nothing left;
And he who now to sense, now nonsense leaning,
Means not, but blunders round about a meaning;
And he, whose fustian's so sublimely bad,
It is not poetry, but prose run mad:
All these my modest satire bade translate,
And owned that nine such poets made a Tate.

* Ambrose Philips.

How did they fume, and stamp, and roar, and chafe!
And swear, not Addison himself was safe.

Peace to all such! but were there one whose fires
True genius kindles, and fair fame inspires,
Blest with each talent and each art to please,
And born to write, converse, and live with ease,
Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,
Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne,
View him with scornful yet with jealous eyes,
And hate for arts that caused himself to rise;
Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
And, without sneering, teach the rest to sneer,
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike,
Alike reserved to blame or to commend,
A timorous foe, and a suspicious friend,
Dreading even fools, by flatterers besieged,
And so obliging that he ne'er obliged,
Like Cato, give his little senate laws,
And sit attentive to his own applause,
While wits and Templars every sentence raise,
And wonder with a foolish face of praise.
Who but must laugh, if such a man there be?
Who would not weep, if Atticus* were he? . . .

Let Sporus tremble.—A. What! that thing of silk,
Sporus, that mere white curd of asses' milk?
Satire or sense, alas! can Sporus† feel?
Who breaks a butterfly upon a wheel?

P. Yet let me flap this bug with gilded wings,
This painted child of dirt that stinks and stings,

* This finished and pointed satire renders memorable the jealousy between Addison and Pope, arising from literary and political rivalry.

† Lord Hervey.

Whose buzz the witty and the fair annoys,
Yet wit ne'er tastes, and beauty ne'er enjoys:
So well-bred spaniels civilly delight
In mumbling of the game they dare not bite.
Eternal smiles his emptiness betray,
As shallow streams run dimpling all the way;
Whether in florid impotence he speaks,
And as the prompter speaks, the puppet squeaks,
Or at the ear of Eve, familiar toad,
Half froth, half venom, spits himself abroad.
In puns, or politics, or tales, or lies,
Or spite, or smut, or rhymes, or blasphemies,
His wit all seesaw, between *that* and *this*,
Now high, now low, now master up, now miss,
And he himself one vile antithesis.
Amphibious thing! that, acting either part,
The trifling head, or the corrupted heart,
Fop at the toilet, flatterer at the board,
Now trips a lady, and now struts a lord.
Eve's tempter thus the Rabbins have expressed:
A cherub's face, a reptile all the rest,
Beauty that shocks you, parts that none will trust,
Wit that can creep, and pride that licks the dust.

[Dryden could be, on occasion, as severe in satire as Pope, in illustration of which we offer the following well-known and cutting criticism on the Duke of Buckingham. It is from "Absalom and Achitophel."]

ZIMRI.

Some of their chiefs were princes of the land:
In the first rank of these did Zimri stand;
A man so various that he seemed to be
Not one, but all mankind's epitome:

Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong,
Was everything by starts, and nothing long,
But, in the course of one revolving moon,
Was chemist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon,
Then all for women, painting, rhyming, drinking,
Besides ten thousand freaks that died in thinking.
Blest madman, who could every hour employ
With something new to wish or to enjoy,
Railing, and praising, were his usual themes ;
And both, to show his judgment, in extremes :
So over-violent, or over-civil,
That every man with him was God or Devil.
In squandering wealth was his peculiar art ;
Nothing went unrewarded but desert.
Beggared by fools, whom still he found too late,
He had his jest and they had his estate.
He laughed himself from court, then sought relief
By forming parties, but could ne'er be chief ;
For, spite of him, the weight of business fell
On Absalom and wise Achitophel ;
Thus, wicked but in will, of means bereft,
He left not faction, but of that was left.

JOHN DRYDEN.

[To soften the satire of the preceding selections, we append the following famous pen-picture of the village school-master. Goldsmith could not write otherwise than good-humoredly. His pen was absolutely devoid of bitterness.]

THE VILLAGE SCHOOL-MASTER.

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
With blossomed furze unprofitably gay,
There in his noisy mansion, skilled to rule,
The village master taught his little school.

A man severe he was, and stern to view ;
I knew him well, and every truant knew.
Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face.
Full well they laughed with counterfeited glee
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he ;
Full well the busy whisper, circling round,
Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned ;
Yet he was kind, or, if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault.
The village all declared how much he knew ;
'Twas certain he could write, and cipher too ;
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
And e'en the story ran that he could gauge.
In arguing, too, the parson owned his skill,
For e'en though vanquished he could argue still ;
While words of learned length and thundering sound
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around ;
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew
That one small head could carry all he knew.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

THE SPOILED CHILD.

RICHARD H. HORNE.

[Richard Hengist Horne, well known for his "Orion, an Epic Poem," and the author of other poems, dramas, and works of fiction, was born at London in 1809, and died in 1884. He lived in Australia from 1852 to about 1870. Of his dramas may be named the tragedy of "Gregory the Seventh," and of other works, "The New Spirit of the Age," and "Ballads and Romances." The sketch we give neatly

represents a character with whom nearly or quite all of us have some acquaintance, a domestic tyrant whose empire extends around the whole civilized world.]

By the side of a deep-bosomed, smouldering Christmas fire, in the oak-panelled drawing-room of an old manor-house in Herefordshire, sat two mild-featured grandmamas, awaiting with placid dignity the advent of the dinner-hour. Their figures rose with equal state from their massy brocaded gowns, though their style and effect were different. One grandmamma was exceedingly thin; the other grandmamma excelled in fat. Kind hearts looked out from both their faces; nor would this have been quite possible to any hearts *less* kind, for each face was surrounded and surmounted with an embattled cap, thick-set with richly-notched, though faded, ribbons, and five rows deep in starched point-lace: so that each respected head bore a close resemblance to a bouquet of thistles exulting in a strong white frost.

They were beguiling the time with grave yet pleasing conversation till "papa" and "mamma" were dressed, and the rest of the family, with sundry guests, arrived; and the subject they discussed was the never-enough-to-be-repeated one, of how many perfections were displayed in the pretty person of their dear grandchild, and how many more were to be expected from the constant care, attention, devotion, and universal admiration and flattery bestowed upon the beauty and "bringing up" of little Darling Petkin.

A loud scream from the excellent lungs (lungs not to be equalled, of their size, in power of announcement) of the dear child up-stairs was quickly followed by the descent of the same in the arms of his maid, to be carried to the front door to meet a carriage full of aunts, another full of friends of the family, and sundry uncles on horseback,

whose approach he had seen from the nursery window. In less than a couple of minutes the whole concourse came dancing and crowing into the drawing-room, with Darling Petkin in the centre, mounted upon the left shoulder of Uncle Benjamin, where he sat with a drum slung round his neck, which he furiously beat with both sticks, screaming in vainglorious delight, and never caring to perceive that each blow of the drumstick in his right hand "took" his uncle's left ear in its way upwards. At length the general tumult ceased, and, in the pause occasioned by all the party "taking their breath," the shrill voice of Darling Petkin enunciated, with all the air of a little pagod just come to light, "Yah! on'y nook a' ME!

"Only look at me!" How often do we hear this from children! how seldom do we find the claim upon general attention and admiration made in vain! We begin to fear that where we are fond of a child (and the same principle applies to a pet dog, horse, or favorite of any kind) there is always a natural tendency towards spoiling it a *little*,—that is, towards rendering it vain, exacting, wilful, useless, or disagreeable, by the excess of our manifestations of admiration, and the concessions we make to all its sayings and doings, however capricious and hurtful. Our present business, however, is not so much with the good children, the pretty good, or the not-so-very-good-neither children, but the tiptop specimen of a—"On'y nook" at the portrait!

The tumult having subsided, the uncles and aunts were enabled to offer a few words of recognition and merry-Christmas-wishing to the two grandmamas, and, at the same time, to perceive that Mr. and Mrs. Meredith (we beg Darling Petkin's pardon! we mean papa and mamma) had entered the room. The family now commenced a kind and solicitous conversation together, on the various gains,

losses, changes, and prospects which had occurred to each other since they met last Christmas; and this interesting conversation and affectionate intercourse was allowed to continue uninterrupted almost to the extent of fifteen minutes, during the whole of which time Darling Petkin was busily and silently occupied alone, in a distant corner, eating greedy handfuls of many-colored "hundreds and thousands," varied by sundry dips into paper packets brought him by Uncle Ben, containing bulls-eyes, kisses, hardbake, almond sugar-plums, elecampane, barley-sugar, gingerbread, white sugar-candy, pipe peppermint, lollipop squibs, a quire and a half of parliament, and everlastings. These little tokens of remembrance and affection, without which the giver would have met with a very different reception, were deposited in Darling Petkin's hands by mamma, to go and put away in his own pretty cupboard and drawers, and to take out only a little from each packet every day after dinner.

When the various greetings of the family had been exchanged, Aunt Nancy, looking at her watch, and observing that it wanted half an hour of dinner, drew a roll of paper from her pocket, and, making a great deal of rustling in unfolding it, besides manifesting a more than usually grave look, she thus produced a silence fraught with expectation, during which she cast an interrogative glance around.

"Oh, *do*, Aunt Nancy!" exclaimed several voices, apparently proceeding from minds previously instructed, or else very rapidly sympathetic; "oh, *do* read it!"

"Pray do!—yes, pray do!" murmured papa and mamma and several friends of the family. Aunt Nancy bowed her head with an air of self-complacency, which she intended for general respect, and commenced reading:

"'The production of a rational essay on infant education is at once an undertaking and an event of the most——'"

Rub-dub-a-dub!—such were the sounds evidently intended to accompany Aunt Nancy's learned recitative; for Darling Petkin, having eaten hardbake and lollipops till he was nearly sick, suddenly came to the perception that he was no longer an object of interest to the company present, who, instead of being solely occupied with him, were actually going on very well among themselves without him! He therefore jumped up, seized his drum, and began to strut knee-foremost round the room, and through the seated party, beating it with all his might, sometimes on the head, sometimes with a "tack-tacking" noise on the tin sides or wooden rim, and bloating out his cheeks and stomach as he ejaculated a "row-de-dow" as semi-chorus to the "rub-a-dub" of his belabored instrument. Aunt Nancy's theoretic essay was, therefore, compelled to proceed with an *obligato* accompaniment on the drum, by the celebrated Darling Petkin.

" 'The production of a rational' "—rack, tack-a-tack, dub, dub!—" 'a rational system of' "—rub!—" 'infant' "—dub!—" 'education:' my dearest child! pray stop for only a *few* minutes!"—rub-a-dub-a-dub!—" 'The production,' I repeat, 'of a rational system of' "—row-de-dow!—" 'of infant education'—my darling, pray wait a minute!—is at once an undertaking and an event of' "—ti-ti-rub!—" 'the most' "—ri-tum-dub!—" 'vital importance.' "—Rub-a-dub! a-dub! dub-dub-doo!—" " 'It is of most vital importance, not only to one's own country, but to the' "—row-de-dow!—" 'world at large. Instead of the erroneous' "—tack-a-rack, a-rack!—" " 'methods hitherto practised,' "—row-dow-de-dow!—" " 'the profound system I have adopted of always permitting a child to' "—rub-a-dub, a-dub!—" " 'to have its own way in everything' "—ri-tum-ti!—" 'is one easy of accomplishment;' "—rack, tack-a-tack!—" " 'and the results are equally' "—rum-ti-tum,

ti-tum—" 'easy to be foreseen.' "—Row-de-dow, de-dow, doodle-doo!

" 'But, as they grow up, there is the' "—rub!—" 'there is the' "—rub!—" 'there is'—my dear, sweet child! do, pray, be quiet—only *one* moment!—" 'there,' I say, 'is the' "—rub!—" 'in fact, the very greatest' "—dub-a-dub!—" 'necessity that the adult should, of its own good' "—row-de-dow, de-dow!—" 'of its own good sense, should see the propriety, as well as prudence, of' "—ti-tiddley-ti!—" 'of acting on a totally different plan.' "—Tack-a-rack, dub-dub!—" My dearest little boy!"—row-de-dow, de-dow, toodle-loo!—"poor grandmamma!"—ti-rub!—"her head aches, Darling Pet!"—yah! row-de-dow, de-dow, rub-a-doo!—"Oh, fie! Uncle Ben!—see! he's got the other drum, to help Darling beat his tattoo!"—Tra! tra-a-a-a, ti-rum! tra, tra-a-a-ti-dum!—rub, *dub*-a-rub-a-rub, rub-de-doo! tra-a-a-a-a-a-rub, *dub*-a-rub-a-rub, rub-de-doo! hurra-a-a!

It is not very necessary to inform the reader that Aunt Nancy's learned essay on infant education was quite overwhelmed; and the discomfited spinster replaced it in her pocket, with a look expressive of very mixed and confusing thoughts and emotions. "Bless his dear, sweet face!" murmured mamma, "what a color he *has* got!—he's so fond of his drum, Aunt Nancy." Whereupon everybody in the room, except one personage, uttered some ejaculation of admiration; and Uncle Benjamin, and two of the aunts, ran and covered him with kisses, and then carried him round the room on their crossed arms.

The one personage who did not contribute his voice to the applause of Darling Petkin's performance was a corpulent, elderly gentleman, who had arrived in his own carriage at the same time as the batch of uncles and aunts, but of whom we have no more been able to take any notice up to the present moment than were the company

assembled. Mr. Scrope Bellyfield had, therefore, sat in pompous silence, with an expression of much disgust and irritation. He was evidently very vain of his great, fat person, and wore a high-crested, rich-curling, dark-brown wig, not unlike the head-dress of George IV. Mr. Scrope Bellyfield was, moreover, a great exacter of all sorts of admiration and attention: first, because, to do him justice, he was really a man of superior understanding, education, and great general information; and, secondly, because he possessed immense wealth and influence, and "commanded" the votes of half the "independent freeholders" in his county. For this county Mr. Meredith was most anxious to be returned to Parliament; and, as the day of election was approaching, he had recently sought the friendship and advice of Mr. Scrope Bellyfield, who seemed disposed to exert himself exclusively in his favor. Mr. Meredith and the whole family were, consequently, anxious to show him every attention on the present occasion, although they had not yet been able to find any opportunity, except in helping him to alight from his carriage.

Mr. Meredith had stood rubbing his hands, with an obsequious preparatory air, beside the arm-chair of Mr. Scrope Bellyfield, during the lecture which had just been drummed into the ears of the party, as though he would fain have entered into some very interesting and deferential conversation; but the corpulent visitor was too irritated, and sat with an expression of assumed abstraction, pretending not to see him.

The dinner-bell now resounded from the hall, and the whole party made a show of escorting Mr. Bellyfield, as they adjourned to the dining-room; but, somehow or other, it happened that Darling Petkin got in the very centre of the group and fairly carried off "the attention." They all took their seats at the table, Mr. Bellyfield being placed

at the right hand of "mamma," who had Darling Petkin upon her knee. Grandmamma Meredith, it was observed, had not taken her place; whereupon Mr. Meredith informed the family that she had retired, with a bad headache, to lie down for an hour or two. "Ah!" murmured mamma, "she has been complaining a good deal of late; the weather, you see,—the cold is too much for her. She will be better when she has been bled: John has gone off for Dr. Mayton. *Shall* I help you to a little soup, Mr. Bellyfield?"

"Thank you, madam," replied the great gentleman, in a formal voice, bowing his red face almost down into his plate.

"Me too, mamma!—me too!"

"Yes, my dear!—there, love!—I'll just give him a spoonful to begin with: I know Mr. Bellyfield will excuse it."

"Me, mamma! me!"

"Yes, my darling! Bless the child! the sweetmeats have made him *so* thirsty. Now, Mr. Bellyfield."

"Oh, no sort of hurry, madam!" ejaculated the gentleman; and down went his face again towards his plate, with preposterous courtesy.

It would be too arduous a task to ourselves, and too provocative to our readers, were we to attempt to give a progressive description of the scene which continued through this most trying dinner. During the whole time did the victorious Darling Petkin sit, and persist in sitting, on mamma's knee, interrupting every attempt she made to address anybody but himself, fretfully engrossing all her attention, and, in his unceasing attempts to engross the attention of everybody else, as he had always been permitted to do, thoroughly confusing and defeating all general conversation. The effect upon the spirits of everybody present, mamma and Uncle Ben perhaps excepted,

was that of unmitigated and unconquerable exhaustion and disgust. But no one had the "cruelty" to say so; and few of the family admitted the fact to themselves. What all the visitors thought, was easy to perceive; what Mr. Bellyfield, in particular, thought and felt, we dare not venture to conjecture. He enjoyed the reputation throughout the country of being an excellent companion in all societies,—a man who possessed "a fund of anecdote" and urbanity. Certainly, on the present occasion he manifested no signs whatever of anything of the kind. He made no movement, except to eat, and to bow his head when papa and the uncles asked him to do them the honor of taking wine; and he never opened his mouth, except to reply in monosyllables. His face, charged with color, presented the peculiarly ominous black-redness of long-suppressed breath; his manner was characterized by terrible composure; his silence was like the preliminary pause before the explosion of some capacious mine.

We pass over the dinner: the recollection of it has a choking effect. The dessert was placed upon the table; the guests now bethought them of merry Christmas, and were anxious to talk of old times. But there was no doing anything, with Darling Petkin in the room, except to listen and admire or endure and be silent. There he sat, on mamma's knee, who was ready to faint from exhaustion, yet did not possess enough fortitude to send him to bed; there he sat, with his sweatmeats before him, his cheeks, mouth, and chin begrimed with colored sugars, tart, cake, and orange, all of which he insisted continually upon having kissed; there he sat, with messed hands, and "sticky" fingers, catching at the contents of every dish in his reach, or that he caused to be brought within his reach, then flinging the conglomeration about the table, or into the plates of those who were nearest, and finally wiping

his grimy little paws on mamma's satin dress, or on her cheek and throat, under pretence of playful fondness.

The crawling clock-hands eventually worked their way into the middle of the fatigued night, and Darling Petkin's eyes became heavy, as he made the preparatory movement to go to sleep in mamma's arms. It was now thought a little effort might cautiously be made to try and get him up-stairs without her, so that she might have half an hour's respite to devote to her guests and family. The little effort was made in the following manner.

"My sweetest!" murmured mamma, pressing the child closer to her bosom; "will my sweetest go to his bed?"

"No, I sarnt!—sarnt go-a-bed."

"Aunt Nancy," pursued mamma, "has got a little finger that knows it's time Darling went to his own pretty bed. Little finger, what's o'clock?"

Here the accomplished theorist on infant education held up her gifted digit.

"There! Aunt Nancy's little finger says it's very late; and Darling will be so glad to go to his bed,—won't he?"

"No, no, no!" squealed the peevish Petkin.

"My precious lamb! how feverish his dear face and hands are! *do* go to his bed."

"Ay, do goey, love," echoed Aunt Nancy, in the tenderest voice. "Oh! don't beat mamma; you've hit her on the chin. See! you've made poor mamma ky! poor mamma!"

Here poor mamma made a show of crying, during which the sweet lamb settled himself in her lap and fell fast asleep. He was thus carried up to bed. Now, in good sooth, did all present, shifting themselves in their seats, take a fresh breath, and, reverting to merry Christmas, prepare to have a pleasant hour and toast old times. Even Mr. Scrope Bellyfield showed signs of emerging from

his pompous austerity and smouldering silence, and gazed at "poor mamma" with an expression in which some commiseration for her pale, worn face was mingled with contempt and irritation at her moral weakness. Mr. Meredith now began to get alive, and, pulling down his waistcoat and wrist-bands and stretching his arms, called for fresh decanters of wine and clean glasses. The table was also cleared, and covered afresh with plates of oranges, olives, cakes, dried fruits, etc. "And now," quoth Mr. Meredith, rising with a bumper in his hand, and looking towards Mr. Scrope Bellyfield, "and now I have to propose a toast!"

A loud yell from the nursery arrested Mr. Meredith's progress. Darling Pet, having had his sleepy face washed before being placed in his bed, had so completely recovered himself as to insist upon coming down-stairs again. He was now heard on his way, beating his drum, and singing and shouting as he descended. Papa, however, began his speech again, in hopes of finishing before the accompaniment overwhelmed him.

"I have to propose"—rub-a-dub-dub!—"a toast to you all,"—ti, rub-a-dub, rub!—"which I'm sure you must drink with delight."—Row-de-dow, rack-a-tack-too! "It is the health of a guest who has honored us here with his"—rub-a-dub-dub, doodle-doo!—"a gentleman whose well-known urbanity, and fund of anecdote, is the universal——"

The tumultuous entrance of Darling Petkin here rendered the speaker quite inaudible, and "poor papa," casting a deplorable look at deplorable mamma, fairly gave it up, and sat down.

The Spoiled Child was in his night-gown and night-cap; his drum was slung round his neck; he had a sword at his side, and a drumstick in one hand, while he used a wooden gun as a drumstick in the other. In the very middle of

the table did he insist upon being placed, with his drum before him, and then he commenced an uproar and havoc on everything within his range, such as we shall refrain from attempting to describe. At length, by a whirl of his gun, the sweet lamb smote a tall candle, which, falling sideways, touched the head-dress of Grandmamma Thompson and set it all in a blaze. With a loud screaming, "Take me, mamma!" (while Uncle Ben extinguished the fiery old crown) the sweet lamb flew along the table to mamma's expanded arms, and, in doing so, overturned a heavy cut-glass decanter, which rolled off the table and fell with one edge upon the toe of Mr. Scrope Bellyfield!

"Base urchin!" ejaculated the long-smouldering and now agonized and infuriate gentleman, jumping up with a rapidity never to be anticipated from one so corpulent, and extending his right arm, the clinched fist whereof trembled above the table with passion,—*"base urchin! is it to see and hear your yells and antics that I am invited to this place to-day? Was I inveigled here to enjoy your pretty play and prattle close to my elbow all dinner-time?—to feel continual gouts of gravy and bits of fat and sweetmeat dropped upon my knees?—to have filbert-maggots tossed into my waistcoat, and orange-juice and pips shot and squirted into my very face?—Mr. Meredith!—sir!—this is not to be endured! Talk of system,—theory,—infant education, indeed! your advisers are lamentably in the dark. There is not one idea entertained upon the subject by that child's grandmammas, uncles, aunts, nor, give me leave to say, sir, by his papa or mamma, which is not directly the opposite of right. I wish distinctly to say that the whole system of behavior and treatment adopted towards that creature is as wrong and injurious to him now, and will be for his future life, as possible. A more ruinous system could scarcely be*

invented by the most elaborate intention of mischief. You think I say all this only because he has flung a decanter upon my toe; but I don't. It is the pain, sir, which has shot the truth out of me all of a lump. I say, again, a more complete specimen of an atrocious 'Spoiled Child' I never read or heard of,—with all my 'fund of anecdote,'—so base an urchin I never saw in the most tormenting dream!"

With these words, Mr. Scrope Bellyfield floundered out of the room, and left the house, never again to set foot in it. Mr. Meredith never had the satisfaction of writing M. P. after his name; he saw it was of no use to stand an election.

THE DOG-FANCIER.

WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH.

[The author of the following sketch is a well-known and voluminous novelist, author of "The Tower of London," "The Good Old Times," "Merry England," and a number of other popular novels. He was born at Manchester in 1805, and died in 1882. The selection given is from "Revelations of London," and photographs one of the multifarious characters and industries of that complex metropolis.]

BEFORE the fire, with his back turned towards it, stood a noticeable individual, clad in a velveteen jacket with ivory buttons, a striped waistcoat, drab knees, a faded black silk neckcloth tied in a great bow, and a pair of ancient wellingtons ascending half-way up his legs, which looked disproportionately thin when compared with the upper part of his square, robustious, and somewhat pursy frame. His face was broad, jolly, and good-humored, with

a bottle-shaped nose, fleshy lips, and light-gray eyes glistening with cunning and roguery. His hair, which dangled in long flakes over his ears and neck, was of a dunnish red, as were also his whiskers and beard. A superannuated white castor, with a black hat-band round it, was cocked knowingly on one side of his head, and gave him a flashy and sporting look. His particular vocation was made manifest by the number of dogs he had about him. A beautiful black-and-tan spaniel, of Charles the Second's breed, popped its short snubby nose and long silken ears out of each coat-pocket. A pug was thrust into his breast, and he carried an exquisite Blenheim under either arm. At his feet reposed an Isle-of-Skye terrier, and a partly-cropped French poodle, of snowy whiteness, with a red worsted ribbon round its throat. This person, it need scarcely be said, was a dog-fancier, or, in other words, a dealer in, and a stealer of, dogs, as well as a practiser of all the tricks connected with that nefarious trade. His self-satisfied air made it evident he thought himself a smart, clever fellow,—and adroit and knavish he was, no doubt,—while his droll, plausible, and rather winning manners helped him materially to impose upon his customers. His real name was Taylor, but he was known among his companions by the appellation of Ginger. On the entrance of the Sandman and the Tinker, he nodded familiarly to them, and with a sly look inquired, "Vell, my 'arties, vot luck?"

"Oh, pretty middlin'," replied the Sandman, gruffly. And, seating himself at the table, near the fire, he kicked up the lad who was lying fast asleep on the coals, and bade him fetch a pot of half-and-half. The Tinker took a place beside him, and they waited in silence the arrival of the liquor, which, when it came, was disposed of at a couple of pulls.

* * * * *

"Arter all," said the Tinker, "there's no branch o' the purfession so safe as yours, Ginger. The law is favorable to you, and the beaks is afeard to touch you. I think I shall turn dog-fancier myself."

"It's a good business," replied Ginger, "but it requires a edication. As I wos sayin', we gets a high price sometimes for restorin' a favorite, especially ven ye've a soft-hearted lady to deal vith. There's some vimen as fond o' dogs as o' their own childer, and ven ye gets one o' their precious pets ve makes 'em ransom it as the brigands you see at the Adelphi or the Surrey sarves their prisoners, threatenin' to send first an ear, and then a paw, or a tail, and so on. I'll tell you wot happened t'other day. There wos a lady—a Miss Vite, as wos desperate fond of her dog. It wos a ugly warmint, but no matter for that,—the creater had gained her heart. Vell, she lost it; and, somehow or other, I found it. She wos in great trouble, and a friend o' mine calls to say she can have the dog ag'in, but she must pay eight pound for it. She thinks this dear, and a friend o' her own advises her to wait, sayin' better terms will be offered: so I sends vord by my friend that if she don't come down at once, the poor animal's throat will be cut that werry night."

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the others.

"Vell, she sent four pound, and I put up with it," pursued Ginger; "but about a month arterwards she loses her favorite ag'in, and, strange to say, I finds it. The same game is played over ag'in, and she comes down with another four pound. But she takes care this time that I shan't repeat the trick; for no sooner does she obtain possession of her favorite than she embarks in the steamer for France, in the hope of keepin' her dog safe there."

"Oh, Miss Bailey, unfortunate Miss Bailey!—Fol-de-riddle-tol-ol-lol—unfortunate Miss Bailey!" sang the Tinker.

"But there's dog-fanciers in France, ain't there?" asked the Sandman.

"Lor' bless 'ee, to be sure there is," replied Ginger: "there's as many o' the Fancy i' France as here. Vy, ve drives a smartish trade wi' them through them foreign steamers. There's scarcely a steamer as leaves the port o' London but takes out a cargo o' dogs. Ve sells 'em to the stewards, stokers, and sailors, cheap, and no questions asked. They goes to Ostend, Antverp, Rotterdam, Hamburg, and sometimes to Havre. There's a Mounseer Coquiquilu as comes over to buy dogs, and ve takes 'em to him at a house near Billingsit Market."

"Then you're always sure o' a ready market somehow," observed the Sandman.

"Sartin," replied Ginger, "cos the law's so kind to us. Vy, bless you, a perliceman can't detain us, even if he knows ve've a stolen dog in our persession, and ve swears it's our own; and yet he'd stop you in a minute if he seed you vith a suspicious-lookin' bundle under your arm. Now, jist to show you the difference atwixt the two per-fessions:—I steals a dog,—value, maybe, fifty pound, or p'raps more; even if I'm catched i' the fact, I may get fined twenty pound, or have six months' imprisonment; vile if you steals an old fogle, value three fardens, you'll get seven years abroad, to a dead certainty."

"That seems hard on us," observed the Sandman, reflectively.

"It's the *law*!" exclaimed Ginger, triumphantly. "Now, ve generally escapes by payin' the fine, cos our pals goes and steals more dogs to raise the money. Ve always stands by each other. There's a reg'lar borganization among us; so ve can always bring vittnesses to swear vot ve likes, and

ve so puzzles the beaks that the case gets dismissed, and the constable says, 'Vich party shall I give the dog to, your vorschip?' Upon vich the beak replies, a-shakin' of his vise noddle, 'Give it to the person in whose persession it was found. I have nuffin' more to do vith it.' In course, the dog is delivered up to us."

"The law seems made for dog-fanciers," remarked the Tinker.

"Wot d'ye think o' this?" pursued Ginger. "I was a-standin' at the corner o' Gray's Inn Lane vith some o' my pals near a coach-stand, ven a lady passes by vith this here dog—an' a beauty it is, a real long-eared Charley—a-follerin' of her. Vell, the moment I spies it, I unties my apron, whips up the dog, and covers it up in a trice.—Vell, the lady sees me, and gives me in charge to a perliceman. But that s'innifies nuffin'. I brings six vittnesses to swear the dog vos mine, and that I'd actilly had it since it vos a blind little puppy, and, wot's more, I brings it's *mother*, and that settles the pint. So, in course, I'm discharged; the dog is given up to me; and the lady goes away lamentin'. I then plays the amiable, and offers to sell it her for twenty guineas, seein' as how she had taken a fancy to it; but she won't bite. So, if I don't sell it next week, I shall send it to Mounseer Coquillu. The only vay you can go wrong is to steal a dog wi' a collar on; for if you do you may get seven years' transportation for a bit o' leather and a brass plate vorth a shillin', vile the animal, though vorth a hundred pound, can't hurt you. There's *law* again!—ha! ha!"

"Dog-fancier's law!" laughed the Sandman.

"Some of the Fancy is given to cruelty," pursued Ginger, "and crops a dog's ears, or pulls out his teeth, to disguise him; but I'm too fond o' the animal for that. I may frighten old ladies sometimes, as I told you afore, but I

never seriously hurts their pets. Nor did I ever kill a dog for his skin as some on 'em does."

"And you're always sure o' gettin' a dog, if you wants it, I s'pose?" inquired the Tinker.

"Always," replied Ginger. "No man's dog is safe. I don't care how he's kept, ve're sure to have him at last. Ve feels our vay with the sarvents, and finds out from them the walley the master or missis sets on the dog, and soon after that the animal's gone. With a bit o' liver prepared in my partic'lar vay, I can tame the fiercest dog as ever barked, take him off his chain, an' bring him arter me at a gallop."

"And do respectable parties ever buy dogs, knowin' they're stolen?" inquired the Tinker.

"Ay, to be sure," replied Ginger,—*"sometimes first-rate nobbs. They put us up to it themselves; they'll say, 'I've just left my Lord So-and-So's, and there I seed a couple o' the finest pointers I ever clapped eyes on. I vant's you to get me jist sich another couple.' Vell, ve understands in a minnit, an' in doo time the identicle dogs finds their vay to our customer."*

"Oh! that's how it's done?" remarked the Sandman.

"Yes, that's the vay," replied Ginger. "Sometimes a party 'll vant a couple o' dogs for the shootin'-season; and then ve asks, 'Vich vay are you a-goin',—into Surrey or Kent?' And accordin' as the answer is given ve arranges our plans."

"Vell, yourn appears a profitable and safe employment, I must say," remarked the Sandman.

"Perfectly so," replied Ginger. "Nothin' can touch us till dogs is declared by statute to be property, and stealin' 'em a misdemeanor. And that won't occur in my time."

"Let's hope not," rejoined the other two.

[As the preceding sketch is somewhat too short for our purpose, we piece it out with another brief instance of English humor.]

CAPTURING A FORT.

Many years ago it was found necessary to besiege the fort called Budge-Budge, some few miles from Calcutta down the river, which the natives held in spite of our remonstrances, probably supported in their hostile obstinacy by the Dutch and French governments, who, as all the world knows, have several settlements in the East Indies. These settlements we could wrest from them in an instant, but, for some unaccountable reason or other, we have allowed them to remain in their hands, to the no small hinderance of justice and equity: since it frequently happens that characters deserving punishment for their offences have merely to cross the river, and in ten minutes are beyond the pale of British law, having found refuge in Chinsurah or some other foreign town. The existence of these little colonies has a still worse effect in case of disaffection among the Indians, inasmuch as they are ever ready to pour forth foreign emissaries, who urgently foment the feud, and mislead the poor natives, by holding out hopes of assistance from their respective countries.

Such had been the case with Budge-Budge, the aforesaid fort, before which a couple of frigates and some armed boats were lying at the time of my sketch. The native garrison, which amounted to about six hundred men, had vainly been summoned to surrender. They vowed they would rather die than do so. For three days, long shots had been fired at them; but, as the fortress was built of mud, no sooner was the smallest breach made than it was instantly closed up and rebuilt stronger than ever. One of the commanders advised the adoption of a storming-party; his brother officer, however, differed from him,

urging that the place was too well garrisoned to be easily carried by assault. The opinions of the two leaders were forwarded to Calcutta, and the reply expected to be returned on the morrow.

James Bunting (so we will call the old tar) heard all these *palavers*, as he styled them, and looked very knowing. He understood there was a chance of fighting, so he felt perfectly delighted. To his berth he descended, and, as usual when he was particularly happy, managed to get particularly drunk, and turned in evidently the worse for liquor. Now, it so happened that in about an hour after he had thus settled himself in his hammock he suddenly awoke. A burning fever, an agonizing thirst, parched his mouth: so he arose, and went to his locker; but, alas! he had drunk every drop of liquid he possessed, and where to find more he knew not. On board the vessel he had no hopes; shore was his only chance: so, unseen by any one, he made his way into the water by lowering himself from the chains, or from a port-hole, or some such place, and struck out for the beach, where he landed safely in spite of alligators, sentinels, and all other similar oppositions.

When he had shaken the water from his hair, and hitched up his trousers, he began to look around for a toddy-shop, where he could purchase some of that liquor, or some arrack, to take the chill off the water he had swallowed; but, alas! no building of the kind met his view,—not a single habitation could he see. The fort frowned gloomily over him in sullen grandeur; no other place where spirits were likely to be found could he discover, though he peered anxiously round on every side. To lose his time, to be laughed at by his comrades on his return from the wild-goose chase he had undertaken, was by no means palatable to Bunting. To be balked is a maxim unknown to a British sailor; so, rather than lose his grog, he determined

to lose his life, or, at all events, risk it. Without further ado, he began scaling the walls of the fort. This he easily managed, and in a few moments found himself at the top of the glacis. Elated at his success, he began shouting as loud as ever he could bawl, to the horror of the garrison, who, instantly fancying themselves assailed, started up, and were about to run to the spot where they supposed the attacking party had made good a lodgement, when Jim, who had scampered round the defences, again began to shout from the opposite side, and, suddenly lowering himself into the town itself, commenced cheering as loud as he could, intermingling his vociferations with cries for liquor.

Assailed, as they supposed, on both sides, the enemy actually *in* the fortress, surprised in the middle of the night, expecting nothing less than to be cut to pieces in the dark, what could they do? The bravest well might hesitate: unable to get their forces together, confused, and astounded, they naturally believed they had been betrayed. They had but one course left to pursue. They opened the gates and fled as fast and as far as their feet would carry them, leaving the town in the quiet and peaceable possession of James Bunting, who, after shouting vainly for some time, fell down, and slept for a couple of hours, when he awoke, perfectly sober, though about as much puzzled at finding himself alone, and in the enemy's fort, as the poor man was in the "Arabian Nights" when he suddenly found himself transformed into an eagle.

Jim rubbed his eyes. He pinched his legs, and, walking up to a tank, actually drank three mouthfuls of water before he could believe that he was awake. He then strutted up to the ramparts, and convinced himself he was in his proper senses, for there lay the two frigates, and there floated the union-jack, for which he had so often

risked his life. "Shiver my timbers, but this is a queer go!" said he, and with that he twitched up his trousers as usual, and shook the pig-tail—which then hung from every sailor's head.

The vessels, perceiving a man thus expose himself, began to fire on him.

"Avast there!" shouted Jim; but, as they did not hear him or attend him, he ran to the principal battery, and, climbing up the flag-staff, pulled down the Dutch colors and hoisted up a ragged old turban he found lying in one of the streets. The commanders of the vessels thought this extremely odd. Something strange had evidently happened: so they sent a boat on shore, bearing a flag of truce, carried by the first lieutenant of one of the frigates. Unmolested the party marched *up* to the fort; and, as the gates were open, unmolested they marched *into* it. Not a soul did they meet till Jim strutted up to them.

"Halloo, you sir, what's the meaning of this?" said the first lieutenant to Bunting, in a voice of anger; for it was sadly *infra dig.* for an officer of his rank to have been thus sent off to parley with a common sailor. "What's the meaning of this?"

"Please your honor, I hope you won't be angry, leef-tenant, but, somehow or other, I've taken this place. The enemy have cut the painter and sheered off."

"What!" cried the superior. "*You* took the fort?"

Jim nodded.

"And, pray, who the devil gave you leave to do so, I should like to know? Get on board, sir, directly."

"Ay, ay, sir," replied Jim, respectfully, instantly doing as he was desired.

In the mean time, the lieutenant went and formally took possession of the place by running up the British colors; then, writing a most pompous despatch, in which he recom-

mended the real captor to be tried for leaving his ship without permission, he sent it back by a young midshipman, remaining behind himself with a half a dozen sailors, in order, as he expressed it, to garrison the fort.

Strange to say, his recommendation was attended to, and Jim Bunting brought to a court-martial, who most reluctantly were compelled to find him guilty, adjudging him, however, to undergo the least possible punishment that could be inflicted for so glaring a breach of discipline. Jim felt highly indignant at the turn things had taken. He could not help fancying himself an ill-used man; but he bore it stoically. When, however, he heard the verdict delivered,—when he heard himself pronounced guilty,—he once more hitched up his nether garments, and exclaimed, in an audible voice, as he left the cabin, “D—n my eyes if ever I take another fort as long as I live.”

Need I add that, though, to satisfy the strictness of the law, to which all in the navy must bow, the verdict of guilty was brought in, he was afterwards amply praised, and rewarded by his superiors?

H. R. ADDISON.

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